

**NYAD**

Based on a true story

Written by

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**EXT. THE VAST OPEN OCEAN - NIGHT**

We're UNDERWATER, 20 yards below the surface, looking up at a graceful figure swimming in perfect rhythm.

DIANA NYAD, 62. We'll get to know her, but for now it's dark and all we can see is the red LED light on her swim cap.

We stay with her a few beats. It's quiet and peaceful; a woman alone in the great darkness. And then...

As we push in closer to the surface, 15 yards now, we catch a glimpse of a thin, phosphorescent TENTACLE floating past camera. And then another. And another. We pass Diana and-

**EXT. STRAIGHTS OF FLORIDA - CONTINUOUS**

Burst out of the water and get our bearings. She's not alone at all. Three boats carry her CREW of 35 people.

Two kayakers paddle along each side of her, 10 feet apart. Navigators steer the boats. A nutritionist preps her next meal. Handlers track her progress in notebooks.

We'll get to know these people too. What's important now is that they're all wearing the same blue t-shirts that read "Xtream Dream". And they're all focused on Diana.

We're in the Florida Straights, 15 miles north of the Cuban coastline, middle of the ocean.

A title card reads: **September 23, 2011. 8:12 pm.**

BONNIE STOLL, 59, kneels at a boat's edge, watching Diana like a hawk. Diana's best friend and head coach. Masculine shoulders and arms. A jovial drill sergeant.

She looks over at DAVID MARCHANT, head navigator.

DAVID  
Water's perfect. Couldn't have done  
better than this.  
(Bonnie nods)  
Let's just hope it holds for three  
days.

Bonnie gives him a nervous smile. Next to her --

MARK SOLLINGER, 50, Operations Chief, writes in a small notebook: "Mile 5, glassy water, freestyle." And then:

DIANA (O.S.)  
Ooooow! Bonnie!

Bonnie's eyes dart back to Diana --

BONNIE  
Did she stop? Diana??

DIANA  
Wooooow! 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8.  
Intense intense intense.

BONNIE  
Stop the boat!

MARK  
(into walkie talkie)  
All boats stop, all boats stop.  
Check the drogues.

Everything stops, everyone looks at Diana. She's counting numbers again, treading water, taking loud deep breaths.

BONNIE  
Diana? Was it jelly fish?

DIANA  
YES! Many of 'em! C'mon!

BONNIE  
Jon!

JON ROSE, 29, is quickly throwing on flippers and a snorkel. He grabs a small towel and jumps in near Diana.

DIANA  
Fire fire fire!

Thin tentacles cover Diana's neck and chest and right forearm. Jon does his best with the towel to wipe them off.

JON  
Oh yeah, she's got it all over her.  
Shit, it just touched me.

Bonnie grabs a full-body swim suit and holds it out.

BONNIE  
Put this on.

DIANA  
Fire fire fire fire-

MARK  
She still has something on her.

JON  
Where? I can't see.

MARK  
Right there, by the armpit.

DIANA  
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10-

JON  
Ok, that's it. They off?

Diana's eyes still look crazed, but she nods her head -- "Yes, they're off" -- and Jon gets back on the boat.

BONNIE  
Diana, just relax for a minute and catch your breath. Put this on.

Diana's body helps get the suit on, but her eyes are miles away, wide open and terrified. She mumbles incoherent.

BONNIE (CONT'D)  
(to Jon)  
Do you know what it was?

JON  
It fucking sucks. Gotta be box jelly.

Bonnie watches Diana again, in enormous pain, still treading water. She looks panicked, barely holding it together.

BONNIE  
Do you want to get out?

DIANA  
(between deep breaths)  
NO!

BONNIE  
Okay. Keep breathing. Just breathe.  
(no response)  
Diana?

Diana rolls onto her back. We push in tight on her face. It's taking everything she has to cycle through this, and she might not. Her eyes close, on the verge of passing out.

BONNIE (O.S.)  
Diana? Diana!

CUT TO BLACK. Beat.

FADE UP ON:

**OPENING CREDIT SEQUENCE - VARIOUS NEWSREEL VIDEO**

Credits play over real news clips from Diana's past:

MALE NEWSCASTER (1978)

Today, at the age of 26, marathon swimmer Diana Nyad broke the world record for fastest swim time around the Island of Manhattan. She did it in 7 hours 57 minutes...

NEXT:

FEMALE NEWSCASTER (1978)

...a name for herself with these monster swims, completing Lake Ontario last year, making the 28 mile trip in record time, and now prepping for the English Channel.

NEXT:

Diana on The Tonight Show, 1978. Johnny Carson and Ed McMahon greet her on stage.

She's 29 here; short hair, athletic, undeniably pretty. Confident and poised, no fear of live TV.

DIANA

(to Johnny)

I'm glad to meet you. I was wondering how many times I'd have to do your show before I met you.

The audience "oooohs" and giggles. Johnny looks embarrassed. Diana smiles at him. He winks and points at Ed.

JOHNNY CARSON

Ed had to wait five years.

Big laugh from the audience.

NEXT:

FEMALE NEWSCASTER (1978)

Diana Nyad is attempting the 103 mile swim from Ortegasa, Cuba to Key West, Florida today.

FOOTAGE of Diana, 29, standing on the Cuban beach, stretching and making last minute prep for the swim.

MALE NEWSCASTER (V.O.)  
Nyad will follow the rules of the World Professional Marathon Swimming Federation. No flotation devices. No sleep during the 60 hours of swimming. No hanging onto boats. And only a bathing cap, goggles, two swim suits, and some grease to protect her body.

FOOTAGE of Diana swimming in the belly of a large boat, shark cages below her and on each side, a small crew of 15 on the boat watching her.

FEMALE NEWSCASTER (V.O.)  
After 41 hours of battling eight foot swells and veering hopelessly off course, her crew had to pull Nyad from the water. It took them five minutes to convince her the swim was impossible.

See Diana, treading water, vomiting. Looking devastated now as the crew pulls her onto the boat.

DIANA (FOOTAGE)  
(through tears)  
What will it take? I know I can go at least another 30 hours. What will it take??

END CREDITS. CUT TO BLACK. And then --

**INT. RENTAL CAR - DAY**

A tight shot of EYES in the rearview mirror. They're weary, surrounded by wrinkles and tan leathery skin.

They belong to DIANA, now 60. Short, surfer-tossed hair. Broad shoulders. Strong face, crocodile tough. Still pretty.

Title card reads: 2009

She pulls at the skin around her eyes, trying to flatten the creases. It isn't working.

The car behind her honks; the light's turned green.

**EXT. FT. LAUDERDALE AIRPORT, FLORIDA - DAY**

Diana drives into the arrivals section. BONNIE, her coach from the opening scene, is waiting with a small bag.

BONNIE  
Hey kiddo.

DIANA  
Thanks for coming.

**INT. FT. LAUDERDALE GROCERY STORE - DAY**

Diana pushes a shopping cart. Bonnie peruses options.

BONNIE  
What the hell do you get for  
something like this? D?

She looks over at Diana, who's not paying any attention.

BONNIE (CONT'D)  
Fuck it. I'm getting Wheat Thins.  
(throws 'em in the cart)  
We don't have to talk.

DIANA  
I just keep thinking. She was 82.  
I'm 60.

BONNIE  
Yeah?

DIANA  
I've got 22 more years? That's it?

Bonnie thinks. Puts her hand on Diana's shoulder.

BONNIE  
Maybe. Yeah.

*What the fuck?* Diana was hoping for more. But that's Bonnie.

BONNIE (CONT'D)  
C'mon, we're late.

**EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX COURTYARD - DAY**

A post-funeral luncheon. Twenty or so people, dressed in black, eat cheese and drink cheap wine. Diana holds the hands of her AUNT CHERYL, 80's.

AUNT CHERYL  
Your mother had a good heart. Just  
weak. I never liked that husband.

DIANA  
I know, Aunt Cheryl.

AUNT CHERYL  
What about you, honey? Are you  
married?

Bonnie stifles a laugh.

DIANA  
No. I don't think it's for me.

AUNT CHERYL  
Why not? You're pretty. Maybe grow  
your hair out.

DIANA  
I'm gay, Aunt Cheryl. I like women.

AUNT CHERYL  
I know. So what? *There's* a woman.

She's motioning to Bonnie.

BONNIE  
We've tried it before, Cheryl.  
She's a pain in my ass.

AUNT CHERYL  
Well, that's life.  
(to Diana)  
So what're you doing now? I saw you  
on TV with that Michael Phelps boy.

DIANA  
Yeah I've been with NBC Sports  
awhile now. Just reporting.

AUNT CHERYL  
Are you still swimming?

DIANA  
Not in 30 years.

AUNT CHERYL  
Never??

DIANA  
Not once.

AUNT CHERYL  
That's a shame. Lucy was always  
talking about your swims.

DIANA  
Really?

AUNT CHERYL  
She still has all your medals.

**INT. LUCY NYAD'S APARTMENT - LATER**

Reception over. Everyone's cleared out and Diana and Bonnie are boxing up Lucy's stuff.

Diana opens a cabinet in the hallway and sure enough, there's a cache of medals and trophies.

CU on a few of them: Florida State High School Championship 100 Yards, Pine Crest. Another at 200 yards, one in Freestyle, one in Backstroke. And then:

A scrapbook of press clippings. Diana's amazed.

She flips through pages of articles from the 70's: her Manhattan Island record time, a swim from the Bahamas to Florida in 1979, and finally...

Her failed swim attempt from Cuba to Florida. Numerous articles about this: "Marathon swimmer comes up short" and "Nyad calls it quits on Day 2". She looks up at Bonnie.

DIANA  
What're we doing?

BONNIE  
What do you mean? We're boxing up all her shit.

DIANA  
I mean we're 60-

BONNIE  
Hey, I'm 57.

DIANA  
And what's the last thing we did that *meant* something??

She flashes the scrapbook at Bonnie.

DIANA (CONT'D)  
I used to take chances. I was a maverick, a fucking spark plug. Now look at me. WHAT AM I DOING?

Bonnie comes over, sits next to Diana.

BONNIE  
You're getting older, honey.  
Nothing wrong with that. At least  
you're still in good shape.

She points at a picture of younger Diana.

BONNIE (CONT'D)  
You'd probably kick *her* ass.

Bonnie gets up. Diana closes the book. A fuse has been lit.

**INT. AIRPORT SHUTTLE - DAY**

Diana steps onto the shuttle. It's totally full, not a seat open. She leans against the wall and reads the map.

YOUNG WOMAN (O.S.)  
Ma'am? Ma'am?

Diana finding her terminal on the map --

YOUNG WOMAN (O.S.)  
Excuse me, ma'am?

-- and now realizing the "Ma'am" is directed at her. She looks over at the YOUNG WOMAN (20's):

DIANA  
Me?

YOUNG WOMAN  
Hi, yes. Do you want my seat?

Diana's confused. And then she gets it. *Ouch*.

DIANA  
No. I'm fine. Thanks.

The young woman just smiles at her -- "Good for you" -- and goes back to her phone. Diana stares daggers at her.

DIANA (CONT'D)  
(under her breath)  
Ma'am??

**EXT. ROSE BOWL AQUATICS CENTER, PASADENA, CA - DAY**

Diana in a one-piece bathing suit, swim cap and goggles. Stands before an open lane in the big public pool, stretching her arms and neck.

She checks the giant clock near the chairs: 5 PM.

Takes a deep breath and dives into the water.

CUT TO BLACK.

Still in darkness, we only HEAR the sound of sleeping children. Then, footsteps down the hall, coming closer. BOOM, door open, light flipped on and now --

**INT. CHILDREN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

-- we're close on a girl's face, asleep in bed. DIANA, 6 years old. Florida, 1955.

MAN (O.S.)  
(Greek accent)  
Diana. Diana! Wake up.

A hand enters frame and shakes her shoulder. Her eyes flutter open. She rubs them, looks at him.

ARIS NYAD, 30's. Her father. Greek-Egyptian. Passionate, intense, wildly handsome. Thick accent.

ARIS  
Happy birthday, darling.

DIANA  
What time is it?

ARIS  
Time to wake up! The moonlight on the ocean looks like a Rembrandt painting. I have to show you.

DIANA  
Now?

ARIS  
Right now.

Diana looks over at her younger BROTHER, 4, and SISTER, 3, both still asleep. Aris waves them off.

ARIS (CONT'D)  
They're too young to know the difference. C'mon.

He pulls Diana out of bed, a little too hard. They turn to find Diana's mother LUCY, 28, standing in the doorway; half asleep and confused. Lucy's French, thick accent of her own.

LUCY  
Aris? What're you doing?

ARIS

It's for Diana. Go back to sleep.

LUCY

They have school tomorrow.

ARIS

This is more important than school.

We can't tell if he's drunk or just excited. Either way a little scary. He pushes Lucy aside and we CUT BACK TO:

**EXT. ROSE BOWL AQUATICS CENTER, PASADENA, CA - DAY**

PRESENT. Diana bursts up and grabs the pool's edge, taking a big deep breath, like she's been sprinting. Takes her a few beats to calm down. She looks over, where --

The LIFEGUARD reels in the lane divider next to her.

DIANA

Hey. Excuse me. I'm not done.

LIFEGUARD

Sorry, the pool's closing.

DIANA

Why? It's only--

Diana looks at the big CLOCK again. It's 6 PM. *Holy shit.* She notices there's no one else in the pool.

DIANA (CONT'D)

What the fuck?

LIFEGUARD

(with a smile)

You've been swimming for an hour.

Diana's stunned; she isn't tired at all.

**INT. EQUINOX GYM - DAY**

Bonnie rides a bike machine, newspaper in front of her, phone pressed against her ear.

BONNIE (ON PHONE)

D. It's Bonnie.

**EXT. ROSE BOWL AQUATICS CENTER, PASADENA, CA - DAY**

We find Diana in the same pool lane she was in before, but this time there's a big chalk board in front of it:

"Lane closed for private swim, 12 - 2 PM."

BONNIE (V.O.)  
I'm at the gym. Where are you?

**EXT. ROSE BOWL AQUATICS CENTER, PASADENA, CA - DAY**

New day, cloudier now. Lane closed again. Diana in a blue swimsuit this time. Same chalk sign, but this time it reads:

"Lane closed for private swim, 12 - 5 PM."

BONNIE (V.O.)  
At the gym. Again. WHERE THE FUCK  
ARE YOU?

We track Diana's face underwater now, stroke after stroke, determined, fluid motions.

**EXT. HIGHWAY - BAJA, MEXICO - DAY**

Diana's driving, arm out the window. Passes a sign for Baja.

Title card: 1 month later

**EXT. BEACH - BAJA, MEXICO - DAY**

Diana stands on the shore, swim gear on, stretching.

A Mexican teenager, PABLO, wades past her, going to his small boat nearby. In Spanish, subtitled.

PABLO  
*How many hours?*

DIANA  
*Eight hours.*

PABLO  
*Eight? Really?*

DIANA  
*I hope.*

Pablo shrugs, "If you say so," and climbs into his boat.

Diana steps deeper into the water, and we CUT TO:

**EXT. FLORIDA BEACH - 1955 - NIGHT**

Aris and Diana (6) stand on the shore watching the waves. The moonlight is gorgeous over the water. Aris was right.

ARIS

Six years I've been waiting till  
you're ready to tell you this.

He removes a paperback Webster's dictionary from his pocket and hands it to her.

ARIS (CONT'D)

You will go to your school tomorrow and you will ask the other kids if their name is in the dictionary and they will say no. But you can say YES. Look up our name.

Diana sifts through the book, but it's dark and she's tired and it's taking her a minute. Aris rips it out of her hands.

ARIS (CONT'D)

C'mon! Here, look: Naiad. In Greek mythology, these were the nymphs that swam in the lakes and the rivers and oceans to protect for the Gods. And darling read this, the modern definition. Read it.

DIANA

(reading, nervous)

Girl or woman champion swimmer.

Aris pulls her into his hip, a sweet, but forceful embrace.

ARIS

Happy birthday, darling. This is your destiny.

She looks up at her father, watching the waves, proud and smiling. He has an idea. Looks down at her, excited:

ARIS (CONT'D)

Show me!

DIANA

What?

ARIS

That you're a "Naiad". C'mon!

He motions to the water. Intense eyes still on her.

**EXT. OPEN OCEAN - BAJA, MEXICO - DAY**

PRESENT. Aerial shot looking down on Diana. She's treading water and shivering a bit.

The boat is stopped and Pablo is spreading a thick glob of peanut butter on a cracker. He leans and hands it to her.

PABLO  
*It's okay?*

DIANA  
*Perfect. Thank you.*

PABLO  
*And you?*

She's cold and starving, and we CUT TO:

**EXT. FLORIDA BEACH - 1955 - NIGHT**

Aris motions to the water. Intense eyes still on Diana.

DIANA  
*Now?*

ARIS  
*Yes, now.*

DIANA  
*But it's cold.*

ARIS  
*It's not that cold!*

He grabs her hand and pulls her into the waves, laughing, excited energy. Diana's shaking. Doesn't know whether to laugh or cry. Too scared to pull back.

DIANA  
*Dad...*

ARIS  
*C'mon, show me!*

**EXT. OPEN OCEAN - BAJA, MEXICO - DAY**

PRESENT. Diana pops up out of the water, shaking, teeth chattering. Pablo stops the boat.

DIANA  
*It's too cold. Too cold. I'm done.*

She swims up to the side of the boat. Pablo has to help her over and wraps a big towel around her.

She can barely move. Lets her head fall back, disappointed.

**INT. MARINA CAFÉ - BAJA, MEXICO - LATER**

A mariachi band plays in the corner of a large open room. Diana sits alone, wrapped in towels and a blanket, sipping hot tea, still trying to warm up.

Her hair's a mess, eyes wrinkled, shoulders hunched over, feeling and looking every bit like a woman in her sixties. She stares at the ocean out the window, lost in thought.

**EXT. POOL CLUB - LOS ANGELES - DAY**

A mid-day pool party. About 40 people, mostly women. Diana mingles, talking to everyone. She sees Bonnie come out.

BONNIE

What is all this?

DIANA

You'll see.

**EXT. POOL CLUB - LOS ANGELES - LATER**

Diana stands in front of the pool addressing the crowd, microphone in hand. Bonnie watches, nervous.

DIANA

Last year I turned 60, and I was  
PISSED OFF.

(the crowd laughs)

I don't want to be 60. I feel  
young, I feel powerful. And I know  
we have to move forward and we  
shouldn't look back. But there are  
some things worth going back for.

Diana pauses. Her friends hang on every word.

DIANA (CONT'D)

Thirty two years ago, I tried to  
swim from Cuba to Florida and I  
failed. This time, I won't.

An audible gasp goes through the crowd. Bonnie's stunned.

DIANA (CONT'D)

This summer, when I walk up on that  
beach, the whole world will see me  
and say, "Sixty IS the new forty!"

The crowd cheers and her friends whoop and high-five her. Bonnie's too surprised for that. She overhears a couple women gossiping nearby:

WOMAN #1  
How far's this swim?

WOMAN #2  
Like 100 miles.

Woman #1 gives her a "Are you fucking kidding me?" look.

WOMAN #2 (CONT'D)  
Yeah, she's outta her mind.

**EXT. POOL CLUB - LOS ANGELES - LATER**

Party's wrapping up now. Diana and Bonnie, alone in the jacuzzi, sit across from each other; a stand off.

BONNIE  
Why didn't you tell me first?

DIANA  
I figured you'd talk me out of it.  
Tell me I was crazy.

BONNIE  
You are goddamn crazy. No one has  
ever done this swim. Ever. You  
haven't swum in 30 years and now  
you're gonna do it?

DIANA  
I've been swimming almost every day  
the last two months.

Bonnie goes quiet, looks hurt; gives an indignant chuckle.

DIANA (CONT'D)  
Sorry. I didn't want to say  
anything until I was sure.

BONNIE  
Sure of what?

DIANA  
That I could do this. I *can* do  
this, Bonnie. But not without you.

BONNIE  
Bullshit. Yes you could.

DIANA  
(shrugs)  
Yeah. But I wouldn't want to. Let's  
do this. Together.

Bonnie thinks. She hasn't seen Diana this excited about anything in awhile.

BONNIE

How?

**INT. POOL GYMNASIUM - HUNTINGTON BEACH - DAY**

Diana and Bonnie walk by a water polo practice, high school boys splashing and whipping the ball around.

Diana spots the coach, 50's and gives him a big hug.

DIANA

Bonnie, Steve Munatones.  
International Swimming Hall of  
Fame. Long distance world champion.  
Marathon swim expert.

(Bonnie shakes his hand)  
Steve, this is Bonnie Stoll, my  
head trainer.

STEVE

Bonnie, yeah. Hell of a racquet  
baller, weren't you?

BONNIE

I ranked 5<sup>th</sup> in the U.S. Now tell  
her why she can't do this.

Steve's a bit taken aback. Diana's used to it.

DIANA

We're just here to go over the new  
rules, not get his permission.

STEVE

Well...now that she brings it up.

Now Diana looks at him, her smile fading.

**INT. STEVE'S OFFICE - LATER**

They sit in chairs across from Steve's desk.

STEVE

Of course you *may* do it. Assuming  
you can even get the visas from  
Cuba at this point, no one can stop  
you from actually trying. But  
things have changed since the 70's.  
You've changed. Do you know what  
you're going up against?

DIANA

Yeah, I do.

BONNIE

I don't. Tell me.

STEVE

103 miles. That's *five* English Channels. All through an absolutely awful current and the most dangerous animals in the ocean. Sharks, sting rays, box jellies-

DIANA

Box jellies aren't in those waters.

STEVE

They are now. Migrated in the last ten years for the warmer weather. They kill more people every year than shark bites. A good sting can cause hemorrhaging, cardiac arrest, paralysis; people die within 2 - 5 minutes. They call that stretch the Havana graveyard. And you want to do it *without* a shark cage.

BONNIE

That's what I said. Why not just use a cage?

DIANA

It's been done. The cage helps with drafting. But no one has ever done an open swim like this.

BONNIE

Why not pick a different place?

DIANA

It's gotta be Cuba.

Bonnie shakes her head. Looks at Steve like "Help me."

STEVE

Okay, forget about the animals for a second. Only 116 people have ever swum over 24 hours straight. Only 12 people over 48 hours. You're talking about 60 to 70 hours.

DIANA

I've done that before.

STEVE  
30 years ago. None of those people  
were over the age of 50.

DIANA  
Well. I will be.

**INT. POOL GYMNASIUM - LATER**

Diana kneels by the pool's edge, talking with the water polo team. She's charismatic and the boys are eating it up.

Bonnie and Steve watch her from his office door.

BONNIE  
I'm with you. It's a terrible idea.  
But could she do it? Honestly.

STEVE  
Honestly, I don't think it's  
humanly possible.  
(beat)  
But...

BONNIE  
But what?

STEVE  
It's Diana.

Bonnie looks at Diana again. She has a ball now and stands and launches it across the whole pool. The guys cheer.

BONNIE  
Yeah. She's a tough mother.

STEVE  
She'll need to be. Open water  
swimmers have to go to the edge.  
They always say that about  
athletes, but it normally just  
means to push yourself harder; jump  
high, run fast. It's not life and  
death. This is. People have died  
from this. If she does it, I think  
she'll have to come close.

Diana, *clothes on*, jumps into the pool and starts playing with the guys. They're clapping and hollering.

BONNIE  
Goddamnit, D.

**EXT. POOL GYMNASIUM - LATER**

Diana, still wet, walks with Bonnie to her car.

BONNIE  
So Steve is pretty supportive.

DIANA  
He's a friend. He's just worried.

BONNIE  
Well what the fuck am I? I'm not  
worried?

DIANA  
Then come with me. Train me.  
Nothing bad can happen if you're  
watching me.

BONNIE  
(thinking it over)  
Diana, can you really do this?

DIANA  
I have to.

BONNIE  
Why?

Diana ponders how to answer that. Turns away. Has an idea:

DIANA  
Come with me to Puerto Morelo for  
the next training swim. You don't  
want to do it after that, fine.

Bonnie thinks. She can see Diana's not budging.

**EXT. PUERTO MORELO BEACH, MEXICO - DAY**

Diana in her gear, walking with Bonnie to the shore--

DIANA  
Wherever you want me to go, I want  
you to square your shoulders and  
make a chopping motion like this,  
straight in that direction.

She shows Bonnie the motion.

BONNIE  
We said I was just watching today.

DIANA

You are. I'll stay next to the boat, you won't have to do much.

**EXT. OPEN OCEAN - PUERTO MORELO - LATER**

Diana swims, but she's drifting far away from the boat. Bonnie does the chopping motion like crazy.

BONNIE

Diana! Diana!!

Finally Diana stops and looks up at her.

DIANA

Why's the boat so far away from me?

BONNIE

You're going too close to the reef!

Diana, frustrated, nods and keeps swimming.

**EXT. OPEN OCEAN - PUERTO MORELO - LATER**

Again, Diana is at least 30 yards from the boat.

BONNIE

Diana!

(Diana looks up)

You are too far away! Bring it in!

Diana slaps the water. Starts swimming for the boat.

DIANA

I don't know what's happening. I'm right next to the boat and then I look up and I'm 40 yards out.

Bonnie holds a spoonful of peanut butter out for her.

BONNIE

Yeah, we'll have to work on that.

DIANA

Just don't get frustrated with me.

BONNIE

What'd you expect? You asked me to come, remember?

(feeding Diana)

Sorry. You're doing great. Really.

**EXT. OPEN OCEAN - PUERTO MORELO - LATER**

Diana, now about 10 yards from the boat, in perfect rhythm. Bonnie watches her, awed by the robot like consistency.

She checks the timer on her watch: 8 hours, 32 minutes.

BONNIE (V.O.)

Today was the first time I saw you do what you were put on this earth to do. And that's swim.

**EXT. PUERTO MORELO BEACH - DUSK**

They sit on the beach watching the sunset, Diana wrapped in towels and Bonnie keeping her warm.

BONNIE

But this is different, D. It's gonna take everything you have.

DIANA

I know. I'm ready for that.

BONNIE

That's what I'm worried about.

(off Diana's look)

You're not a kid anymore. Sometimes I think your heart is stronger than your body, and it'll try to bring the rest of you where it's just not supposed to go.

Diana opens her mouth protest. Stops. Looks at the ocean and thinks. Then turns to Bonnie.

DIANA

How many regrets have you had, your whole life?

BONNIE

Ah don't give me one of your motivational speeches.

DIANA

Bonnie, listen. How many regrets? Hundreds? Thousands?

(beat)

I have one.

BONNIE

This Cuba swim?? C'mon.

DIANA

It's not the swim. It's about  
fighting. About being strong.

BONNIE

You are strong.

DIANA

I wasn't strong enough. I should've  
fought more. Done *something*.

Bonnie's ready to argue back, but stops. Realizing...

BONNIE

We're not talking about the swim.

Diana smiles at her: No, they're not.

And Bonnie's got her answer. She leans her head against  
Diana's and looks at the water.

BONNIE

This is gonna be a motherfucker.

DIANA

I know.

BONNIE

Where do we start?

**EXT. DIANA'S HOUSE, BACK PATIO - DAY**

They've set up a big dry erase board and Bonnie stands in  
front of it with a pen. Diana sits with a notebook.

DIANA

Navigators, at least two. I read  
about one guy, David Marchant.

**EXT. DAVID'S BOAT - DAY**

We see DAVID, 40's, steering his boat, navigating on the  
radar screen. We recognize him from the cold open.

Title card: **David Marchant, Head Navigator**

DIANA (V.O.)

Out of St. Maarten. Supposed to  
know the gulf better than anyone.

**EXT. DIANA'S HOUSE, BACK PATIO - CONTINUOUS**

Bonnie's writing on the board.

DIANA

Shark divers. That's big. There's an Australian guy, Luke something.

**EXT. OPEN OCEAN - DAY**

LUKE, 30, kayaking along the choppy water.

Title card: **Luke Tipple, Marine Biologist, Shark Diver**

He reaches into his kayak and throws fresh CHUM 10 yards out. Within seconds there's movement around him.

DIANA (V.O.)

He's got these Shark Shield devices. They produce a field of electricity at a certain pulse and it messes with the sharks' sonar. I mean they hate these things. They swim away just like that.

A FIN pops up. Then another. They're getting closer.

BONNIE (V.O.)

Holy shit. It really works?

DIANA (V.O.)

Every time.

Luke reaches underneath for the device and throws a switch.

Nothing.

The sharks move closer. Bloody chum surrounding him now. He doesn't flinch, just annoyed. Sharks closer...

LUKE

(Aussie accent)

C'mon you fucker.

He flips it again and this time we can hear a slight pulse go through the water.

Every shark around him instantly disperses. He smiles.

**EXT. DIANA'S HOUSE, BACK PATIO - CONTINUOUS**

DIANA

Medical staff. Doctors, EMT's. We need oxygen tanks, eppie pens-

BONNIE

The fuck's that for?

**EXT. UCLA HOSPITAL - DAY**

MICHAEL BRODER, late 30's, jams an epinephrine shot into a boy's THIGH. The kid's eyes flutter open; he's back.

Title card: **Dr. Michael Broder, UCLA**

DIANA (V.O.)  
Just in case. I won't need it.

BONNIE (V.O.)  
You fucking better not. What else?

DIANA (V.O.)  
Well we've gotta have Mark.

**EXT. SANTA BARBARA - DAY**

MARK, 50, rides a trek road bike through a narrow passage of the Santa Barbara hills. We remember him from the open too.

Title card: **Mark Sollinger, Chief of Operations**

Mark keeps pedaling, sweating his ass off. He grabs a small walkie talkie from the handle bar:

MARK (INTO WALKIE)  
How far back?

We pan over his shoulder and look down the mountain to see a group of younger bikers a ways back.

MAN (FROM WALKIE)  
Quarter mile. Slow down, Mark.

Mark smiles. Speeds up.

**EXT. DIANA'S HOUSE, BACK PATIO - CONTINUOUS**

DIANA  
Weather experts. Boats. Write down yachts, pongas, and kayaks.

BONNIE  
Damn. We're up to...35 people. How much you think we need to raise?

DIANA  
300.

BONNIE  
Thousand? Dollars??

DIANA  
(nonchalant)  
Yeah.

BONNIE  
Jesus.

And she writes it on the board.

DIANA  
We'll get sponsors. I've got some  
contacts from the broadcasting  
days. We'll get there.

BONNIE  
Good. Don't go broke on this. You  
know how you get.

DIANA  
I won't. Whadya mean how I get?

BONNIE  
Where's your wallet?

DIANA  
In my bag.

BONNIE  
Can I see it?

Diana sighs. Goes through her bag. Starts to panic.

DIANA  
Shit.

Bonnie reaches out of her own bag and throws it to her.

BONNIE  
You left it on the goddamn counter  
at Jamba Juice. That's how you get.

Diana frowns. Bonnie goes back to writing.

**INT. AIRPLANE - DAY**

Diana's in the aisle seat, ice pouch on her left shoulder. She looks somber, lost in thought. CUT TO:

**INT. POOL GYMNASIUM, 1958 - DAY**

A Swimmeet about to start. Diana, 9, stands at her lane, other girls on each side of her.

SWIM JUDGE  
Swimmers, ready.

The girls get in their stances, focused on the water.

Diana turns her head to the side. Finds her mom Lucy on the bleachers. Empty seat next to her. No Aris.

BEEP. BEEP. BEEP! -- the girls dive in, and we CUT TO:

**INT. AIRPLANE - PRESENT - DAY**

Diana's watch beeps -- the alarm. She shuts it off.

There's a bag of M&M's on her tray table divided by colors. She eats all the RED ones. Resets her watch.

A little BOY across the aisle from her is fascinated.

BOY  
What're you doing?

Diana looks over at him. Treats him like an adult.

DIANA  
I divided the length of the flight by the total number of M&M's. I'm eating them at intervals. My goal is to finish the last group by exactly the time we land.

BOY  
Why?

DIANA  
It helps my training. And to keep me calm. I think I have OCD.

BOY  
What's that?

DIANA  
It means like thinking about something so much, you become obsessed about it.

BOY  
Is it bad?

DIANA  
I don't know. It could be.  
(more)

DIANA (CONT'D)  
 But I don't know when wanting  
 something so much became a bad  
 thing. It's good to want things.  
 Isn't it?

The boy thinks. He opens his own pack of SKITTLES and starts to separate them by color too. Diana smiles.

**EXT. ST. MAARTEN MARINA - DAY**

Diana and Bonnie walk out on the dock towards a small boat. In it, at the wheel is --

DIANA  
 David! Good morning.

DAVID MARCHANT gets off his boat to greet them.

DAVID  
 Diana. Welcome to St. Maarten.

**EXT. OPEN OCEAN / DAVID'S BOAT - LATER**

Title card: 12 hour training swim, St. Maarten

Diana swims through choppy water. Bad current today. Bonnie talks to David while he steers.

DAVID  
 What went wrong?

BONNIE  
 In '78? Biggest problem was the waves. Brutal whitecaps for 42 hours. She couldn't make it. How do we get around that?

DAVID  
 We do our best to time the weather. And then we hope for the best.

BONNIE  
 Hope? We're gonna have to do better than that.

DAVID  
 Sorry, but the Florida Straight is pretty much the worst stretch of currents in the ocean. The Gulf, the cross-tides, the roiling eddies. Nature's fighting her most of the way.

They watch Diana; she rolls onto her back for a minute and stretches out her left shoulder, wincing.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
And this.

BONNIE  
That shoulder's been a problem for years. Ligament damage.

DAVID  
Well, we can't stop for more than 4, maybe 5 minutes at a time. Tops. She's only swimming 2 miles an hour. We'll get pushed off course, end up in the Bahamas.

Diana takes a deep breath and resumes swimming, slowly.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Would she—

BONNIE  
(already knows)  
No, she won't. Has to be Cuba.

**EXT. OPEN OCEAN / DAVID'S BOAT - LATER**

They're stopped. Bonnie's helping Diana get onto the boat. She's really struggling, totally exhausted.

BONNIE  
Can you get your leg over?

Diana gingerly does. She can't help drool when she says:

DIANA  
The other day. I had it left.  
Today. I've got nothing left.

BONNIE  
Well c'mon, sit down.

DIANA  
Hold on.

She leans over the boat and pukes. And again. Salt water pour out. She turns back around--

DIANA (CONT'D)  
Okay.

--and sits down, spent. Bonnie wraps her in a towel.

**EXT. DIANA'S HOTEL ROOM BALCONY - NIGHT**

Bonnie brings a cup of tea out to her. They watch the ocean.

BONNIE  
(cheer up)  
It was your first 12 hour.

DIANA  
I was sure I'm in good enough shape  
to do a 20-hour swim. I'm not.

BONNIE  
Not yet. But you *will* be.

DIANA  
We're 3 months out, Bonnie.

BONNIE  
I know.

Beat. Diana's decided something.

DIANA  
We're going again tomorrow.

BONNIE  
No we're not. One day's rest.

DIANA  
Bonnie. We're going tomorrow.

Bonnie rolls her eyes and goes inside. Diana sips her cup.

DIANA (CONT'D)  
Thanks for the tea.

**EXT. OPEN OCEAN / DAVID'S BOAT - DAY**

Title card: 3 months to Cuba

Diana swimming through currents. She's way too far from the boat again. Bonnie's air-chopping like crazy.

BONNIE  
Diana!

**EXT. OPEN OCEAN / DAVID'S BOAT - NIGHT**

Bonnie and David can't see Diana in the darkness, only hear the lapping of the water.

Title card: 12 hour swim, 89 days to Cuba

BONNIE

Shit. I can't even see her.

David looks, he can't either.

**EXT. OPEN OCEAN / DAVID'S BOAT - DAY**

Diana treading water, frustrated, 20 yards from the boat.

DIANA

I don't know what the problem is!  
If I can't see you, I can't-

BONNIE

Listen! We're swimming THIS way.  
(big arm motions)  
THIS way. Got it??

**EXT. OPEN OCEAN / DAVID'S BOAT - NIGHT**

Diana's in darkness again, but her swimcap now has the red LED light on it.

Title card: **15 hour swim, 70 days to Cuba**

**EXT. OPEN OCEAN / DAVID'S BOAT - DAY / NIGHT**

Our TRAINING MONTAGE continues now. We see various shots of Diana swimming all over St. Maarten, and we'll cut each scene after about two strokes.

Day, day, night, day, night, day, day, night; Diana looking more comfortable every time.

**EXT. OPEN OCEAN / DAVID'S BOAT - DAY**

Diana swimming, as graceful as we've ever seen her.

We pan around the boat to find it's now FULL, about a dozen people, including the guys we saw Bonnie and D assembling: Dr. Michael, Mark Sollinger, Luke Tipple.

Title card: **Last training swim, 24 hours, 1 month to Cuba**

BONNIE

Look at her. She could go on forever, just like that.

Mark's looking at his watch:

MARK

5, 4, 3, 2, 1. Last training swim completed!

The whole crew starts to clap and cheer: "Hell yeah, Diana!"

Diana stops swimming and rolls onto her back to catch her breath. She peeks over at Bonnie and just nods slightly.

BONNIE  
She's ready.

As the clapping and cheering continues, we CUT TO:

**EXT. KEY WEST AIRPORT, FLORIDA - DAY**

Diana and Bonnie exit the airport, luggage in each hand.

Title card: **Key West, Florida - Summer 2010**

DIANA (V.O.)  
Hey Jenifer, it's Diana again.  
We're looking for 3 good days.  
What're you seeing?

**INT. CLARK HOUSE - SAME**

On the other end of the phone, JENIFER, 40's, studies a satellite image of the Gulf on her computer.

Title card: **Jenifer Clark, Satellite Oceanographer**

JENIFER  
She's a tricky one. But right now  
this weekend is looking pretty  
calm. Low swells.

DIANA (V.O.)(PHONE)  
How low? I can deal with 1-foot  
waves. 3-feet is murder. I can't  
make any progress in that.

JENIFER  
Hang on a sec. Dane?

Across the room, her husband DANE looks at his own computer. Jenifer holds the phone out to him.

Title card: **Dane Clark, Meteorologist**

DANE  
Water should be warm. Friday and  
Saturday look okay. May not be this  
good for awhile. But it's a crap  
shoot at best.

**INT. KEY WEST HOTEL ROOM - DAY (SAME)**

Diana has them on speakerphone. Bonnie's taking notes.

DIANA

Okay. Thank you guys.

She hangs up. Looks out the window. Beautiful, sunny day.

BONNIE

So?

DIANA

(beat)

I say we go for it.

Bonnie smiles. Claps.

BONNIE

Alright then.

**EXT. VARIOUS CITY STREETS / AIRPORTS - DAY**

Quick shots of the 35-person team assembling: crew members race out of their houses and apartments, get in cabs, board planes. We can feel a frenetic excitement.

**EXT. MAIN CREW BOAT - HAVANA HARBOR - DAY**

Title card: **Havana, Cuba**

Cuban flags and salsa music playing on the boat. The crew dances and pours mimosas. Diana toasts with a Gatorade.

DIANA

I just want to thank all of you for the last few months, and for taking this journey with me. Let's go and make history!

They all cheers! And off their clinking glasses, we CUT TO:

**EXT. HAVANA HARBOR - NEXT DAY**

The worst tropical storm Cuba has seen in years. Torrential rain, wind, and roiling eddies, and we find--

**INT. HAVANA HARBOR LODGE - SAME**

Diana, with her crew, watching the awful weather outside.

MARK

David?

DAVID

It's blowing 15 knots of wind. 6-foot seas out there.

BONNIE

Let's just wait for it to pass. Try again in a couple days.

Diana is heartbroken. Bonnie puts a hand on her shoulder.

BONNIE (CONT'D)

It's only a couple days.

**INT. DIANA'S HOTEL ROOM - DAWN**

New morning. Diana throws the curtains open! And...it's still pouring rain.

**EXT. HAVANA BEACH - DAY**

New day. Diana stands on the shore. Heavy winds shake the palm trees and whip her hair around. Ominous clouds above.

**EXT. HAVANA POOL CLUB - DAY**

New day. Raining again. Diana swims alone in a local pool.

**EXT. MAIN CREW BOAT - HAVANA HARBOR - DAY**

And now sits alone, watching more rain pummel the ocean. She closes her eyes and we CUT TO:

**INT. DIANA'S BEDROOM, 1961 - NIGHT**

Diana, 12, ear pressed against the door, listening for any movement in the hallway. Doesn't hear anything.

She opens the door slowly and peeks her head out. Nothing.

She can see the KITCHEN down the hall. CU on the WATER FAUCET, dripping one slow drop at a time.

She holds a cup, licks her lips. Makes her way carefully down the hall. Until --

ARIS turns the corner in the kitchen, going for the fridge.

Diana freezes. Begins backing up slowly...

**INT. DIANA'S HOTEL ROOM - PRESENT - DAWN**

Diana wakes up in a panicked sweat. Jumps out of bed.

**EXT. DAVID MARCHANT'S HOUSE - MORNING**

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK! She pounds on the front door. Waits a second. Knocks again. Finally the door opens:

A very tired, but not surprised, David Marchant holds his iPad and turns it to show her. It's a live weather MAP of the Florida Straights, mostly highlighted in RED (danger).

DAVID  
Today was your last window.

Diana reads the map and her face falls.

DIANA  
How bad?

DAVID  
Water temperature dropped to 77 degrees. Way below your threshold. That water, over that long...

DIANA  
Is it possible?

DAVID  
You'll get hypothermia.

She knows he's right. A sad beat, nothing to say.

**EXT. MAIN CREW BOAT - HAVANA HARBOR - DAY**

Diana, Bonnie, David, Mark, and Luke Tipple are packing up everything on the main boat. The others are somber; Diana is pissed off, muttering, slamming gear into boxes.

DIANA  
This was our year! I got in better shape than my 20's. I was ready.

BONNIE  
You'll be ready next year.

DIANA  
Who knows where we'll be next year!  
The money's gone-

BONNIE  
D.

DIANA  
I can't ask everyone to do this all over again, and just-

BONNIE

I already did that. We all talked  
about it. Everyone's in.

Diana finally stops, looks at Bonnie, then the others.

DIANA

You are?

They all nod. Diana starts to cry, releasing all of it.

DIANA (CONT'D)

(through tears)

Thank you.

The group hugs her. They're in this together.

**EXT. ROSE BOWL AQUATICS CENTER, PASADENA, CA - DAY**

Aerial shot of an empty pool lane.

Title card: **6 months later, Pasadena, CA**

Diana swims into frame and pulls up to grab the wall. She rubs her left shoulder, wincing. It's killing her.

**INT. PRIVATE DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY**

And now sits on the exam table of a beautiful, expensive office. An older male DOCTOR shows her some x-rays.

DOCTOR

Your shoulder has a tear in the biceps tendon, right here. I think you should stop for awhile.

DIANA

I can't stop. Cuba's in 3 months.

DOCTOR

Cuba? Diana. I think that's out of the question. I don't know how you're even swimming *laps* on this. Doesn't it hurt?

DIANA

Like hell sometimes. So?

DOCTOR

Lay down here. Show me your stroke.

Diana lays forward and pretends to swim. She winces.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
 It's *that* angle right there. You  
 could separate the whole tendon.

DIANA  
 Well what can I do?

DOCTOR  
 Don't do the swim. Sorry. You'll  
 never make it on this shoulder.

Diana sits up, undeterred. Points at the x-rays.

DIANA  
 Can I keep those?

**INT. SMALL DOCTOR'S OFFICE - NEW DAY**

She's in a very different office now: half the size, half the money. A plaque on the desk reads: Dr. Karen Sharma.

KAREN, the young Indian Doctor, examines Diana's shoulder.

KAREN  
 He's right. The tear's significant.

DIANA  
 But can I still do it?

Karen almost answers. Stops. Thinks a beat.

KAREN  
 Why'd you come to *me*? There're  
 plenty of...better known  
 Orthopedists in L.A.

DIANA  
 You swam in high school, right?

KAREN  
 How did you—

DIANA  
 And you grew up in Reseda. Anyone  
 think you'd ever become a *doctor*?

KAREN  
 I did.

DIANA  
*That's* why I came to you. How can I  
 do *this* swim on *this* shoulder?

Karen thinks. She grabs Diana's arm and raises it at a different, *lower* angle.

KAREN  
Does that hurt?

DIANA  
Not really.

KAREN  
So, change your stroke.

DIANA  
I've had this stroke all my life.  
It's what got me those records.

KAREN  
You asked how. This is how.

**EXT. ROSE BOWL AQUATICS CENTER, PASADENA, CA - DAY**

Diana's doing more laps, slower, trying out the new stroke.

KAREN (V.O.)  
There's too much pressure on your  
AC tendon. Lower your shoulder,  
raise your elbow.

Diana reaches the wall and stops. Rotates her left shoulder around a few times, stretching it out.

DIANA (V.O.)  
That'll slow me down.

KAREN (V.O.)  
It's not a race, right?

Diana takes a couple deep breaths and --

**EXT. ROSE BOWL AQUATICS CENTER, PASADENA, CA - DAY**

-- swims on. New day, new stroke. Slow going at first.

**EXT. ROSE BOWL AQUATICS CENTER, PASADENA, CA - DAY**

Diana swimming again, looking more comfortable, and she --

**EXT. ROSE BOWL AQUATICS CENTER, PASADENA, CA - DAY**

-- reaches the wall and pops up to catch her breath. Takes her goggles off, and sees--

Bonnie, on her phone, running towards the pool.

Title card: **August 5, 2011**

BONNIE  
I called you 10 times.

DIANA  
Training. What??

BONNIE (INTO PHONE)  
Dane, tell her.

She presses a button, holds the phone out for Diana.

DANE CLARK (PHONE)  
I'm seeing a 3-4 day window here.  
Low winds, warm water.

DIANA  
How warm?

DANE CLARK (PHONE)  
High 80's. Haven't seen conditions  
this good in a long time. I say go.

Diana smiles big at Bonnie.

DIANA  
Thank you Dane!

DANE CLARK (PHONE)  
Good luck.

Bonnie hangs up. Grabs Diana's towel.

BONNIE  
Well hurry the fuck up and get  
outta there.

Diana slaps the water, giddy like a kid on Christmas.

**REAL NEWS FOOTAGE - ABC, NBC, CNN**

Diane Sawyer on camera, a small picture of Diana to her right, the caption reads: "A FEARLESS SWIM"

DIANE SAWYER (ABC)  
And finally tonight, someone who is  
kind of a hero to so many of us:  
Diana Nyad, the incredible swimmer,  
is back, and about to embark on  
something we couldn't believe.

More clips in rapid fire now:

GEORGE STEPHANOPOULOS (ABC)  
An epic personal journey—

NATALIE MORALES (NBC)  
Diana Nyad has set her sights on  
conquering a feat that has eluded  
her for 30 years.

SANJAY GUPTA (CNN)  
Cuba to Florida. Over 100 miles in  
vicious currents. 200,000 strokes.  
60 hours.

**EXT. JOSE MARTI INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT, HAVANA, CUBA - DAY**

Shots of various planes touching down.

**INT. JOSE MARTI INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT, HAVANA, CUBA - DAY**

Diana and Bonnie walk to baggage claim and see Mark and David and the rest of the team.

The others start clapping and whooping when they spot Diana. She runs to them and jumps into a big group hug.

**EXT. HEMINGWAY MARINA, HAVANA - DUSK**

Diana sits with Bonnie in the backseat of a glorified golf cart, driving towards the marina up ahead. We can see the press there. Cuban and USA flags. About 100 onlookers.

Title card: **August 7, 2011**

Diana's wearing a bathrobe and taking deep breaths.

BONNIE  
You okay?

DIANA  
I can't believe it's finally  
happening. My adrenaline's going  
into overdrive.

BONNIE  
You're okay. C'mon. Breathe.

**EXT. HEMINGWAY MARINA, HAVANA - CONTINUOUS**

Diana's POV now. They've reached the marina and she walks to the edge of the water. Dozens of cameras pointed at her. Time slows down. We hear her heartbeat like a drum.

She steps up on the embankment. Sees her CREW already out in the water: 3 large boats, kayaks, pongas. They wave at her, give thumbs up.

Out of POV now as Diana faces the crowd behind her.

DIANA  
(in *Spanish*)  
*Thank you very much everyone.*

The crowd claps and cheers. Some say "Gracias" back to her.

She puts on her swim cap, tucking all the hair in. Goggles next, tight on the back, resting on her forehead.

Meanwhile, Bonnie's greasing her down. Arms, legs, the chafing spots on her one-piece swimsuit. Now applying heavy duty chapstick all around her lips.

Finished, they stop and look at each other. Diana pulls her into a tight hug and they stay there a long beat.

When they release, Bonnie gives a thumbs up to the boats. They fire up their engines.

Diana pulls her goggles over her eyes. Shakes her arms out, stretches out her neck a few times. A few deep breaths, adrenaline racing again. This is it.

She steps to the edge, and jumps in. The crowd cheers.

BONNIE  
(looking at her watch)  
Time in, 7:46 PM.

And watches as Diana makes a quick goggle adjustment, and then -- starts to swim.

BONNIE (CONT'D)  
Here we go.

**EXT. MAIN CREW BOAT - HEMINGWAY MARINA - LATER**

Diana's going strong and steady. A kayaker flanks her on each side, shark shields turned on.

Bonnie's on the main boat with David, Mark, and 10 others.

BONNIE  
(beaming)  
She's in the water. She's actually  
in the fucking water!

DAVID  
Can you believe it Bonnie?! And  
what a night to leave on.

The water is glassy, no current at all.

BONNIE  
It's perfect.

**EXT. MAIN CREW BOAT - OPEN OCEAN - DAWN**

Present. The sun's coming up. Diana swims, same rhythm.

Bonnie watches her. Looks at her watch, writes in her notebook: "12 hours in, 69 miles to go."

DAVID  
I'm gonna have to sleep soon.

MARK  
She's about to have a feeding. Why  
don't you switch out with John?  
We'll do a full rotation.

DAVID  
Can we wait a bit?

MARK  
Gotta be every 90 minutes. She's  
burning like 700 calories an hour.  
(beat, nervous now)  
Why?

DAVID  
We're okay, for now. But the  
current's starting to push us.

Mark looks at the navigation screen. They're veering just slightly off course to the right.

MARK  
But we're okay?

DAVID  
For now, yeah.

We move to the WATER now, and go tight on Diana's face, looking down into the darkness below, and CUT TO:

**EXT. FT. LAUDERDALE BEACH - 1960 - DAY**

Diana, 11, standing in the ocean next to her mom, Lucy.

Stark contract between them. Diana's all sunshine and youth. Something darker in Lucy. She points at the horizon.

LUCY  
Can you see it?

DIANA  
What?

LUCY  
Cuba.

DIANA  
Mom! You can't see Cuba from here.

LUCY  
Yes you can. It's so close you could almost swim there.

DIANA  
Really?

LUCY  
But nobody does.

DIANA  
Why not?

They hear LAUGHTER on the beach. Lucy sees ARIS talking with two MEN. He's animated and funny. The guys are loving it. One gives Aris a business card. They shake hands.

DIANA (CONT'D)  
Mom. Why not?

LUCY  
(beat, looking at Aris)  
Sometimes a thing can seem so close  
you could reach out and touch it.  
But you can't. It's farther away  
than it looks.

Diana just watches her mom, not understanding.

Suddenly a loud WHISTLE, and we're BACK TO:

**EXT. MAIN CREW BOAT - OPEN OCEAN - MORNING**

PRESENT. Bonnie's on the whistle, signaling the crew. Diana hears it. Slows up, wades over to the boat.

MARK (INTO WALKIE TALKIE)  
All boats stop. Feeding.

The crew cheers for her and yells encouragement, things like "Good job, Diana!" and "Let's do this!"

A HANDLER lowers a plastic bag, like an IV, into the water, attached to a long rope, and reels it out to her.

Diana grabs it, eases onto her back, and hungrily puts the feeding tube in her mouth. Pained look on her face.

BONNIE

You're doing great. Great.

DIANA

You don't know what this is doing to my shoulder. I mean I feel like it's gonna come out of the socket.

Bonnie turns back to the other handlers.

BONNIE

I need a bag of ice, and Tylenol.

The items come quickly. Diana puts the ice on her shoulder, still feeding, and Bonnie drops 3 pills into her mouth.

Meanwhile David's watching on nervously.

DAVID

Mark...

MARK

Yeah. Hey Bonnie...

He makes a motion to his watch, like "it's time."

BONNIE

(to Diana)

We've gotta keep going. You good?

DIANA

Anybody could do it healthy, right?

She lets go of the feeding tube. Mark makes a big hand motion to the other boats and they all start moving again. A well oiled machine.

BONNIE

Right. Listen, this is gonna suck, no doubt about it. But you'll get through it. You always do.

Diana looks at her and thinks about that. Pulls her goggles over her eyes, dips her head under, and we CUT BACK TO:

**EXT. FT. LAUDERDALE BEACH - 1960 - DAY**

Lucy and Diana on the beach.

ARIS (O.S.)  
Hah!

Suddenly Aris is behind them, running into the water. Diana jumps. He splashes them, playful.

ARIS (CONT'D)  
C'mon you lazy asses, do something!

Diana chases him into the ocean, splashing and giggling, leaving Lucy behind. They swim out a ways, past the break.

Aris stops when he sees a BUOY up ahead. Diana sees it too. They share a quick look and the race is on!

Aris paddles like hell, early lead. But Diana's stroke is fast and steady and she catches up.

20 yards to go and she PASSES him. He makes a final push, but she slaps the buoy, holding onto it, beaming.

When he gets there a few seconds later, he's laughing.

ARIS (CONT'D)  
Pretty good, darling. Pretty-

And he pulls her OFF the buoy and DUNKS her head in. She comes up laughing. Splashes him. He laughs too, and then --

Dunks her head under again. But this time holds it there.

And holds. And holds. She starts to thrash underwater.

Seconds go by like decades. Desperate thrashing --

**EXT. MAIN CREW BOAT - OPEN OCEAN - DAY**

PRESENT. Diana pops up out of the water, coughing.

Title card: **Hour 15, 83 miles to go**

DIANA  
Bonnie...Bonnie...

Bonnie goes over to her.

BONNIE  
Hey, hey. Calm down.

DIANA  
I can't breathe.  
(wheeze)  
It's making my muscles so weak.  
(wheeze)  
I can't get enough oxygen.

BONNIE  
Okay, relax. Swim over here,  
slowly. We'll figure this out.  
(turns to a handler)  
Dr. Michael, hurry.

DIANA  
Bonnie...I don't know...

BONNIE  
Hey, don't talk, okay. Save your  
breath a minute. Just relax.

Mark watches on with David.

DAVID  
Oh boy.

MARK  
Fuck.

Dr. Michael appears at the boat's edge with a snorkel and flippers on. Jumps into the water and goes to Diana.

DIANA  
Michael. I'm having trouble.  
Catching my breath. Last 2 hours.

DR. MICHAEL  
It sounds like you're having a  
little asthmatic attack. I'm gonna  
give you 4 pumps.

He puts an INHALER up to her lips. Bonnie turns to Mark:

BONNIE  
Asthma? Fucking asthma? I watched  
her do 10, 12, 15, 24 hour swims.  
She has never had an asthma attack.

MARK  
Hopefully it's minor.

Diana rolls onto her back, feeling her chest, trying to catch her breath. She looks up at the sky, scared.

**EXT. FT. LAUDERDALE BEACH - 1960 - DAY**

Finally Aris lets go and Diana bursts up, gasping for air. She holds onto him, trying to catch her breath.

DIANA  
I wanna go in.

ARIS  
Why? We're having fun.

She tries to pull away. He holds onto her, and we see --

His arm thrust forward as he reaches out underwater, between her legs, and grabs her, hard.

Her body shakes. He keeps her there a minute, gripping her.

ARIS (CONT'D)  
Aren't we having fun?

She's frozen, terrified. *What's happening?*

**EXT. MAIN CREW BOAT - OPEN OCEAN - NIGHT**

PRESENT. Diana looks lost, barely swimming through the darkness. It's quiet, most of the crew asleep. She feels alone out here, helpless.

Title card: **Hour 29, 57 miles to go**

David talks quietly at the wheel with Mark and Bonnie.

DAVID  
We're way off course.

BONNIE  
Let's get back on.

DAVID  
We can't. Not at this speed. We've been letting her drift too long.

BONNIE  
Well fuck David, that's what we don't want.

DAVID  
We don't have a choice. Every time she stops, we're drifting. We've been going east for 4, 5, maybe 6 hours. She's just going too slow.

Bonnie thinks, and decides:

BONNIE  
Until she can't go anymore. Okay?  
Till she can't go anymore.

They nod, somber. From the water they hear a heaving sound.

Bonnie goes back over. Diana's treading water, vomiting.

BONNIE  
Jesus. Can we get a fluid pack?

DIANA  
Bonnie. I'm just barely alive right now. Barely alive.

BONNIE  
I know. What do you wanna do?

Diana keeps treading. Shivering now, severe chills.

DIANA  
I'm sick and I'm cold. And I don't wanna quit. But I have to get real. I have a tremendous will, but... I'll never make it like this. It's just too far.

Diana thinks. Keeps shivering. Looks around at her crew. Everyone that's awake is watching her, waiting.

DIANA (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry. I just can't anymore.

BONNIE  
It's okay. We love you.  
(turns to Mark)  
Help me get her out.

They pull her out and she starts crying.

DIANA  
I'm so sorry. I'm so sorry.

Bonnie holds her. Mark wraps a towel around her.

BONNIE  
Are you kidding? You've been sick 15 hours. No one would've made it this far.

MARK

You have nothing be sorry about, D.

The words are kind, but mean nothing to Diana. She weeps like a baby, holding Bonnie's arms.

**INT. MAIN CREW BOAT - OPEN OCEAN - CONTINUOUS**

Mark, David, and a couple other guys help carry Diana into the boat's hull and lay her down on a couch.

Dr. Michael quickly assembles an IV and puts it into her. With more lighting now, we see how bad her condition is:

Face puffy from salt water, eyes and lips almost swollen shut. Yellow skin from the vomiting and dehydration. She looks absolutely awful. On the verge of passing out:

DIANA

It was a beautiful dream.

MARK

It still is.

And she closes her eyes.

**REAL NEWS FOOTAGE - NBC**

Various news anchors cover the story:

BRIAN WILLIAMS

Well it was intended to be our feel good story this week, but it didn't quite turn out that way.

LESTER HOLT

Diana Nyad has abandoned her latest attempt.

NATALIE MORALES

An historic effort to be the first to swim from Cuba to Florida has ended early.

**EXT. MAIN CREW BOAT - COAST OF FLORIDA - MORNING**

The boats heading toward the Florida shore, 20 miles out.

**INT. MAIN CREW BOAT - OPEN OCEAN - CONTINUOUS**

Diana sits with Bonnie and some other crew. Mark's got a laptop open, reading comments.

MARK

Look at this Facebook post: 61 year old Diana Nyad *only* made it half-way from Cuba. I'm officially seizing my whining about being old.

The rest of the crew laughs. Mark smiles at her.

Diana is NOT fucking smiling. She leaves the room, slowly, and walks out onto the deck alone.

BONNIE

(to Mark)

She's gotta grieve this and move on. Give her some time.

**EXT. PASADENA CAFE - DAY**

Diana and Bonnie at a table outside, looking over menus.

Title card: **6 weeks later**

DIANA

I wanna try again.

Bonnie laughs. Looks up. Sees Diana smiling at her, serious.

BONNIE

D. What the fuck?

DIANA

I've failed first time out before. Manhattan, '75, perfect example. I failed. Regrouped. Learned from that experience. And I went back 2 weeks later and did it.

BONNIE

That was 26 miles, and you were 25 years old. Don't you think this is different?

DIANA

Yeah. I'm stronger now. Wiser. It's bullshit, Bonnie. People think sports is for the young. And yeah, the body's a bitch sometimes. But what I wouldn't give to put my mind now into that 25 year old.

(points to her head)

I'm stronger here.

(points to her heart)

And here.

BONNIE

What about the other stuff we were gonna do this year? "After Cuba we'll take that trip to New Zealand and we'll start our company and" blah blah blah.

DIANA

That's still true. I want those things. I can't see myself doing this whole thing for another year. But right now I'm in the best shape of my life. I feel more ready than last year, or even 6 weeks ago.

BONNIE

I think you're stuck. And you're not allowing yourself to grow or move on. It feels empty to me.

DIANA

Well it doesn't to me!

She said that a little too loud and the other diners look over at them. Diana notices, calms down.

DIANA (CONT'D)

I wasn't even sore when it was over, Bonnie. It was so beneath what I prepared myself for. And I know I have this in me. But we've gotta do it NOW.

BONNIE

Can you fundraise again that fast?

DIANA

I'm already half way there. And the other half...

BONNIE

Diana, NO.

DIANA

Oh c'mon. What else am I doing with my money? I don't have kids, and I look ridiculous in heels.

Bonnie has to laugh.

BONNIE

Okay. But after this can we get on with our lives?

DIANA  
I promise.

**EXT. HEMINGWAY MARINA, HAVANA - DAY**

Diana, back on the embankment in Cuba. Bonnie greases her down again. Less onlookers this time as last, but still a crowd and a few local news cameras. Bonnie finishes.

BONNIE  
It's your time now. Go get it.

Diana takes a deep breath and jumps in, and we --

**EXT. STRAIGHTS OF FLORIDA / MAIN BOAT - NIGHT**

-- find her again in the ocean, swimming in perfect rhythm, a kayaker on each side of her.

Bonnie looks over at David, steering the main boat. He scans the ocean, meets her eyes.

DAVID  
Water's perfect. Couldn't have done better than this.  
(Bonnie nods)  
Let's just hope it holds for three days.

She gives him a nervous smile, and we start to remember this scene now from the cold opening.

Title card: **September 23, 2011, 8:12 pm**

Mark writes in a small notebook: "Mile 5, glassy water, freestyle." And then:

DIANA (O.S.)  
Ooooow! Wow! Bonnie!

Bonnie's eyes dart back to Diana, who has stopped swimming.

BONNIE  
Is she stopping? Diana??

We watch it all play out in QUICK CUTS this time:

DIANA  
Intense intense intense.

BONNIE  
Stop the boat! Jon!

JON ROSE, 29, grabs a small towel and jumps in near Diana.

DIANA  
Fire fire fire!

Tentacles all over Diana's neck and chest and forearm. Jon wipes them off with the towel.

JON  
Shit, it just touched me.

DIANA  
Fire fire fire fire-

Diana's body puts the full body suit on, but her eyes are miles away, wide open and terrified. She mumbles incoherent.

Jon's back on the boat now.

BONNIE  
Do you know what it was?

JON  
Gotta be box jelly. It fucking hurts, BAD.

Bonnie watches Diana again, in enormous pain, still treading water. She looks panicked, barely holding it together.

BONNIE  
Do you want to get out?

DIANA  
(between deep breaths)  
NO!

BONNIE  
Okay. Keep breathing. Just breathe.

Diana rolls onto her back. We push in tight on her face. It's taking everything she has to cycle through this, and she might not. Her eyes close, on the verge of passing out.

BONNIE  
Diana? Diana?!

DIANA  
What!?!?

BONNIE  
Just keep breathing! Stay there a minute, Dr. Michael's coming.

Jon grabs a bottle of ammonia and douses his neck in it.

JON

This is fucking crazy. Is she  
feeling what I'm feeling?

BONNIE

What're you feeling?

JON

Like I'm being held over a goddamn  
bonfire.

BONNIE

Jesus. Still?

JON

Oh yeah. God she's a tough cracker.

Diana leans forward, starts treading water again.

DIANA

I'm ready. Let's go. C'mon.

BONNIE

Are you sure? Why don't you take a  
minute and catch your breath?

DIANA

No c'mon, I wanna go now, power  
through it. C'mon!

It's more desperate than tough. The crew gets in gear.

BONNIE

Okay, let's go then.

Diana starts to swim and the boats chug along with her.

JON

I don't know how she's not calling  
it. This is fucking intense.

Bonnie points her flashlight on Jon. We can already see red  
burns all over his neck and shoulder, like whip scars.

BONNIE

Damn Jon. Are you okay?

He frantically puts more ammonia on his neck.

MARK (O.S.)

Stopping!

Bonnie spins around. Diana's not swimming; she's treading again, starting to hyperventilate. The boats stop.

BONNIE  
Diana?? Shit. David get me closer.

David muscles the boat over, yard at a time. Finally they're feet from Diana and Bonnie shines a light on her.

Diana looks utterly terrified. She's right near Bonnie's face, but stares past her the way a blind person would.

DIANA  
It's giving me the chills,  
paralyzing my back.

BONNIE  
Jon! It's trying to paralyze her.

We see Jon's sitting Indian style, rocking and trying to breathe too.

JON  
I'm feeling the same thing.  
(breath)  
Freezing cold. Sweating.

Another crew member hurries over and wraps Jon in a towel. Meanwhile Diana's body goes through little convulsions.

DIANA  
It's...it's my spine...and  
my...(indiscernible)...chills.

She's barely making sense now. Her face is pure agony. It really feels like we're watching someone dying.

Bonnie tries to keep her grounded:

BONNIE  
It's okay, it's okay, Jon is  
feeling the same thing. You're both  
going through it.

A smaller boat speeds over with Dr. Michael.

BONNIE  
Dr. Michael's here, D. Hang on.

DIANA  
Michael! How long?? How long's it  
gonna last? Hours? Hours?!

DR. MICHAEL  
Should be over in 15, 20 minutes.

Bonnie tries to help her get the pants of her swimsuit on.

BONNIE  
Here, pull these on. Focus on this.

DIANA  
Luke! Think if I wear these I won't  
get stung again?

LUKE  
It should protect you.

MARK  
Just take your time.

Diana's pulling the pants on, crazed look still on her face,  
eyes WIDE open.

BONNIE  
Blink your eyes.

Diana has to really focus on it. Finally blinks her eyes.

MARK  
There ya go.

BONNIE  
Good, D, good.

Silence for a beat as Diana keeps pulling. She finally looks  
at Bonnie's face for the first time. It's hard for Bonnie to  
watch; Diana looks like a scared child.

Dr. Michael puts an oxygen mask on Diana's face. Moments  
pass, her eyes closed. She's calming down.

Her eyes open again; the worst of it gone. She nods. He  
pulls the mask away.

DIANA  
Okay. I think I'm about ready.

BONNIE  
You sure?

DR. MICHAEL  
Don't rush this, Diana.

DIANA  
No. I'm ready.

She takes a few more deep breaths. Swim pants on, long sleeve lycra shirt, goggles down. Two more deep breaths and she picks up her stroke.

JON  
(amazed)  
Holy shit.

MARK (INTO WALKIE)  
Diana is swimming.

The crew CHEERS around them and they can hear people on the other 2 boats clapping in the distance.

JON  
(to Bonnie)  
How'd she do that?

Bonnie can only shrug and smile. As she turns back to watch Diana's perfect stroke, we CUT TO:

**INT. FT. LAUDERDALE HIGH SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - 1963 - DAY**

That same stroke. Diana, 14 now, swimming through a pool, a full body ahead of the other girls. It's just practice, but you wouldn't know from looking at her.

A loud WHISTLE and all the swimmers stop and look at COACH JACK NELSON, 30's. Except Diana. She swims on, oblivious.

Nelson blows the whistle again, louder. She keeps swimming.

He moves to her lane and kneels down. Splashes the water and finally her head pops up. She looks at him.

COACH NELSON  
What's your name?

DIANA  
Diana.

COACH NELSON  
Come over here.

She swims to the edge. He looks down at her.

COACH NELSON (CONT'D)  
You know this is just warm ups,  
right? Try-outs start later.

DIANA  
I am just warming up.

Nelson smiles. *Who is this kid?*

COACH NELSON

Diana, listen to me. Your stroke is good, really good. I can make it perfect. I can make you the best swimmer in the state, maybe the country. Is that what you want?

Diana smiles, nods yes.

COACH NELSON (CONT'D)

Okay then. Deal.

He smiles back. Stands and moves on. She watches him a minute, before slipping under the water. CUT BACK TO:

**EXT. STRAIGHTS OF FLORIDA / MAIN BOAT - DAY**

Diana's swimming, back on track, fluid rhythm.

MARK

David, how's our course looking?

DAVID

We're okay. Little north-eastern drift while we were stopped, but we can correct it.

MARK

So it didn't kill us?

DAVID

No. Not too bad.

They all nod at each other, little sigh of relief.

**EXT. STRAIGHTS OF FLORIDA / MAIN BOAT - LATER**

Title card: **Hour 21, 52 miles to go**

Bonnie talks sotto with Mark and David at the wheel. There's a contained excitement we haven't felt before, like ball players trying not to jinx a pitcher during a no-hitter.

BONNIE

We're almost half way?

DAVID

Since we left Cuba we've been going straight fucking north. We haven't had to correct at all.

BONNIE

So if she can get through  
tonight...

MARK

If she keeps going like this,  
sometime tonight we're gonna see  
lights down there.

BONNIE

Really?

Bonnie turns to watch Diana again, for the first time  
believing this could really happen.

**EXT. STRAIGHTS OF FLORIDA / MAIN BOAT - DAY**

Diana near the boat for another feeding. Bonnie next to her.

Title card: **Hour 23, 47 miles to go**

BONNIE

You were so strong, D. We're  
staying right on course. One goal  
now: the next stop. That's all you  
wanna think about, okay?

DIANA

Yeah. Hey, when are we gonna put  
the full suit back on?

BONNIE

When it starts to get dark. That  
suit slows you down.

DIANA

No. Sooner. Jellyfish come at dusk.

BONNIE

Okay, we'll do it at dusk.

Diana stops drinking, the pouch drained. Couple deep  
breaths, rolls over, and starts swimming.

**EXT. COACH NELSON'S HOUSE - 1963 - DAY**

A team BBQ in Nelson's backyard. He mans the grill. Diana  
and the girls lounge by his pool. Parents mill about, chit  
chatting. Lucy is there, talking to another mom. No Aris.

Diana approaches Nelson. She's wearing a gold medal around  
her neck. He points to the burgers.

COACH NELSON  
Which one you want?

DIANA  
*That one. I'm hungry!*

Nelson laughs. Puts it on her plate.

COACH NELSON  
Good. Hey, where's your dad?

Diana looks down. Doesn't know how to answer that.

COACH NELSON (CONT'D)  
I never see him at the meets  
either.

She shrugs. Nelson leaves it alone. Motions to her medal.

COACH NELSON (CONT'D)  
How long you gonna wear that?

DIANA  
You don't think I should?

COACH NELSON  
Oh no, I want you to. And don't let  
the other girls make you feel bad  
about it. I hope it makes them try  
even harder.

(beat)  
You have a gift, Diana. Don't ever  
apologize for it.

She looks at him with admiration; the father she never had.  
And we CUT BACK TO:

**EXT. STRAIGHTS OF FLORIDA / MAIN BOAT - DUSK**

Diana swims, a beautiful sunset behind her.

Title card: **Hour 26, 40 miles to go**

Mark's leading the crew in a chant. He yells, they clap and yell back like a football game.

MARK  
Onwards! (CLAP CLAP)

CREW  
Onwards! (CLAP CLAP)

From Diana's POV now, the team chants in the background. We see the darkness underwater, nothing below.

**EXT. COACH NELSON'S HOUSE - 1963 - DAY**

Diana, 14, sits with her teammates around a big dinner table playing cards. No adults around.

One girl puts a card out. Waits for Diana.

GIRL

Diana, you're up.

DIANA

I'm kinda tired. Can I lay down for a bit?

GIRL

Sure. You can go in my parent's room. But we have to leave in a couple hours for the meet.

**INT. NELSON BEDROOM - 1963 - CONTINUOUS**

Diana enters the room and crashes onto the big bed.

**INT. NELSON HOUSE / HALLWAY - 1963 - LATER**

Coach Nelson opens the door to his bedroom and sees Diana, asleep, on top of the bed. Watches her for a long beat.

He enters the room and locks the door behind him.

We stay in the hallway a minute and hear the other girls downstairs playing cards.

**EXT. STRAIGHTS OF FLORIDA / MAIN BOAT - PRESENT - DUSK**

Diana pulls up, hauling ass towards the boat.

BONNIE

Diana??

DIANA

Tentacles! Oh God!

BONNIE

Okay come on over, come on over!  
Michael! It's jellyfish.

MARK

Shit.

The crew springs into action. Jon grabs a spray bottle of ammonia. Dr. Michael opens a case and readies an Epi-pen.

As soon as Diana's close enough to the boat, Jon starts spraying her face with the ammonia.

JON  
Close your eyes.

BONNIE  
Close 'em, D. Close 'em!

DIANA  
Wipe it off! Wipe it off! It's up here! My eyes -- all over my face.

Jon jumps into the water and starts wiping with the towel. She turns onto her back, in total agony again.

DIANA (CONT'D)  
Oh my God, oh my God! The pain's unbelievable!

She goes to touch her face--

BONNIE  
Don't touch it!

JON  
Don't let it win, we're gonna win.  
Here comes an Epi.

Jon rolls Diana onto her side, still in the water, and Dr. Michael injects the Epi-pen into her thigh.

DIANA  
Oh God, oh God!

Bonnie holds out the oxygen mask for Diana's face. She tries to breathe it for a second, then bats it away.

DIANA (CONT'D)  
It's too painful, it's too painful!  
I'm gonna get out and take care of  
it. It's too much!

Jon looks up at Bonnie, stunned. *Are they really going to pull her out, now? They're so close...*

BONNIE  
Diana. Are you sure??

DIANA  
My face is on fire! It's on FIRE!  
Please help me!

BONNIE  
Okay, let's get her out.

They pull Diana onto the boat. Bonnie wraps a towel around her. Diana shakes from the pain.

DIANA  
Oh my God, oh my God.

Another handler brings a water tube over to spray off Diana's face, but she starts choking on it.

BONNIE  
Stop, stop! She can't right now.

DIANA  
Oh my God, my face! It's so painful! So painful. Oh my God.

DR. MICHAEL  
We've gotta move her, lay her down.

They lift and pull Diana onto the main hull and lay her down. Wrap her whole body in towels. Dr. Michael puts the oxygen mask over her mouth.

Her eyes close. Bonnie realizes she isn't breathing.

BONNIE  
You've gotta breathe, Diana.  
(nothing)  
Hey! Diana. Breathe.

Diana's totally still. There's no fog in the oxygen mask.

BONNIE (CONT'D)  
Shit. Hey! Diana!  
(nothing)  
Breathe out! Diana.  
(beat, nothing)  
Shit. Michael??

Michael checks her pulse with a stethoscope.

DR. MICHAEL  
She's breathing. Just not enough.  
(turns to Mark)  
Can you grab my kit?

Mark hurries off to get it.

BONNIE  
What?

DR. MICHAEL  
She's down to 3 breaths a minute.  
We might need a tracheotomy.

BONNIE  
You're gonna cut a fucking hole in  
her throat??

DR. MICHAEL  
Only if we have to.

Bonnie looks down at her friend, unconscious now, dying  
before her eyes.

BONNIE  
C'mon, D! Breathe goddamnit.  
Breathe in!

Dr. Michael removes the oxygen mask for a second and feels  
under her nose. Shakes his head.

BONNIE (CONT'D)  
Diana! Blow it out! Blow it out!

Mark rushes back to them with Michael's kit. Michael pops it  
open and readies the antiseptic and glistening SCALPAL.

BONNIE (CONT'D)  
Ah fuck. No no no no...

Suddenly, a tremor goes through Diana's body. Then another.

BONNIE (CONT'D)  
D? Wake up!

Another tremor.

And then...

Her eyes flutter open. The mask begins to fog. She's  
breathing again. The crew finally exhales and looks at each  
other like "Fuck that was close."

BONNIE (CONT'D)  
Oh thank God. Breathe in!

Diana does, finally, a long deep breath.

DR. MICHAEL  
Good, Diana, just like that.

BONNIE  
Keep breathing. Hey! Don't go to sleep. Eyes open. Good.

Diana takes a few more breaths. Notices the scalpel in Michael's hand. Pulls her mask off.

DIANA  
What the fuck is that for?

DR. MICHAEL  
Oh. Nothing.

He puts the scalpel back and closes his case. The other guys smile at each other, finally relaxing.

BONNIE  
Hey, you gotta keep breathing. In, and out. Good.

Bonnie breathes with her like that for a moment. Then--

DIANA  
Did David mark the coordinates?  
Where you pulled me out?

Bonnie scans her face, like "Where you going with this?"

BONNIE  
Yeah...

DIANA  
What can I wear? When I go back in.

Mark and Bonnie look at each other.

BONNIE  
Diana...

DIANA  
A mask with slits in it so I can see, and breathe.

BONNIE  
Diana...

DIANA  
Tell David to turn around. We're going back.

Bonnie stares at her friend, trying to will her to be reasonable. Diana just looks up into the night sky and doesn't waver one bit.

**EXT. STRAIGHTS OF FLORIDA / MAIN BOAT - CONTINUOUS**

DAVID

We should be there in about 20 minutes. She's really doing this?

Bonnie just gives him a sad nod.

DAVID

I just...(sotto) what's the point?  
We already took her out. Doesn't that break the rules?

MARK

It did when it was a "continuous" swim. Now it'd be a "staged" swim. You're allowed to start again from your last longitude and latitude.

BONNIE

Michael?

Dr. Michael joins them, leaves Diana with Jon.

BONNIE (CONT'D)

How is she?

DR. MICHAEL

She's stable. Heart rate's good, breathing's fine. It's really gonna be up to her.

BONNIE

What about the box jellies? What if she gets hit again?

DR. MICHAEL

We really, really don't want that.

Bonnie sees Diana sitting up and taking the towels off.

BONNIE

Fuck me, she's getting up. I thought she was dead.

**EXT. STRAIGHTS OF FLORIDA / MAIN BOAT - CONTINUOUS**

A handler is cutting slits into a black-white-grey lycra cap so Diana can wear it as a mask.

They help her pull the mask on and use duct tape to lock it onto her suit.

Diana straps her goggles on over the slits. It's rough, but the only exposed part of her body now is her mouth.

She gets ready to jump in. Bonnie stops her, quietly:

BONNIE

Diana. The swim won't count. You don't have to do this.

Diana hears her. Pauses for a second. Jumps in the water.

The whole crew cheers! Jon stands with Bonnie, astonished.

JON

She's uh...I mean...I'm 6'2, 220 and those fuckers put me down. She's something else.

And Diana starts to swim again, same fluid stroke.

**EXT. STRAIGHTS OF FLORIDA / MAIN BOAT - NIGHT**

Bonnie stands with David.

BONNIE

How we looking?

DAVID

Not good. It's just too slow, the current's starting to push us east towards the Bahamas. It's making it impossible to stay north.

BONNIE

But she still has a chance, right?  
(nothing from David)

Is there any chance?

David looks at this screen again, then at Bonnie. He doesn't say anything. He doesn't have to.

**EXT. STRAIGHTS OF FLORIDA / MAIN BOAT - DAWN**

Boats stopped. Diana's near the boat with Bonnie.

Title card: **Hour 37, 47 miles to go**

DIANA

Are we even close?

BONNIE

(beat, this will hurt)

I don't know if we'll be able to make it to Florida this way. I don't know, D. Because you're swimming only 40% of the time. So 60% of the time we're being pushed into the Bahamas. Cause you're not capable right now of swimming the way I know you can.

Diana locks eyes with her. We've never seen Diana this desperate. It feels like the breaking point.

DIANA

I'm really struggling here.

BONNIE

Look at the horizon. Sun's coming up now, you're gonna be warm.

DIANA

I gotta keep swimming, it's too cold. Too cold.

She starts swimming again. Bonnie nods to Mark. He walkies the boats and they rumble on to follow.

The whole crew watches Diana with a mix of reverie and sadness. All we hear is the lapping of her arms.

Bonnie goes to Mark; he's watching Diana and quietly crying. She gives him a hard hug. They know it's over.

**EXT. STRAIGHTS OF FLORIDA / MAIN BOAT - DAY**

Bright sun, hot now. Boats are stopped.

Diana's holding onto the ledge and talking to her main crew. She looks exhausted, swollen, puffy face again.

Title card: **Hour 40. With ocean current: 90 miles swam.**

DIANA

(to Mark)

What's your opinion?

MARK

This is my concern: if you get stung again, it's gonna be BAD. And as your friend, I do not wanna see you go through that.

Diana thinks for a minute. Looks up at David.

DIANA  
There's no place reachable by the  
morning? Tomorrow??

David shakes his head, "No."

DIANA (CONT'D)  
24 hours?

DAVID  
At this pace...it's at least  
another 48.

DIANA  
(to Bonnie)  
What's your opinion?

Bonnie almost laughs. Looks away, then back at Diana.

BONNIE  
My opinion...I know you want this.  
We all do. And there's nobody in  
the world that could possibly do  
this except you...but...  
(choking back tears)  
I watched you almost die last  
night. I really did. And I don't  
think I can do that again.

DIANA  
I hate those fucking box jellies!  
This whole thing has nothing to do  
with them, and they brought me  
down. They did.

MARK  
They bring every swimmer down, D.  
They bring *Navy Seals* down.

Diana thinks about that a minute. Waves lap up behind her.

DIANA  
You know the difference for me  
though? This is it. It really is.  
My age and the other stuff I wanna  
do in my life. Other people can  
quit, but they're younger and  
they're gonna do more swims.  
(beat, closes her eyes)  
It's a big dream to let go of.

Diana opens her eyes and looks at them.

DIANA (CONT'D)  
I'm not gonna make it to Florida,  
am I?

They all shake their heads; no, she isn't. Diana nods, accepting it.

**EXT. STRAIGHTS OF FLORIDA / MAIN BOAT - CONTINUOUS**

Diana has pulled herself halfway onto the front of one of the kayaks. She addresses the whole crew.

DIANA  
Can you all hear me?

CREW  
YES!

DIANA  
It's been a long dream of mine. 33  
years. And this is the end for me.  
(beat, regrouping)  
Thank you all for doing this with  
me. I couldn't have made it even  
this far without you.

The crew cheers and claps for her. Some are crying.

VARIOUS CREW  
We love you, Diana!

DIANA  
(to herself)  
This is the end.

**INT. TAXI - NIGHT**

Diana -- hair a mess, gauze covering her fresh sting wounds -- rides in back with Bonnie. It's quiet and tense.

DIANA  
You know what? It pisses me off.

Bonnie bites her lip. For now. Looks out the window.

DIANA (CONT'D)  
That you would work so hard for  
something, and really prepare for  
it, and have *this* be the reason you  
can't make it?

BONNIE

Stop. Just stop.

(Diana looks at her)

What about the rest of us? We've been with you the whole way.

What're we supposed to take away from the last 2 years if you're just gonna be bitter and angry?

DIANA

How else am I supposed to feel? I failed, Bonnie. Again. With the whole world watching.

BONNIE

Do you really care what CNN or ABC or anyone else thinks?! No, you don't. This is about you and you're shit. I know that. But can you let us have our own feelings about it? Can't it be about the journey, not the destination?

(beat)

I don't regret a minute of it. I wish you wouldn't either. It was an adventure, and now we can move on.

Diana turns away. Stares out the window. It's raining. The car drives on in silence.

**INT. DIANA'S HOUSE / GARAGE - DAY**

Diana's pulling every piece of swimming equipment she has, throwing it into a big hefty bag. Over this, we hear:

MALE NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

In other news, marathon swimmer Diana Nyad failed for the 3<sup>rd</sup> time to swim from Cuba to Florida.

Diana pulls the last piece of gear and throws it in. Checks to make sure there's nothing else.

FEMALE NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

The 62 year old conceded that this was her final attempt at the record breaking swim, and at this time has no plans to try again.

Finished, she ties up the bag and lugs it out to the trash bins on the side of her house. Opens one and dumps it in.

**INT. DIANA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Diana comes inside to hear her phone ringing. She answers:

DIANA  
Hello? (beat) Okay.  
(listening)  
Really?

**INT. TED TALK OFFICES - LONG BEACH, CA - DAY**

Diana waits in the office lobby, a giant red TED TALK sign on the main reception desk.

She scans the framed pictures on the wall of past Ted Talk speakers: Bill Clinton, Jane Goodall, Al Gore, Bill Gates.

ROXANNE (O.S.)  
Ms. Nyad?

Diana turns to see a young woman; jeans and a blazer. Looks smart and eternally busy. She greets her with a handshake.

ROXANNE (CONT'D)  
I'm Roxanne. Producer for the Ted  
Med conference. Thanks for coming.

**INT. TED TALK / ROXANNE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

They sit and talk at Roxanne's desk.

DIANA  
I love the conferences. I just  
don't belong up there.

ROXANNE  
Why would you say that?

DIANA  
Ted Talk people have accomplished  
things. Or have amazing facts and  
analysis. It's inspiring.

ROXANNE  
True. That's why we called you.

DIANA  
I failed. Three times. What's my  
topic? "How to Fail, with Diana  
Nyad."

Roxanne laughs a little.

ROXANNE

You didn't make it to Florida. So what?

DIANA

So that was the point of the whole goddamn thing.

ROXANNE

Was it? Or was it about having a clear goal, and never relenting, no matter the challenges or your age or the distance?

(beat)

My mom is 65. She just retired.

DIANA

Good for her.

ROXANNE

No, it sucks. She's bored and passionless. Every time I talk to her now it's all about *me*. I ask her about herself, her life. "What did you do this weekend, Mom?" She has nothing. I love her. But people stop trying. You didn't. Yes, you failed. A lot. But you succeeded too. You lived the last 2 years to the fullest, every minute focused on that goal, on that journey. Who cares about the destination?

(beat)

You *do* belong up there. We'd be honored to have you.

Diana looks at her, considering everything, and now --

**INT. TED MED CONFERENCE - AUDITORIUM - DAY**

-- stands on a grand stage before 500 people. Wireless mic on her business suit as she addresses them, mid speech.

Title card: **TedMed Conference. October 2011.**

DIANA

I'm glad I lived those 2 years of my life that way. When you live with that kind of passion, there's no time for regrets, you're just moving forward. And I want to thank Bonnie. Bonnie, where are you?

Diana shields her eyes from the spotlight and scans the crowd and after a minute finds BONNIE -- sure enough, she's there -- in the 10<sup>th</sup> row.

DIANA (CONT'D)  
There she is. Bonnie Stoll. My head trainer. My best friend.

The crowd claps. Bonnie's embarrassed by the attention.

DIANA (CONT'D)  
She's been saying this is about the journey, not the destination. Lotta people have been saying that. And so my goal now is to find some sort of grace in this defeat. To look at the journey, not just the destination. To feel proud of what we tried to do.

Applause from the crowd. Diana nods, "Thank You."

Then, she goes quiet. Looks at the words on a TELEPROMPTER by the main camera: "I want to live every day of the rest of my life that way." But she doesn't say them.

A long beat passes. People start to look at each other.

Finally Diana looks up at them, excited now, off script.

DIANA (CONT'D)  
But there's a difference. If cancer has won, if there's death and we have no choice, then grace and acceptance are necessary. But that ocean's still out there.

We CUT TO Bonnie in her seat, realizing what's happening.

BONNIE  
(to herself)  
Oh shit.

DIANA  
This hope is still alive. And I don't want to be the crazy woman who does it for years and years and years, and tries and fails and tries and fails. But I *can* swim from Cuba to Florida. And I *will* swim from Cuba to Florida.

The crowd goes wild, clapping and whistling. All except for Bonnie, who just looks sad.

**EXT. TED CONFERENCE AUDITORIUM - LATER**

Bonnie exits outside, Diana 10 yards behind her. Lot of people out here and some try to stop Diana ("Great speech!"). She's darts through them.

DIANA

Bonnie.

Bonnie keeps walking, shaking her head --

DIANA (CONT'D)

Bonnie! I know where you live,  
dummy. Just stop.

-- and finally spins around on her:

BONNIE

What? What do you want from me?

DIANA

I want you with me again. One more time. Just one more, that's it.

BONNIE

You said that last time. You promised me.

DIANA

I know. But we've learned so much, and I think we—

BONNIE

You haven't learned shit. You're not doing this to move on from the past. You're scared to death of the future. If you actually succeed, you don't know what comes next. And that terrifies you.

DIANA

I don't think I'm stuck the way you do. I'm trying to move forward.

BONNIE

No, Diana, you're not. You're trying to fix something that happened 50 years ago, and you're thinking this swim is gonna do that. What if it doesn't?

That shuts Diana up. They're face to face now.

BONNIE (CONT'D)  
Yes, terrible things happened to  
you. Could you have done more?  
Maybe. But you didn't *fail*! It  
wasn't your fault! And I can't keep  
watching you punish yourself for  
something you didn't do.

DIANA  
What're you so afraid of?

BONNIE  
That you're gonna die! Literally.  
That this swim is gonna kill you.  
Is that what you want?

Diana stops. Takes a beat.

DIANA  
Yes, those things happened. I was  
raped, and abused, and I've spent  
my whole life filled with that  
rage. It has *defined* me. Not the  
swims or speeches or TV shows. And  
I don't want it anymore. I don't  
want *that* to be who I am. Not Diana  
Nyad: victim. Diana Nyad: champion.  
I want *that* to be who I am.

BONNIE  
You already won. Don't you get it?  
You showed what you're made of.

DIANA  
It's not enough. I tried, Bonnie.  
But this isn't about the journey for  
me. It's about the destination.

Bonnie's almost crying. She can't look at Diana.

BONNIE  
Well then I hope you get there. But  
it'll have to be without me.

Bonnie walks away, leaving Diana alone, lost in the crowd.

**INT. DIANA'S HOUSE - DAY**

Diana on the phone, pacing around her kitchen.

DIANA

Sue! Hey, Diana Nyad.  
 (listening)  
 Yeah, tough break in August. But  
 we'll get 'em next time!  
 (listening, laughs)  
 Yep, exactly. That's why I called  
 actually. Secret's been such a  
 loyal sponsor--

CUT TO: Diana still on the phone, living room now, another SPONSOR on the other end.

DIANA (CONT'D)

Oh good, you saw the Ted speech?  
 Well I'm glad you liked it.  
 (listening)  
 Yeah well you guys have been so  
 helpful throughout this whole  
 thing. So supportive.  
 (listening)  
 Exactly, that's all I need. One  
 more time.

CUT TO: Diana on her patio now. Same phone, new person--

DIANA (CONT'D)

One more time.

In her BEDROOM NOW --

DIANA (CONT'D)

One more time.

And now we stay here, as something on TV catches her eye.

DIANA (CONT'D)

Right. Thanks again.

She hangs up and turns the volume up on the TV. It's a CNN news report:

CNN ANCHOR

Penny Palfrey, 49, was trying to become the first person to do the Cuba to Florida swim without a shark cage. But after 41 hours and only 26 miles to go, Palfrey had to abandon the swim and call it quits, as the strong gulf currents pushed them too far east.

The story continues in the background. Diana dials again.

DIANA  
 (beat, into phone)  
 Are you watching this?

BONNIE (O.S.)  
 Watching what?

DIANA  
 Penny Palfrey on CNN. She tried the  
 Cuba swim this weekend.

BONNIE (O.S.)  
 Oh. No, I'm not.

**INT. FITNESS ROOM / BONNIE'S HOUSE - SAME**

We find Bonnie on her treadmill, phone to ear, small TV in front of her. She IS watching the story on CNN, on mute.

INTERCUT between the two:

DIANA  
 She couldn't do it. Made it 41  
 hours though.

BONNIE  
 I can't tell if you're disappointed  
 or happy.

DIANA  
 Me neither.  
 (beat)  
 We're 6 weeks out. All the sponsors  
 came back. The Ted thing helped.

A long, silent beat. Neither sure what to say.

DIANA (CONT'D)  
 Bonnie?

BONNIE  
 I'd tell you to be careful, but I  
 know you won't. So. Good luck.

Diana nods, heartbroken, but too proud to show it.

DIANA  
 Thanks.

**INT. MIAMI AIRPORT - DAY**

Mark greets Diana at baggage claim. They hug. He takes the small bag off her shoulder and they head for the exit.

DIANA

Thanks again, Papa.

MARK

You're lucky I'm as crazy as you are.

DIANA

Fourth time's the charm, right?

MARK

(he stops)

Wait, where's Bonnie?

DIANA

Bonnie's not coming.

(off his look)

We'll be fine, we don't need her.

She smiles, going for nonchalant, and keeps walking.

MARK

Hey. Where's your suitcase? The rest of your gear?

She stops, embarrassed. Heads back to the carousel. As she passes Mark:

DIANA

We'll be fine.

**EXT. HAVANA HARBOR - CUBA - DAY**

Diana stands on the same embankment as the last two tries. Even less of a crowd than before. Only one cameraman.

Title card: **August 18, 2012**

Diana finishes greasing her own legs down. Puts the heavy chapstick on. Cap on, goggles down. Pauses. No one to hug.

**EXT. STRAIGHTS OF FLORIDA - MAIN BOAT - NIGHT**

And the weather is awful. Thunder, lightening, torrential downpour. Diana struggling through 4-foot swells.

Title card: **Hour 51, 33 miles to go**

There's a frenetic panic on the boat, rocking hard back and forth, crew members passing out life vests, and Mark's at the center of all of it.

LUKE TIPPLE  
So far we spotted a hammerhead and  
at least 2 white tips.

MARK  
What about the Shark Shields?

LUKE TIPPLE  
They're holding for now, but the  
eddies throw off the signal a bit.  
(beat)  
I think we should get her out.

MARK  
That won't stop her.

A huge CRACK of lightening spooks the whole crew. It's getting closer.

DR. MICHAEL  
What about the kayakers? They're out there unprotected. What if they get struck? It's not safe anymore!

Another big BURST of lightening. Mark nods, knows they're right. He walks over to the edge with a megaphone.

MARK  
Diana! Diana!!

She stops and swims over, treading through the swells.

We see the face mask they've rigged has covered every part of Diana's head -- except her mouth, which looks horrendous, all red and swollen from stings. It slurs her speech.

MARK (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry, D. I really am. But we've gotta call it.

DIANA  
What? Why?!

MARK  
There are 3 sharks that we know about circling below you--

DIANA  
Fuck the sharks!

MARK  
You've been stung on the mouth--

DIANA  
I can handle it! We're so close!

MARK  
Someone's gonna die out here!  
Goddamnit, Diana! We timed the  
lightening. It's within a quarter  
mile. We can't risk their lives.

DIANA  
So pull the kayakers. I'll swim  
without 'em.

The crew looks at Diana with pity; they can see and feel how  
desperate she is. It's hard to watch.

MARK  
No. I'm not risking your life  
either. I'm sorry, D, it's over.

DIANA  
It's not your call!

MARK  
It IS my call. You made it my call  
when you hired me.

DIANA  
Well then you're fired!

And Diana treads away and starts swimming again.

Mark watches her for a beat, dumbfounded. The crew watches  
him. *What's he gonna do?* He turns to Luke.

MARK  
Help me on this?

Luke nods. Mark jumps into the water. Luke follows and they  
swim after Diana. CUT TO:

UNDERWATER, looking up at Diana's desperate face as she  
swims on. Splashing around her, and then ARMS grab her.

BACK OUT now as Mark and Luke pull Diana towards the boat.  
She's kicking and crying and screaming like a toddler.

DIANA  
No! Let me go! Let me go!  
(losing energy)  
I have to finish! I have to finish.  
I have to...

**EXT. STRAIGHTS OF FLORIDA - MAIN BOAT - DAWN**

Diana, dry now, still wrapped in towels, sits on the boat's edge watching the sunrise. The rain has stopped. It's quiet. No one knows what to say.

Mark walks behind Diana, carrying a few life vests.

DIANA

Mark.

He stops and looks down at her. Sees that she's crying.

DIANA (CONT'D)

I'm...I just...

MARK

I know. It's okay.

She smiles at him, grateful, and he moves on.

**EXT. PASADENA CAFÉ - DAY**

Title card: 3 months later

Diana joins a patio table with Mark and Steve Munatones, and hugs them both. She's excited. They are not.

DIANA

Good to see you, Steve!

STEVE

Good to see you too, alive.

DIANA

You should come on the next swim.

Mark hangs his head. Steve frowns. Diana feels it.

MARK

There isn't gonna be a next swim.  
I'm speaking for the whole crew.

DIANA

Ah c'mon. Is that why we're here?  
This an intervention?

MARK

Yeah, it is. This has to stop.

Diana glares at Mark. Looks at Steve next.

DIANA

Steve, you know what I'm trying to do here.

STEVE

I know, Diana. It's commendable. But I don't think *anyone* can do this swim.

He hands her a packet. Page 1 is covered in graphs and data.

STEVE (CONT'D)

I got this email from the Sports Institute of Medicine. They've been tracking your swims, analyzing all of it. 90% chance of adverse winds, 90% waves, 70% currents, 30% navigational failure, 20% equipment failure, 30% seasickness, 10% sharks, 70% box jellyfish.

MARK

They give you a 1.3% chance, out of 1,000 tries, to be successful.

Diana finishes going through the papers, shaking her head.

DIANA

I thought you were on my side.

MARK

We are on your side. It's not that we think it's impossible. It's that *everyone* thinks it's impossible.

(beat)

You've got to move on, D.

She throws the packet on the table and leans back.

**INT. DIANA'S HOUSE - DAY / NIGHT**

A series of quick-cut phone calls now, as we watch her calling sponsors again, like the sequence before her last swim. Only this time they're not so receptive.

DIANA (ON PHONE)

Hey, Diana Nyad calling again!  
Yeah, we'll get 'em next time. Well sure one more time, why not?

CUT TO:

DIANA (ON PHONE)

It was really just the weather, we  
caught a bad break. But that won't  
happen...yeah...no, I understand.

CUT TO:

DIANA (ON PHONE)

If you could just... Okay. Thanks.

**INT. DIANA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Diana's deflated, half asleep, watching the nightly news.

ABC7 ANCHOR

Well another long-distance swimmer  
has tested the Florida Straights,  
and another has failed.

Diana perks up.

ABC7 ANCHOR (CONT'D)

Chloe McCardel, 29, was going for  
the open swim record from Cuba to  
Florida today, but had to stop only  
11 hours into the swim due to  
severe jellyfish stings. The  
Portuguese Men-of-War, or "Box  
Jellies" are known to be the most  
poisonous in the ocean.

**INT. DIANA'S DEN - CONTINUOUS**

At her computer now, Diana Googles: "Box Jellyfish expert".  
Cscrolls through results until she finds one name:

DR. ANGEL YANAGIHARA - BIOCHEMIST / BOX JELLY EXPERT

She clicks the IMAGES tab and we see pictures of Angel: 40,  
pretty, holding a box jelly with a thick glove.

Diana smiles, wheels spinning.

**INT. LABORATORY OFFICES - DAY**

Title card: University of Hawaii, 1 month later

Diana walks down a hallway of offices until she passes an  
open door.

DIANA

Angel?

ANGEL YANAGIHARA steps out, goes to shake her hand.

ANGEL

Diana. Nice to meet you finally.

Diana gives her a hug instead.

DIANA

You're even prettier in person.

**INT. LABORATORY - LATER**

Angel has live, baby BOX JELLYFISH in 1-foot tubs of water. She uses a long plastic stick to prod one of the Jellyfish. As soon as she does it SHOOTS a tentacle around the plastic.

ANGEL

Hundreds of thousands of these microscopic tubules shoot out at bullet force, like needles, piercing the skin of whatever they encounter, injecting this complex venom. And once that enters the bloodstream, it's like an avalanche of physiological problems.

DIANA

Yeah, I felt a few of those. How do I beat 'em?

Angel rolls up her right sleeve. Her forearm is covered in a small red RASH; looks really painful. Diana winces.

DIANA (CONT'D)

You tested on yourself? Didn't go too well huh?

ANGEL

No, it went great. That's the control arm. What a sting normally looks like.

Now she rolls up her left sleeve. Not a mark on it.

She uses surgical prongs to lay a 2" by 2" piece of white, gelatinous plastic over her forearm.

ANGEL (CONT'D)

I created this Sting-Stopper. Like a surface anti-venom.

She uses the prongs to pick up the baby jellyfish and put it directly over the covered section of her arm.

Diana watches, expecting the worst. Angel doesn't flinch.

ANGEL (CONT'D)  
It prohibits the sting mechanism,  
and it has the chemicals to treat  
the sting, even if it gets through.

The little jellyfish twitches on Angel's arm, but can't do a damn thing. Diana smiles at her; she's found her answer.

DIANA  
This is perfect. Thank you, Angel.  
(beat)  
Now I just have to cover my whole  
body in it.

**INT. FINIS OFFICES - DAY**

A 10-yard wide "Endless Pool" swim tank against the wall. On another wall, racks of high-tech swim gear and prototypes.

JOHN MIX (O.S.)  
Pretty sweet, huh?

We widen out to show Diana standing with JOHN MIX, CEO.

Title card: **FINIS Swim Headquarters, Livermore, CA**

DIANA  
Damn John, why didn't I come to you  
guys sooner?

JOHN MIX  
You should've. We're big fans. How  
can we help?

**INT. FINIS - JOHN MIX'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

Diana shows him pictures of her skin after the box jelly stings from her 2<sup>nd</sup> swim.

DIANA  
Build me a suit that can handle box  
jellies. Those little bastards have  
beaten everyone, John. Not anymore.  
(hands him a folder)  
This is Angel's info. Work with  
her. She's expecting your call.

John flips through it for a second. Looks uneasy.

DIANA (CONT'D)  
What?

JOHN MIX

Diana, we'd love to help you and be a part of this. But a suit like that...it's gonna be expensive.

DIANA

I know. Don't worry about it. Now what about my face?

JOHN MIX

What about it?

DIANA

We've gotta make something that actually goes *inside* my mouth. Last swim, I had every inch of me covered, I mean everything, except my lips. Sure enough, they found 'em and they stung 'em.

JOHN MIX

Well, lycra won't do it. There's no way to mold it to your mouth.

Diana thinks about it. He has a point.

**INT. OFFICE LAB - DAY**

Shots of prosthetic LIMBS on various counters: a foot, an arm, a hand. All look completely real.

Title card: **Aesthetic Prosthetics, Pasadena, CA**

STEFAN (O.S.)

Ready?

DIANA (O.S.)

(muffled)

Mmhmm.

CU of a blue PASTE being spread onto Diana's forehead. She wears a hairnet, swim goggles, and mouth piece.

Widen out to see the man doing it. Name tag on his labcoat reads STEFAN KNAUSS.

Diana's leaning back in a dentist chair while Stefan uses a spatula to cover her whole face in the blue goop.

STEFAN

We'll do our best, but we've never made anything like this. It'll probably take a year.

DIANA  
(muffled, barely audible)  
NO! 6 months!

STEFAN  
Just wait, you can tell me after.

Diana holds up 6 FINGERS, emphatic (but still muffled):

DIANA  
6 months!

**EXT. DIANA'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY**

Mark, Steve Munatones, and Dr. Michael sit and wait on Diana's patio. Michael looks at his watch.

Title card: **6 months later**

Finally we hear the back door open. They look confused and maybe a little scared at whatever just stepped out.

MARK  
Diana? That you in there?

Reveal Diana now, wearing the black, skin tight, brand new FINIS bodysuit. But more shockingly --

A clear silicone MASK covers her whole head and neck. She even grips it shut with her teeth. Not a single opening. They all approach her and inspect it.

DR. MICHAEL  
How do you breathe?

Diana opens her mouth and pulls the bite plate out.

DIANA  
He had an orthodontist build a  
retainer inside the silicone. So I  
can force the mouth open, but keep  
it totally shut in the water.

Diana peels the mask off and hands it to Steve.

DIANA (CONT'D)  
It's all silicone and the anti-  
venom from Angel. Legal, right?

STEVE  
I'll double check. Silicone is  
fine. But...Diana...

He gives the mask a 360 inspection; feels how thick it is.

STEVE (CONT'D)  
Swimming with this thing on would  
be like trying to climb Mt. Everest  
wearing lead shoes.

DIANA  
Yeah, I know. It slows me down a  
bit. And it makes me swallow more  
salt water than normal. But I can't  
get stung, so there's no other way.

They all share a look: *there IS one other way -- don't swim.*

DIANA (CONT'D)  
I know you all think I'm crazy. I'm  
not. Well, shit, maybe I am. But  
I'm not stupid. I wouldn't try this  
swim again *without* all this gear.

(beat)

This is our time. And I know I've  
said that before, but we've never  
been more ready. Every single  
failure has lead us here. And this  
time we'll succeed.

The guys smile, wanting to believe her.

**EXT. ROSE BOWL AQUATICS CENTER, PASADENA, CA - DAY**

Mark sits on a bleacher with a notebook, going over all the logistics, making notes.

Diana's in her new swim gear. Soaking wet, taking a break, silicone mask pulled up as she chugs water.

MARK  
We've got a little problem.

DIANA  
What?

MARK  
Without a couple of those sponsors,  
you're short. Almost 100 thousand.

DIANA  
(beat, thinking)  
Can we just take one boat? Maybe  
half the crew?

Mark doesn't love that idea.

MARK  
If we have to.  
(beat)  
What about Bonnie?

Diana shakes her head, "No."

MARK (CONT'D)  
Why didn't you go to her dinner?

DIANA  
What dinner?

MARK  
Her *birthday* dinner. She turned 60  
last week.

That shuts Diana up. *Fuck. She totally forgot.*

MARK (CONT'D)  
You're driven as hell. It's one of  
the things we love about you. And  
we want to see you beat this thing.  
But don't forget the people that  
were there before the swim, or they  
won't be there after it.

#### INT. EQUINOX GYM - DAY

Bonnie's weight training a CLIENT, a rich middle aged woman  
with Botox and a boobjob. The client stops.

BONNIE  
Hey c'mon, 6 more!

CLIENT  
No, don't want to push it too hard.

She's barely sweating. Bonnie almost laughs. It makes her  
miss Diana. And then, on cue --

DIANA walking towards her.

DIANA  
Can I have a minute?

BONNIE  
I'm with a client.

CLIENT  
That's okay, I could use a break.

BONNIE  
You don't need a break. C'mon.

Client sighs and picks up the weights. Diana gets the hint.

**INT. EQUINOX GYM - DUSK (LATER)**

Bonnie exits the gym and JUMPS:

BONNIE  
Gah!

Diana's in the silicone MASK. Scared the shit out of Bonnie.

DIANA  
Happy Birthday.

BONNIE  
Jesus Christ, Diana.

DIANA  
Got a new suit too. Covered from  
head to toe. They did it. I'm box  
jelly proof.

BONNIE  
Take it off, it's freaking me out.  
(Diana does)  
How much all this proofing cost?

DIANA  
Wasn't too bad.

BONNIE  
Sponsors cover it at least?

Diana pauses; doesn't want to lie to her.

DIANA  
No. I covered it. These too.

She hands Bonnie an envelope. Tickets inside.

DIANA (CONT'D)  
New Zealand. Me and you. Or you can  
bring someone else if you want.  
(beat)  
I haven't been there for you  
lately. I've been selfish, and I'm  
sorry. Everyone I ever trusted let  
me down or hurt me. But you never  
did. I know that.

Bonnie smiles, warming up. Then looks closer at the tickets:

BONNIE  
 You bought trip insurance.  
 (Diana nods, "Yeah")  
 In case you have to cancel.  
 (Diana nods again)  
 Unfuckingbelievable.

DIANA  
 I've gotta see this through, and I  
 can't apologize for it. I want that  
 life we talked about, but not yet.  
 I can't quit now. And I don't think  
 you really want me to. You need it  
 as much as me.

BONNIE  
 No, it's your dream, not mine.

DIANA  
 It was mine. Now it's ours.  
 (beat)  
 Please come with us. I need you.

Bonnie sighs. Looks at her.

DIANA (CONT'D)  
 I don't wanna die. I wanna live.  
 But I wanna live big. No regrets.

Bonnie squeezes her hand, gives her a sad smile, and leaves.

**INT. JOSE MARTI AIRPORT - HAVANA, CUBA - DAY**

Passengers deboard and walk through the jetway bridge. Diana steps off and walks among them, alone in the crowd and --

**INT. JOSE MARTI AIRPORT - HAVANA, CUBA - CONTINUOUS**

-- finds MARK waiting at the baggage claim carousel, holding a sign that reads "Loca". Diana smiles.

DIANA  
 How we lookin, papa?

MARK  
 We're skeleton, but we'll make it  
 work.

She puts her arm around his waist and they walk out.

**INT. DIANA'S HOTEL ROOM - HAVANA, CUBA - MORNING**

Diana's in her swimsuit, putting her robe on, looking at herself in the mirror. Those deep, wrinkled eyes.

KNOCK KNOCK at the door.

DIANA

Yeah?

WOMAN (O.S.)

Your shuttle's here. Get up dummy.

Diana's eyes go wide; she knows that voice! Opens the door--

And there's Bonnie. Diana shrieks and bear-hugs her!

DIANA

Why'd you change your mind?

BONNIE

When we started this whole thing 3 years ago, you asked how many regrets I had.

(Diana nods, sure)

Too many. I was an athlete. I competed. But I never had the chance to do something like *this*. You were right. I do need it.

(beat)

You've been there for me before. Make it or not, I can't regret *not* being there for you.

Diana hugs her again.

BONNIE (CONT'D)

But Jesus I hope you make it.

DIANA

No shit. I hope you've been saving up on sleep. You're gonna be a little busier this time.

BONNIE

Why?

DIANA

We only got half the crew. Couldn't afford 'em.

BONNIE

Well. We'll figure something out.

**EXT. DIANA'S HOTEL - HAVANA, CUBA - CONTINUOUS**

Diana and Bonnie leave the hotel and go outside and --

GROUP  
ONWARDS!!!

Diana jumps -- stunned to see her whole crew waiting on a bus for her. Mark, David, Dr. Michael, Jon Rose, and 30 others. Heads out the windows, clapping, excited.

DIANA  
Oh my God. Onwards!!

WHOLE CREW  
(chanting back)  
ONWARDS!

Diana claps and yells back to them. Then, aside to Bonnie:

DIANA  
We don't have the budget.

BONNIE  
They all volunteered this time.  
Even bought their own tickets.  
You're not alone. We're with you.

Diana looks at her team, so happy she could cry.

BONNIE (CONT'D)  
One condition though: this is it.  
Really it. Last try. We're all  
gonna give you everything we have,  
and you're gonna give us everything  
you have. And then we're gonna walk  
away from this thing, no matter  
what. Okay?

Diana wipes a tear away, takes a breath, and nods.

BONNIE (CONT'D)  
Okay. So let's make it count.

**EXT. HAVANA HARBOR - DAY**

Diana back on that embankment.

Title card: **August 31, 2013**

We pull back to reveal there are no press there now, and even less of a crowd than last time. About a dozen locals. A few take pictures with their phones.

DIANA  
 (with a smirk)  
 At least Cuba believes in me.

BONNIE  
 Can you blame 'em?

Bonnie finishes. Diana pulls her goggles down. Turns to the water. Deep breaths. Ready to jump in. She turns back:

DIANA  
 Don't let me stop. No matter what.  
 I don't care about weather or  
 sharks or anything. We can't stop.

Bonnie's going to argue, but Diana PLUNGES into the water and she's off. Too late.

**EXT. STRAIGHTS OF FLORIDA / MAIN CREW BOAT - DAY**

Title card: **Hour 3, 96 miles to go**

Luke's on top of the main boat, scanning the water with binoculars. He looks ahead a few hundred yards and stops.

LUKE  
 Oh shit.

He climbs down fast and goes to Bonnie. Hands her the binoculars and points ahead. She looks:

BONNIE  
 What is that?

From her POV, there's a huge patch of DARKNESS in the turquoise water, the length of half a football field.

LUKE  
 Box jellies. A whole school of 'em.

BONNIE  
 It's not even dusk yet.  
 (looking again)  
 Shit.

**EXT. STRAIGHTS OF FLORIDA / MAIN CREW BOAT - CONTINUOUS**

Boats are stopped. Diana's putting on her new Finis suit and silicone mask, every inch of her covered.

BONNIE  
 We can go around. It'll only take a few miles.

DIANA  
 No way. We don't stop, remember?  
 (Bonnie nods)  
 We'll go through 'em.

**EXT. STRAIGHTS OF FLORIDA / MAIN CREW BOAT - CONTINUOUS**

Diana's 20 yards from the patch of darkness. Everyone on the boat watches, holding their breath.

From her POV: we see the first tentacle below her, then another. She moves past. But here it comes...

A huge MASS. Hundreds of box jellies clumped together. It's a fucking nightmare.

She pulls up to stop and we CUT TO:

**INT. DIANA'S BEDROOM, 1961 - NIGHT**

Diana can see the KITCHEN down the hall. CU on the WATER FAUCET, dripping one slow drop at a time.

She holds a cup, licks her lips. Makes her way carefully down the hall. Until --

ARIS turns the corner in the kitchen. Sees her.

She stops, terrified.

BONNIE (O.S.)  
 Diana!

**EXT. STRAIGHTS OF FLORIDA / MAIN CREW BOAT - CONTINUOUS**

Diana's frozen, still treading. She looks at Bonnie.

BONNIE  
 It's gonna work. You got this.

Diana takes another deep breath, big inhale, closes her mouth tight, and starts to swim through.

Bonnie can hardly watch. Dr. Michael's getting his bag out.

Diana pushes one armful of tentacles out of the way. Then another. Finally realizes: she doesn't feel a thing.

She puts her head into the water and picks up her stroke, plowing through them. The crew goes nuts!

CREW  
 Onwards! / Alright Diana!

Bonnie smiles at Dr. Michael, finally exhales.

BONNIE  
They made her box jelly proof.

MARK  
Yeah they did!

**EXT. STRAIGHTS OF FLORIDA / MAIN CREW BOAT - NIGHT**

Title card: **Hour 6, 88 miles to go**

Diana swims along in the darkness, red LED light on her cap. Suddenly she stops, rips the mask off fast as she can and --

BONNIE  
Diana??

-- vomits. Mostly salt water. Catches her breath.

DIANA  
I'm okay.

She rinses her mouth off. Pulls the mask down. Keeps going.

BONNIE  
(to the crew)  
It's alright. She's fine.

**EXT. STRAIGHTS OF FLORIDA / MAIN CREW BOAT - LATER**

Diana's not fine; treading water, puking more.

BONNIE  
Jesus.

DR. MICHAEL  
Bonnie--

BONNIE  
I know. It's the mask; makes her  
swallow too much salt water.

DR. MICHAEL  
We should double her feedings.

BONNIE  
(sotto)  
She got pushed east before, twice.  
We're on a good course right now,  
we can't slow down.

DR. MICHAEL  
 If we don't, she's gonna get  
 severely dehydrated, then probably  
 start hallucinating.

BONNIE  
 (she can live with that)  
 Okay. Then what?

DR. MICHAEL  
 Then kidney failure.

BONNIE  
 (knows he's right)  
 Fuck.  
 (has an idea)  
 Okay.

**EXT. STRAIGHTS OF FLORIDA / MAIN CREW BOAT - NIGHT**

Boats stopped. Diana drinks from the feeding tube. Bonnie's looking at her watch. The timer hits 3 MINUTES and she signals to a handler.

Suddenly the feeding bag is jerked away from Diana's grip. She watches it get reeled back to the boat.

DIANA  
 Hey! I wasn't done.

BONNIE  
 Yeah you were. Let's go.

Diana sighs, *Fine*. Leans forward. Deep breath. Swims on.

**EXT. STRAIGHTS OF FLORIDA / MAIN CREW BOAT - DAY**

Bonnie stands with David, watching Diana. Her mask and extra suit are off and she looks good; steady, fluid strokes.

Title card: **Hour 20, 61 miles to go**

DAVID  
 I'm afraid to say it.

BONNIE  
 What?

DAVID  
 We're looking really...(good).

He smiles. Points to his navi screen, two inches *right* of where their dot is.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Normally we're over here by now.  
But it's actually pulling us north.

BONNIE

It's pulling us?

DAVID

We're riding the current. Going  
directly north.

It's great news and they know it. Bonnie looks over to Mark. He nods, like "What?" She gives him a quick thumbs up.

**EXT. STRAIGHTS OF FLORIDA / MAIN CREW BOAT - SUNSET**

Diana's near the boat, putting her Finis suit back on.

BONNIE

How you feeling?

DIANA

When I'm not throwing up I feel  
great.

Bonnie hands her the silicone mask; holds it for a second.

BONNIE

Hey, look at me.

(Diana does)

This is the last time you're ever  
gonna have to put this mask on.

An excitement washes over Diana's face.

DIANA

I thought we had one more night.

BONNIE

If we keep going at this pace...  
we'll be in the Keys before sunset  
tomorrow.

DIANA

Holy shit!

Diana slaps the water. Bonnie's watch timer goes off.

BONNIE

C'mon, let's go.

Diana hurries to get the mask all the way on. Bonnie motions to the rest of the crew and the boats rumble forward.

And just as they do... the wind picks up. It sweeps Bonnie's hair across her face, rocks the boat just a little.

She looks up at the sky with a sick feeling growing in her stomach, a few clouds gathering overhead.

**EXT. STRAIGHTS OF FLORIDA / MAIN CREW BOAT - NIGHT**

Diana's swimming. The weather's getting worse: strong winds, 2-foot swells, and a light rain starts to fall.

BONNIE  
(at the sky)  
You motherfucker. Don't do this.

And like it was listening... CRACK! The sky opens up. Rolling thunder and lightening in the distance. The rain doubles down. Winds pick up. Diana stops to puke again.

Title card: **Hour 33, 42 miles to go**

The crew looks worried. Mark tries to hold it together.

MARK  
Nothing new here guys. Let's tie everything down, secure the lines.

Meanwhile the boats are really rocking now. In the water, Diana's fighting through 4-foot swells.

One of the two KAYAKERS next to her misjudges a wave and --

KAYAKER  
Oh no!

-- barely avoids Diana's head.

BONNIE  
Shit!  
(spins around)  
Mark, bring the kayakers in. Stop all boats.

Mark gets on his walkie. Bonnie blows her whistle.

Diana looks up and starts swimming over. It's brutal; she's getting tossed by the waves. The kayakers have to go way around to avoid her. She pulls her mask up:

DIANA  
I'm not getting out.

BONNIE

I know. But we can't have the  
kayaks out there with you.

DIANA

Why not??

BONNIE

One of 'em almost just hit your  
fucking head, that's why not. They  
can't stay that close to you with  
these swells.

DIANA

Okay.

(realizing)

The Shark Shields...

BONNIE

Right.

Diana thinks for 3 seconds flat.

DIANA

Well, pull 'em then. We keep going.  
Just tell Luke—

BONNIE

They'll be watching.

And just like that, her mask is down and she's swimming.

BONNIE (CONT'D)

(calls over)

Luke!

Luke nods. Corrals the other two SHARK DIVERS and directs  
them to various spots on the boat.

MARK

What about the sharks?? Bonnie?

BONNIE

She knows, Mark. She knows.

**EXT. STRAIGHTS OF FLORIDA / MAIN CREW BOAT - NIGHT**

Title card: **Hour 35, 38 miles to go**

Diana swims, breaststroke now. She mumbles something.

BONNIE

Diana? What's she saying?

Mark shrugs; he can't make it out either.

DIANA

Bonnie?

BONNIE

Yeah? What Diana?

DIANA

How'd they do it?

BONNIE

What? Swim closer, I can barely  
hear you.

Diana makes her way over. We can hear her teeth chattering,  
her body shaking.

BONNIE (CONT'D)

Jesus, D, you're freezing.

DIANA

How'd they do it?

BONNIE

Do what?

DIANA

How'd they build it?

BONNIE

Build. What.

DIANA

The Taj Mahal.

Diana is looking above and past Bonnie, seeing the real TAJ  
MAHAL behind them. She stares in wonder.

BONNIE

(oh fuck)

You see the Taj Mahal?

DIANA

Are we off course? How'd we get to  
India? Isn't it in India?

BONNIE

Yeah it is. Hang on.

(turns back)

Get Michael over here.

They do and Michael comes over.

BONNIE (CONT'D)  
She's seeing the Taj Mahal.

DR. MICHAEL  
Let's get her a full saline  
feeding, right now.

Bonnie rushes off. Michael puts his stethoscope on.

DR. MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
Diana, can you turn onto your back  
for me? Diana?

DIANA  
Huh?

DR. MICHAEL  
Turn onto your back.

She does. He puts the stethoscope to her chest, checking her heart.

DIANA  
It's beautiful.

Bonnie rejoins them with a feeding tube. Hands it down.

BONNIE  
D. Drink this.

Diana grabs it and drinks, still staring behind them.

BONNIE (CONT'D)  
Listen to me. If you get to the Taj  
Mahal, swim around it. Okay?

DIANA  
Mmhmm.

**EXT. STRAIGHTS OF FLORIDA / MAIN CREW BOAT - LATER**

Diana, somehow swimming again. Bonnie with Dr. Michael.

DR. MICHAEL  
It's close. If she goes full  
hypothermic we won't know until  
it's too late.

BONNIE  
But she's okay?

DR. MICHAEL  
 She's not okay, but she's stable.  
 She just *has* to warm up soon.

Bonnie nods. Looks out at Diana, worried.

**EXT. STRAIGHTS OF FLORIDA / MAIN CREW BOAT - NIGHT**

Title card: **Hour 40, 28 miles to go**

Diana's really struggling. Even from the boat we can actually see her arms shaking with every stroke.

She slows down. Finally stops. Rolls onto her back.

**INT. MAIN CREW BOAT - CONTINUOUS**

Bonnie's asleep on a couch; power nap. Mark wakes her up.

BONNIE  
 What?

**EXT. STRAIGHTS OF FLORIDA / MAIN CREW BOAT - CONTINUOUS**

Bonnie walks out. Sees Diana, still laying on her back.

MARK  
 She's breathing. But she's been there for 5 minutes. Tried to bring her in. She won't listen to us.

BONNIE  
 Diana?  
 (nothing)  
 Diana!

Still nothing. Bonnie looks over at Dr. Michael.

DR. MICHAEL  
 If she's unresponsive...we're gonna have to call it, pull her out.

Bonnie hangs her head, watching Diana, about to lose it all again. And then --

She catches something in the corner of her eye. Turns to the north and squints hard at the horizon.

BONNIE  
 Give me a minute.

Bonnie jumps into the water. The crew's stunned. *What the hell's she doing?*

Diana finally looks over. Bonnie swims out to her.

BONNIE (CONT'D)

Hey!

DIANA

(no energy)

What?

BONNIE

What do you mean WHAT? Get your ass  
in gear.

DIANA

I can't. I just can't. I'm sorry.

She pulls her mask off; she's crying, and her face is rough  
again, swollen, mouth covered with abrasions.

BONNIE

You can.

DIANA

No. I can't. I've been going on  
empty now for the last 10 hours.  
I'm just dead, Bonnie. I'm dead.

BONNIE

Sit up. Look over there.

(Diana doesn't move)

C'mon, just look.

Diana tilts her head back, looking upside down, to where  
Bonnie's pointing at the north. She can just make out some  
LIGHT on the horizon.

DIANA

Oh. The sun's coming up? At least  
I'll be warmer.

BONNIE

That's not the sun, Diana. That's  
Key West.

DIANA

What?

She spins around to get a better look.

Pulls her goggles up, rubs her eyes, stares hard.

It's true: we can just see the Florida city lights in the  
far distance. Still a long ways out, but there they are.

DIANA (CONT'D)  
How close are we??

BONNIE  
30 miles.

DIANA  
(doing the math)  
15 hours? Really?

BONNIE  
You can do this, Diana. You're  
already doing it.

Diana smiles at her. Wipes the tears away.

DIANA  
Thank you.

BONNIE  
Thank me when we're on the beach.

Diana puts the mask back on and picks up her stroke; slow at first, but at least she's moving.

Bonnie treads for a minute there, watching her go. We hear the CREW cheering in the background: "Go Diana!" "Onwards!"

**EXT. STRAIGHTS OF FLORIDA / MAIN CREW BOAT - DAY**

Mark comes over to Bonnie with a satellite phone.

MARK  
They want a quote.

BONNIE  
Who?

MARK  
(big smile)  
CNN.

**NEWS FOOTAGE - ABC**

Good Morning America. Text reads: "VICTORY AHEAD?"

FEMALE ANCHOR  
Breaking news this morning: Victory  
ahead. Diana Nyad, poised to finish  
her 103 mile swim.

**NEWS FOOTAGE - NBC**

BRYAN WILLIAMS

A dream, really, that was 35 years  
in the making.

**NEWS FOOTAGE - CBS**

We're watching LIVE FOOTAGE of Diana swimming towards the Florida shore, daylight now.

ANCHOR

Only a few miles now from a record  
that has eluded her for decades.

**NEWS FOOTAGE - CNN**

CNN REPORTER

History being made. She's so close!

Footage of crowds cheering on the beach to welcome her in. They're holding signs, like "Go Diana!". Someone waves a big American flag. A few people do the same with Rainbow ones.

CNN REPORTER (CONT'D)

You can feel the excitement here on  
this beach-

**EXT. KEY WEST, FLORIDA - DAY (SAME)**

And we're ON that beach now, surrounded by a thousand people. The story hit the major channels and they've all come to out watch.

They see our 3 CREW BOATS in the distance, now only about a mile out.

**EXT. KEY WEST OCEAN / MAIN CREW BOAT - SAME**

Diana doing breastroke now. Dunking in and out of the water, POV from her goggles:

Every time we're up we get a 1-second shot of the beach and the people on it, just blurry figures from here.

She's wheezing, hurting everywhere. But NOT stopping. Above the wheezing more sound fades in and we hear:

CREW

C'mon, Diana! / You got this! / One  
more mile!

Out of POV, on the BOAT: the whole crew is cheering her on. They know how close they are and what this means. No more jinxing now; they're going nuts.

Bonnie's clapping along, until she takes a harder look at the people on shore.

BONNIE  
Do we have police out there?

MARK  
I don't know, why?

BONNIE  
Look at all those people.

MARK  
(realizing)  
Fuck, you're right.

He dials on the satellite phone. Bonnie turns to the crew.

BONNIE  
Listen up everybody!  
(they're still cheering)  
HEY!!! Listen!!!  
(finally look at her)  
We have one goal when we get to the beach: keep people AWAY from Diana. If one person touches her or grabs her before she gets *both* feet on sand, *totally* out of the water, the swim will NOT count. Federation rules. Everyone got me?

This sinks in for the crew. They nod.

BONNIE (CONT'D)  
We make a wall around her. NO one gets through.

MARK (INTO WALKIE)  
All boats, all boats, get to the shore, clear the path!

The boats all speed off around her, heading to shore. Two kayakers stay, flanked on each side.

**EXT. BEACH - KEY WEST, FLORIDA - CONTINUOUS**

A local NEWSMAN reports on camera from the beach. We can see the boats in the background, only a hundred yards out now.

## NEWSMAN

People have come out from all over Florida to watch her. Some surprised to find out this was her fifth attempt at the swim, a swim that most experts said was impossible.

**EXT. KEY WEST OCEAN / MAIN CREW BOAT - SAME**

With Diana, swimming, one slow stroke after the next, until-

Her FOOT touches something. It scares her at first. Then she touches down again and realizes: it's the sand.

She puts the other foot down, testing it, not sure if it's real. And then slowly stands up, water up to her chest.

**EXT. BEACH - KEY WEST, FLORIDA - SAME**

The crew CHEERS! The beach crowd does too.

## NEWSMAN

And she's standing now! Just minutes from walking up on land.

**EXT. KEY WEST OCEAN / MAIN CREW BOAT - SAME**

Diana trudges on, water now waist high. From her POV again, we see the mass of people, and we CUT TO:

**INT. DIANA'S BEDROOM, 1961 (FLASHBACK) - NIGHT**

Diana going to the KITCHEN down the hall and the water faucet there, one careful step forward at a time.

ARIS turns the corner, going for the fridge. She freezes.

**EXT. KEY WEST OCEAN - (PRESENT) DAY**

Diana stumbles! Catches herself. Pauses there for a minute, hands on her knees. Looks up and sees --

The whole crew is in a huge half-circle, desperately trying to keep the crowd pushed away.

A couple local COPS pitch in. They're yelling "Back up!" and "Don't touch her!"

And in the middle of it, BONNIE. Staring right at Diana, coaxing her forward: *Come to me.*

Diana moves one foot, then another, walking off balance and wobbly like a toddler.

Knee deep now. Marching on. Then to her ankles.

The crowd's at a fever pitch, starting to push the crew circle in. Someone tries to reach out for Diana!

Mark boxes them out! The rest of the crew digs in and pushes back! They're only a few feet from her.

Bonnie stays calm throughout, eyes locked on Diana's, and hers right back.

BONNIE

It's okay, just come to me. One step at a time.

Diana's feet in the water. And then one foot on pure sand, then the other.

BONNIE (CONT'D)

Few more steps...

Left foot, right foot, and two more. All sand now and --

Bonnie HUGS Diana. She's done it!

The crowd goes fucking ballistic around them! A thousand people chanting and clapping. Boats nearby blow their horns.

Diana closes her eyes and falls into Bonnie's hug.

Title card: **Hour 53, 0 miles to go**

Cameras snap. Mark is crying. Her crew pulls into a big group hug around them all, jumping up and down.

And still at the center, Diana, holding onto Bonnie; sick, totally drained, but feeling a calm she's never known.

BONNIE

You did it.

DIANA

We did it. Thank you.

When they finally break, REPORTERS push mics forward.

REPORTERS

Diana! / How do you feel? / What do you want to tell the world?

Diana looks at them, exhausted and happy.

DIANA  
Never, ever give up.

The crowd cheers again. Widen out to see the beach FULL of people celebrating, and our crew at the center of it.

**EXT. BEACH - KEY WEST, FLORIDA - LATER**

Bonnie helps Diana walk forward, clearing the throngs of people congratulating her. Aside to Bonnie:

DIANA  
So?

BONNIE  
So what?

DIANA  
What's next?

Bonnie thinks she's kidding. Looks at her. She's not.

CUT TO BLACK.

Crawl on screen:

**At the age of 64, Diana Nyad became the first person to open-swim from Cuba to Florida. 103 miles. 53 hours. It was her fifth try in 36 years.**

**One month later, she completed a 48-hour swim in New York to raise money for Hurricane Sandy relief.**

**She has no plans for any other marathon swims.**

**Yet.**

CUT TO BLACK. ROLL CREDITS.

**THE END**