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# Abandoned

By Stephanie Johnson

(EERIE MUSIC PLAYING)

(MUSIC CONTINUES)

(HULL CREAKING)

(DISTANT RUMBLING)

What's that?

[PHIL] John! What's happening?

(LOUD RUMBLING)

Oh, my god!

What the hell?

(ALL YELLING)

**NARRATOR (V.O.):**

out of nowhere, with no warning...

a 40-foot wall of solid water

hit us like a freight train...

and was gone before we knew it.

Suddenly we were upside-down...

with water flooding

through the companion way.

(YELLING)

Jim!

Are you okay?

- Okay? Fucking kidding, we're upside-down, mate!

- We're bloody sinking!

We won't sink. The boat will start rising

when it equalizes with outside, okay?

We're gonna die! We're gonna die! Jesus!

- No! Hold on! Hold on!

- (HULL CREAKING)

Shit... guys, grab anything you can!

The aft cabin is the

highest point! Come on!

(DRAMATIC MUSIC PLAYING)

Look, that's about as

good as we're gonna get it.

Rick! Rick! What are you doing?

Emergency beacon.

All right, come on.

I can't go in there.

Come on, Phil.

[JOHN] Get in!

What now? What the fuck do we do now?

Here... eat.

We're gonna die.

- We're rooted.  
- Shut the fuck up.  
She's gonna break up... sooner or later.  
Storm or container ship, we're going down.  
Just keep calm, okay?  
That's the main thing.  
We'll be all right.  
So we just turn this  
thing the right-side-up?  
- Can't... impossible.  
- Why not?  
Once a multi-hull  
capsizes, it stays that way.  
Fucked on the drawing  
board... bloody death traps!  
How about we rig something up,  
make a mast, sail upside-down?  
She's 75 percent underwater,  
all right... unnavigable.  
Hey, we got food, we got water.  
I got tanks full of  
it, thousands of liters.  
We just have to wait.  
We'll be okay. I want you guys to relax.

**JOHN (V.O.):**

was to adapt, learn to survive.  
We needed to accept the  
situation and go with it.  
But all they could  
think about was rescue.  
(SAW CUTTING)  
Mutilation.  
Yeah, of a corpse.  
Wouldn't need to do it, if  
you'd built an escape hatch.  
Now someone's gonna hear us, right?  
How long before someone picks  
up the signal, do you reckon?  
Hard to say.  
Not too many boats out  
here... have to be a plane.  
Well, how close do they have  
to be to pick up a signal?

Depends on the conditions.

**JOHN (V.O.):**

scheduled departure date.  
My original crew had dropped  
out at the last minute...  
and I needed to find  
replacements at short notice.  
Jim, check it out.

**JOHN (V.O.):**

before the weather changed.  
- John Glennie.  
- Jim, pleased to meet ya'.  
Yeah, good to meet you.  
So what's the weather like  
in Tonga this time of year?  
Oh, it's the tropics, mate.  
You know? Sun, warm, beaches...  
more beautiful women than  
you can shake your stick at.  
I like the sound of that.  
Yeah, the Friendly Islands!  
Could do with a cook. You  
got any sailing experience?  
Absolutely none.  
Some... a bit.  
Oh, well. Yeah, it doesn't matter.  
I just need extra bodies to keep watch.  
How long would it take?  
Mm... two weeks tops.  
Trade winds are pretty  
strong this time of year.  
You guys should come on down, check it out.  
Sure.  
Could be just what you need, mate.  
Eh? Get away for a bit,  
time to think, clear the air.  
- What about you?  
- Maybe.  
Seriously?  
Sure, why not?  
Doctor phoned this morning.  
Going to see her tomorrow, but

it looks like I'm in the clear.  
Latest scan says it's retreating.  
Fantastic, man. Fantastic.  
Rose Noelle, leaving two  
days time. What do you reckon?  
[MARTHA] Go on. Write them down.  
C'mon, Martha. Don't do this.  
I mean it. Write them down.  
What?  
The people I'll have to get  
in contact with when you drown.  
Oh, for Christ's sake, have some faith.  
You've never been to sea in your whole, damn,  
stupid, landlocked life. You can barely swim.  
We decided to take a break to see  
if this is what we really want.  
Not that kind of break.  
That guy's gonna have you  
cooking dawn till dusk.  
That is, when you're not throwing  
up. You get seasick in a kayak.  
Look, I'm sorry I can't be on call  
for you, but I really need to do this.  
Not your last will and testament.  
Just a name and phone number in the States.  
Don't forget that. You'll need it.  
I'll wait in the car.  
[RICK] Knows how to pick her moments,  
doesn't she? Bloody hour of departure.  
I s'pose, oh, you know Martha, she's probably  
just thinking of the worst that could...  
Neither of us are  
exactly keen on this idea.  
But it's good you're going. It's important.  
No regrets, all that.  
Uh... we'll say goodbye here.  
Oh, you don't want to come down?  
No, I'm not big on public farewells.  
And it looks like Martha is  
in one of her moods, so...  
(SNIFFING)  
Be careful.  
Don't fall overboard.  
I won't.

See you in a couple of weeks.

Bye-bye.

(SOFT MUSIC PLAYING)

Bye! See ya'! Love you!

Oh, this is gonna be so good for him!

- See ya, Dad!

- Bye, Dad!

- See ya.

- Bye. Bye, baby! Bye.

Be nice to your mum! Be good!

Oh, hey, don't be like that!

Us girls, we'll look after each other.

Where's your mate?

[KAREN] Is she all right?

Oh, come on, cheer up. They'll be fine.

Just think of all the fun you'll have when you get him back, he'll be hot to trot!

No, it's... it's not that... we're breaking up.

(MUSIC CONTINUES)

Hey, Jim, give Phil a hand with the fenders.

**JOHN (V.O.):**

long time for this adventure.

Unfortunately, I wasn't sharing the first leg of the voyage...

with the men I wanted, but at least I had a crew.

Once we made landfall in Tonga, I would replace them.

This voyage was going to take me back to my old cruising haunts of the South Pacific.

New beginnings, a fresh start, love and adventure.

I had invested everything I had in Rose Noelle.

She was my pride and joy, my home, my haven.

What do you reckon, Jim?

Jim looks a bit green around the gills.

Yeah, he'll be alright.

She's all yours, mate.

- Oh, yeah, okay.

- ANNOUNCER (ON RADIO): The extended marine forecast...  
for all of New Zealand  
until the 6th of June.  
An intense tropical cyclone is situated  
off the east coast of the North Island...  
with south-westerly gales gusting to  
50 knots and seas rising to 6 meters.  
For all of the east coast...  
severe weather warning...  
For all of the west coast  
from Terawhiti to Cape Egmont.

**JOHN (V.O.):**

was music to my ears.  
There'd be no beating into the wind.  
We'd sail on a broad reach all the way to  
Tonga, and make faster time than I'd hoped.  
What's he doing?  
Don't know. Look's as those  
he's putting up more sails.  
[JOHN] A plane would have to be  
close. Within a 100 nautical miles.  
Come on, John, honestly.  
How long before they find us?  
What's she gonna remember of me... of us?  
[RICK] John?  
Five days.  
It's okay, mate. Five days  
and we'll be out of here...  
according to the oracle.

**JOHN (V.O.):**

be about 140 miles off the east coast.  
The EPIRB signal was well outside  
the reach of domestic aircraft.  
We'd need to pin our hopes  
on an international flight.  
Jesus, I can't breathe!  
It's time you took a turn back there.  
- Oh, I was just...  
- Oh, shit!  
Can't be much longer now. Surely,  
somebody's gotta hear that signal.  
They will. We've been

pretty lucky up till now.  
Lucky? In what way have we been lucky?  
If one of us had been on deck when that  
wave hit, it would've been curtains.  
If we'd cut the parachute,  
we would've been fine.  
Hey, it was your idea to put it out  
in the first place. Remember that.  
What's that supposed to mean?  
You knew the storm was coming.  
You put us out here! You risked our lives!  
(SOFT MUSIC PLAYING)  
Right, Rick. Let her go!

**JOHN (V.O.):**

and arriving at a destination...  
is the best part of cruising.  
To be honest, I dislike blue water  
sailing, it bores me to tears.  
The excitement of bad weather and  
long night watches soon wears off.  
For me, it was all about seeing the  
world and taking my home with me.  
There's a man who knows what he's doing.  
We're flying along, mate.  
She's got a great turn of speed.  
Oh, yeah. She's fast,  
just how I like my women.  
So, who've you left behind? Do  
you have someone in Australia?  
More interested in who I  
could be sailing towards, mate.  
Hey, who's the lady in  
the picture down below?  
Now that is the original Rose  
Noelle, Tahitian princess.  
I named the boat after  
her. Love of my life.  
Do you still love her?  
In spirit.  
We're going a bit fast,  
John? Don't you think?  
I mean, we're not in that  
much of a bloody hurry, are we?



Well, I want to get as far  
as we can before nightfall.

- But why?

- Well, the weather's changing.

The weather's changing? What  
do you mean? What's it doing?

Well, there's a storm coming.

We're going to catch it.

It'll be on us pretty soon. And  
then we'll do some real sailing.

(OMINOUS MUSIC PLAYING)

**JOHN (V.O.):**

knowledge is a dangerous thing.

I don't like this. I

really don't like this.

**JOHN (V.O.):**

coastal sailing experience.

Maybe that's why he was so

anxious. His fear was contagious.

How long's this going to last?

What's the big surprise?

If you guys heard the marine forecast,  
you would've known about this.

This storm's gonna blow us all  
the way to Tonga in no time.

You sailed us into a storm on purpose?

Get us... come on! Get

on the radio now! Fuck...

Call the Coast Guard. Get us a helicopter.

Get us off. Hello? Is the Coast Guard...

Hey, hey, hey! That radio's short-range.

There's no one out here to hear you.

- Why?

- Why what?

Why is it short range?

Because I don't have a license.

Why not?

'Cause I don't believe in them,  
and I don't want to waste the money.

When you're out here, you're out  
here. That's the journey you're on.

Fuck you, mate! We're gonna flip!

Look, we're not gonna  
flip. This yacht can't flip.  
I've sailed 40,000 miles in one of  
these. This is just another blow.  
- And when was that, 20 years ago?  
- Yeah.  
I built this baby with my own hands,  
we've already crossed the Tasman together.  
You're safe, Rick. Relax.  
Oh, God.  
What about a sea anchor?  
You got one of those?  
What for?  
Well, to stop us bouncing  
round while we ride it out.  
Yeah.  
Have you got one?  
Of course, I have...  
Well, then let's throw it  
out, slow us down a bit.  
No way, it's brand new.  
It cost me a lot of money.  
- For Christ's sakes.  
- The wind turn and goes.  
- Let's take take a vote.  
- Yeah.  
It's not a bloody democracy, mate.  
Hey, fuck you! Where is it?  
(DRAMATIC MUSIC PLAYING)  
Okay, throw us the bag!  
Okay, hold onto the bag!  
- Use this rope!  
- Got it!  
Ready?  
Now!  
(MUSIC CONTINUES)

**JOHN (V.O.):**

big mistake, this was it...  
allowing myself to be bulldozed  
by a terrified crew...  
with no experience of  
blue water sailing.  
The noise of waves smashing against

a multihull is like gunfire.  
That should do the trick.

**JOHN (V.O.):**

if you're not used to it.

(LOUD BANG)

What the... What the hell was that!

Chute must've fouled.

- Then we've got to free it.

- No, too dangerous.

It's pulling us side-on.

Well, you make a mistake pulling it  
in, you could lose a finger or a hand.

Then we cut it loose.

No. Hey! The tiller's lashed.

All we can do is sit tight and wait it out.

We can't leave the chute like that.

I'm the skipper, Rick, remember?

[JOHN] Get some sleep. We'll sort it  
in the morning when conditions improve.

COMEDIAN (ON TAPE): So we just  
locked ourselves down in the scrum...

This will put a smile in your  
eye and some lead in your pencil.

What's that?

Epirb. We can set it to send out distress  
signals, any plane flying over, it'll pick it up.

COMEDIAN (CONT'D): He had  
a double jointed arse.

Mick, me mate the master farter.

Put the art back into farting  
with his custom tailored farts.

Mick, me mate the master  
farter broke new ground...

in breaking wind with  
his double jointed arse.

[RICK] You risked our lives! What  
are you after, eh? Insurance money?  
I'm not insured. I don't believe in it.

I'm insured with the Gods,  
not the bottom feeders.

Hey, you're in my space, mate.

What happens if a wave flips  
the boat the right side up?

Are we gonna be fine with all this water?  
It can't happen, okay. It won't happen.  
No, no. We've got to cut an escape hatch.  
You are not cutting another  
hole in this bloody boat.  
Now you have some respect for her, for  
me, for everything I've put in to it.  
No bloody way. This is our  
lives we're talking about.  
If you won't do it, I will.  
(SAW CUTTING)

**JOHN (V.O.):**  
like the violation of a loved one.  
But Rick was not a  
man to argue with.  
Once he made his  
mind up, that was it.  
(OMINOUS MUSIC PLAYING)

**JOHN (V.O.):**  
didn't make them feel any better.  
Seeing the magnitude of what we were up  
against, their morale sank to a new low.  
Any hope of a quick rescue  
seemed a distant prospect.  
Rick, Rick... the light.  
Wait a minute. It will come back on.  
That's it.

**JOHN (V.O.):**  
battery died we were on our own...  
outside standard flight  
paths and shipping lanes.

**JOHN (V.O.):**  
gods were taking us for a ride.  
The only control we  
had was over ourselves.  
Rick, Jim, give us a hand outside, eh.

**JOHN (V.O.):**  
differences behind us and work as a team.  
(SOFT MUSIC PLAYING)

(MUSIC CONTINUES)

Okay.

I got it.

All right.

Got it.

Phil, give us a bloody hand, would ya'?

I'm busy.

I don't know why you're doing that anyway?

No point. Don't bother.

We need to make ourselves more visible to passing ships, planes, whatever. That's why.

[PHIL] What else is down there?

Oh, Jesus! Watch what you're doing!

Take it easy, mate. I didn't mean to.

Screw you, Rick. Look! Look! I'm bleeding!

Oh, get over it. Jesus,

you're a bloody moron.

You...

- And we ration all food from now on.

- Who says?

It's the smart thing to do. We don't know how long we're going to be out here.

And we're gonna get hold of the sails.

You're gonna dive for them, tomorrow.

I've told you already. You

can't sail this boat upside down.

And we make decisions by vote from now on.

Majority rules and we stick to the rules.

Used to be a cop, didn't

you? Hey, let it go, Rick.

Man, your emotional body

is starving your neuronet.

Have faith in the God within.

You can shove your dumb-ass

religion up your skinny ass.

Rick, pass me the cabbage.

Where's the knife? This one's shit.

Now... we got tuna.

There was a lemon somewhere laying around in this leaking son of a boat.

All right, there we are. Okay.

When I was a young boy... I

wanted to sail around the world.

That's the life for me. Living on the sea.

Spirit of a sailor  
circumnavigates the globe.  
The lust of...  
I just spent six months in a leaky boat.  
Lucky just to be afloat.  
What song is that?  
[PHIL] That's a kiwi classic, mate.  
No. Aotearoa. Yeah.  
I've gotta get out of here.  
[JOHN] Glisten like a pearl.  
(MUSIC PLAYING)  
I just spent six months on a leaky boat!

**JOHN (V.O.):**

felt he'd lost Jim to us...  
like someone had  
stolen his girlfriend.  
Or maybe something else was  
going on inside his head.  
Meanwhile back home, Jim's girlfriend  
Martha was becoming concerned.  
By now he should have  
made contact from Tonga.  
After three weeks adrift, no  
one had begun searching for us.  
[KAREN] I think it still works.  
I haven't used it for a while.  
Here you go.  
Okay.  
You're not gonna be able  
to get through anyway.  
What's that, Darren? What did you say?  
You're not gonna be able to get through.  
Gordon'll radio for you. He  
arranged a time with John.  
What do you mean?  
Gordon's supposed to call  
him and get his position...  
but John's not gonna be able to call him or  
name the boat, because his radio's illegal.  
That's the deal.  
The deal?  
I heard him talking about it.  
Gordon's gonna call him and

give him a weather forecast.  
Well, why didn't you tell us this before?  
Your dad wouldn't've have gone if he'd  
known they didn't have a proper radio.  
I don't know.  
Hello? How do you drive this thing?  
Hello?  
Come aboard!  
So... I reckon they're out here, somewhere.  
Okay, let's give it a go.  
6128.6... that's what John and I agreed.  
It's almost half-past

**8:**

Argo calling Rose Noelle. Do you read me?  
Your position, please. Over.  
(GARBLED TRANSMISSION)  
MAN (OVER RADIO): Argo...  
...eight degrees south.  
Was that 28 degrees south? Please  
confirm or deny, Rose Noelle. Over.  
MAN (OVER RADIO): ...south.  
28 degrees south. I'm  
sure that's what he said.  
(MUSIC CONTINUES)  
[JIM] Let me get up to you.  
[RICK] What?

**JOHN (V.O.):**

But I'd filled the tanks to capacity  
with fresh water before we left.  
Where had it gone?  
For the first time, I had  
doubts about our survival.  
When are you going to  
check the water tanks, John?  
John?  
Checked them already.  
And?  
Empty.  
What do you mean empty? There's no water?  
Hang on. So, all the water you've  
been talking about, in the tanks.  
Thousands of liters... it's all gone?

What happened to it?  
Where's all the water gone?  
Well, it must've drained  
out when we capsized.  
[PHIL] Drained out? How come?  
There are air vents in the tanks.  
Why didn't you bloody well tell us? Well?  
We need to stay calm.  
Shit! You guys have got to  
face facts. We're going to die.  
There's no point about your stupid  
mast or your stupid rationing.  
We've all had it! Fuck the lot of you!  
Phil.  
Oh, watch out! Jesus!  
Look out, the knife!  
Get the knife back, fuckwit!  
You dropped it! You get it back!  
Hey, shit head, I brought a present for ya!  
Put these on and piss off!  
Eh? If we're all fucked,  
why don't you swim for it?  
- Bye-bye, Phil!  
- Bugger off!  
It's not my fault there's no bloody water!  
Rick, stop it! Come on, Rick! Enough.  
Fat, useless prick!  
Rick! Rick! Stop it!  
Rick! Leave him alone!  
Okay, I'll go down and  
look for the sails now.  
I'll do it now, all right?  
Is that good enough for you?  
Yeah, why have you  
suddenly changed your tune?  
Because you're a dangerous man, Rick.  
Things go wrong, things don't  
go your way, you throw a wobbly.  
You don't trust. I'll get the sails.  
No, no, no, I'll do it!  
You? Yeah, sure.  
No, no, no. Bad idea, Phil. I should do it.  
I know where they are.  
Well, so do I. Fuck the lot of ya'!



Oh, Jesus...  
What if he doesn't make it?  
More of everything for the rest of us.  
You're out of line, Rick...  
seriously out of line.  
Jesus.  
Fuck!  
(COUGHING)

**JOHN (V.O.):**

Any setback could send him into a rage.  
He always needed someone to  
blame for his predicament.  
Usually it was me, but  
it could be anyone.  
It was only later I understood  
what was really driving him.  
He felt he was running out of time.  
(DRAMATIC MUSIC PLAYING)  
Okay, so as you all know, the Rose Noelle  
has not yet reached it's destination.  
Does anyone recall anything that  
John Glennie might've said...  
about the course he was taking to Tonga?  
It's more than a months since they set off.  
They should've arrived in Tonga by now.  
Hello? Rose Noelle. Come in. Do you read?  
Hello? Rose Noelle?  
(MUSIC CONTINUES)  
Thank god. I knew it.  
We're gonna make it.

**JOHN (V.O.):**

knew we were being looked after.  
I have told you, mate.  
There's no fish out here.  
Nothing lives this far away from land.  
We're in a marine desert.  
You've gotta try.  
Hey, um,... maybe we could  
have our water ration now.  
Nope... still no sign of rain.  
Hey, guys... check this  
out. I've been thinking.

When we capsized, we  
would've been about here.  
Prevailing current is going that way,  
taking us maybe 10, 20 miles a day.  
So, after 34 days drifting, that  
would put us right off the map.  
But there's nothing there...  
nothing until South America.  
That's gonna take us...  
At least eight months.  
Possibly... or the current could take us  
north along the line of the continent...  
but well out of the sight of land.  
And that would add another 1,000 miles.  
1,000 miles.  
Yeah.  
Just you wait. You blokes  
are gonna be famous.  
What the fuck are you doing?  
You're writing your memoirs?  
Haven't made up my mind  
up yet. Might be a book.  
Might be a love letter to my ex.  
Who? Rose Noelle? The poor bitch  
you named this piece of crap after?  
Why did she dump you anyway?  
She didn't dump me. She died  
in a plane crash, Pan Am 816.  
She was on her way to join me.  
Oh, yeah.  
Nah, there's been many women since  
my sweet Rose Noelle... too many.  
Sure. I mean you're a real catch, hm? Sane.  
Handsome, young, normal, sane... sane!  
Rick, Rick. Let's  
just... let's play a game.  
Sure, why not?  
Yeah, that's a good idea.  
I'll play the winner.  
Piss off!  
You gotta take it easy on him.  
I know he's annoying, but...  
But nothing. Count this shit up.  
(SOFT MUSIC PLAYING)

Oh, shit!

Phil? Are you gonna tell them or shall I?

What?

You should do that outside.

It's too windy.

Phil lost the rod.

That was the only rig we had.

First the only decent

bloody knife and now the rod.

- How bloody thick are you?

- I'm sorry. Okay?

No, not okay. It's everything else  
about you. You're a greedy, farting pig!

Look at your head, mate. You  
look like you've been in a fight.

When're you going to learn  
how low the fucking roof is?

I... I just wanna go home. I want my Karen.

Phil, it's okay... it's okay.

Hey, guys. Check this out.

Something I've been working on.

It's a collection system for water.

These are PVC pipes. I've got heaps  
of them in the starboard pontoon.

What do you think?

I don't see how you... how  
are you gonna cut the pipes?

Exactly. Look. How about...

Why don't we use the surface  
of the hull as a catchment.

And we put wood along here and over here...  
with drain holes here and here.

Yeah.

Hey, hey, good on ya, mate. Hey,  
now you're pulling your weight. Eh?

Yeah. So, have we got any wood?

(DRAMATIC MUSIC FADES UP)

- Cheers, mate.

- Yeah.

**JOHN (V.O.):**

without food, but not without water.

Over the weeks, we'd reduced  
our rations to little more...

than two ounces of  
liquid each, per day.  
This better bloody work.

**JOHN (V.O.):**

precious water was almost gone.  
We were beyond thirst... suffering  
the onset of dehydration.  
- Rick.  
- What's that?  
A boat!  
[JOHN] It's a yacht.  
The beacon! Quick, get the beacon!  
Come on! Come on! Quick. Yeah.  
Guys! Guys! Guys! It's too far out.  
They'll never see it. They'll never see it!  
Fuel... generator fuel!  
Oh, good on you, mate. Brilliant.  
[RICK] Okay, stand back.  
Here, chuck it on.  
Come on... come on... come on!  
Forget it. She's gone.  
[JOHN] Yeah, a yacht like that  
shouldn't be out here. It's a sign.  
Yeah, a sign we're not as close  
to South America as you thought.  
No, it's a sign from  
God. We're gonna be okay.  
Enough! Okay? No more! You're  
giving me a fucking headache!  
Everything in life happens for a reason.  
That yacht is a sign,  
we willed her to appear.  
Yeah, just like you willed that storm  
to appear, eh? You're a fucking wanker!  
God only knows what you  
know. Don't you know that?  
Everything comes from  
within. Don't fight it.  
One more word... I swear one more  
word and I will fucking gag you!  
Rick, Rick, Rick. Rick.  
Yeah, thank you, God, for bringing us  
this far and thank you for what is to come.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.): There is still  
no contact with the missing crew...  
of the Rose Noelle, which left Picton on  
June the 6th with four local men on board.  
The tri-maran was expected to arrive  
in Tonga by the middle of the month.  
It is now six weeks overdue.  
Following an unsuccessful search by  
RNZAF Orion, pressure is now mounting...  
for a second search, despite the already  
considerable expenditure of public money.  
(DRAMATIC MUSIC PLAYING)  
That's it.  
(RAIN FALLING)  
It's raining! Water! It's raining!  
Get the bottles!  
(DRAMATIC MUSIC PLAYING)  
The bottles! Go, go, go!  
Oh, thank you, thank you, God!  
40 days in the desert... thank you.  
Woo! Look at this!  
Ah! Woo-hoo!  
Thank you, god!  
Good work... woo!  
They're alive. They're on their way.  
Home?  
Does Rick have a white cable-knit jersey?  
No.  
Hm, I see him in one...  
very nice, and gumboots...  
- on an island.  
- Which island?  
I've asked the guides, but they won't  
tell me... the name is two words.  
Five letters and seven letters.  
Rick's guide is here with us now.  
He's standing right behind you.  
He's telling us they're safe.  
Rick, Rick, come here,  
come here! Rick! Come.  
Ssh, fish.  
Oh... come to Papa.  
Oh, thanks to you there's no rod, no  
bloody way of catching the bastard.

Come on, Harry. Come on. Come on.

Bugger. Nah, he'll be back.

Yeah. Don't worry. He'll be back.

I think I've got something.

- Oh, that's perfect.

- Yeah.

- And this?

- Okay.

Are we good?

Yeah, yeah, yeah, we're good.

We're good. That's all we need.

(SOFT MUSIC PLAYING)

Oh, Harry's back! Quick,

ssh! Get the net. Get the net.

He's down there by the table.

Come on, Harry.

Slowly, mate. Slowly.

Come on, Harry. Come on.

Steady, Jim.

He's got 'im! He's got 'im!

I got him! I got him!

I got him! I'll take it.

- Jesus Christ.

- Take it.

Let me have him!

Harry, you beautiful,

beautiful, beautiful...

Oh, oh, my god.

Oh, Harry, you're a top fish...

and I just hope that you have

lots of mates just like you.

No fish in the sea, eh, John?

There will be now. They'll be

coming for the barnacles in the hull.

When are you gonna check

those gas tanks, John?

There's no telling how far they've corroded.

One mistake could blow us all to bits.

Come on. Let's just

appreciate what we've got.

[JOHN] We don't give thanks enough.

Thank you, God, for sending us Harry.

And please help John find his inner what have

you, so that we can use the bloody gas tanks.

Amen.

Amen.

**JOHN (V.O.):**

had begun to appear in numbers.

After two and a half months at sea, the  
Rose Noelle had become a floating reef.

Our menu was expanding, barnacles, seaweed  
and kingfish... plenty of kingfish.

Oi, imagine that fried.

I'm not gonna give up  
on the gas tanks, John.

You find them... or I will.

You wouldn't like that.

I might hurt your precious bloody boat.

All right! All right!

(SOFT MUSIC PLAYING)

Okay, Jim! Turn it on.

(GAS HISSING)

Gas coming.

Shouldn't you be on your  
knees, John? Praying?

Oh, here we go. All right.

Easy.

Try 'em. One, two, three.

You call those even?

Yeah, who's gonna get the big one?

They're all roughly the same size.

Pig's ass.

It's your birthday

tomorrow. Am I right, Rick?

You'll get first choice.

Don't worry, Phil. You  
can have the biggest, mate.

Cheers.

Bloody beautiful.

Hollow victory, isn't it?

Could've had this months ago.

[RICK] He knew exactly

where those tanks were.

We didn't have to wait all this  
time to have hot, bloody food.

We had to fight for everything. It's  
like we're not suffering enough for him.

That's true, mate. It's true.  
Every idea we have he scoffs at. He uses  
knowledge of the boat to hold the power over us.  
Hey, the most important thing is  
we've got gas now and hot food.  
How good's that?  
You're even starting to  
sound like him. Bloody wanker.  
What the hell's wrong with you? He's the  
one that got this whole thing rigged up.  
But just... just be thankful.  
Fuck you! Hey, why are you defending him now, eh?  
Sad shit, pussy-whipped fucking yank!  
Hey! Hey!  
Guys! Jesus.  
Oi.

**JOHN (V.O.):**

improving situation...  
Rick's moods were becoming  
darker, more erratic.  
Not even Jim was safe  
from his fits of temper.  
(SOFT MUSIC PLAYING)  
Look.  
Look at the breast meat on him.  
- Roast chicken.  
- Let's get him.  
Yes!  
(ALBATROSS SCREECHING)  
He's got him! I got him! I got him!  
Come. Come on.  
Albatross burritos and  
tomato puree... delicious.  
You are a bloody artist, Jim.  
[PHIL] What's supposed to  
happen if you kill an albatross?  
[JOHN] The Ancient Mariner was  
doomed to wander the oceans forever.  
The Ancient Mariner didn't fry  
his, so I think we get a pass.  
So much food, we could have people over.  
Happy birthday, mate.  
Nice one, Rick. Keep you warm on watch.



For he's a jolly good fellow  
For he's a jolly good fellow  
For he's a jolly good fellow  
And so say all of us

- Hip, hip.

- Hooray!

- Hip, hip.

- Hooray!

What's up, man? You all right?

I couldn't have had a better birthday.

It doesn't make sense to be happy out here.

(SOFT MUSIC PLAYING)

Most of us gathered here have  
sailed the South Pacific...

...and most of us know John Glennie.

So far our requests to mount  
another search have been fruitless...

so it may be that we have to  
find the money ourselves...

some \$15,000 per hour of flying time.

Does anybody recall anything that  
he might have said about the route?

Yeah, can you tell us if you definitely  
heard John's voice when you took the position?

The speaker never identified himself.

But you clearly heard Rose Noelle?

I think so.

- You're full of shit.

- Martha... please.

It is only because of your lies  
that they searched the Kermadecs!

That was John's fourth way point.

It made sense to look for them there.

Bullshit.

Karen was there. She'll tell you.

There was so much interference.

We could hardly hear anything.

We know nothing. That's the bloody truth!

What we want is to search from  
this line, 300 miles to the east.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.): Funded

by friends and family...

Another search has been mounted

for the trimaran Rose Noelle...

missing at sea now for  
nearly three months.  
20 minutes of flying time in this  
direction before we turn around.  
(SOFT MUSIC CONTINUES)  
(BABY CRYING)

**JOHN (V.O.):**

nearly three months...  
but finally we were  
beginning to work as a team.  
Each of us had a role.  
We had food and water.  
We could have gone on forever.  
Farewell and adieu to  
you fine Spanish ladies  
Farewell and adieu  
to you ladies of Spain  
For we've received orders  
to sail for old England  
And perhaps never more  
shall we see you again  
Farewell and adieu  
my fair Spanish ladies  
Farewell and adieu  
all you ladies of Spain  
Do you think maybe  
we'll need a bigger boat?

**JOHN (V.O.):**

point in telling the others.  
The ship was too far off to see us. It was  
better to spare them the disappointment.  
(UNZIPPING)  
Rick! Rick! Get out here!  
What's up, mate?  
Tell me...  
It can't be. Surely.  
What is it?  
Christ, you bastards! That's land!  
That's land!  
Feast your eyes, John! You son of a bitch!  
I reckon we're about ten miles out!  
John, you okay?

John... look at it.  
Land, it's real, mate.

**JOHN (V.O.):**

words to describe how I felt...  
relief, elation, disappointment.  
I just knew it was coming to  
an end, whatever that meant.  
Perhaps that was what I was  
afraid of. I didn't know.  
(SOFT MUSIC PLAYING)

**JOHN (V.O.):**

forward to lives they could return to.  
Smile for the camera.

**JOHN (V.O.):**

what was left of my ruined Rose Noelle.  
I had nowhere else to go.  
You know, we should have the record by now.  
Record? What record?  
119 days in an overturned boat.  
It's gotta be some kind of record.  
Jesus, John! Who gives a toss?  
I told you. You blokes are gonna be famous.  
Let's concentrate on getting on land first.  
Yeah, I just want to get  
back to Karen and the kids.  
That'll do me.  
Yeah, mate. Can't be.  
What? What can't be?  
When I was a kid, we used to go  
on holiday on Great Barrier Island.  
Ah-ha.  
- [RICK] See that peak?  
- [JIM] Yeah.  
That looks like Hirakimata...  
the mountain on the Barrier.  
[JOHN] Well, all mountains look  
pretty much the same from a distance.  
I worked it out and it must  
be an island off South America.  
Nah, Hirakimata. Mount  
Hobson. I reckon that's it.

Well, how could that be possible.  
We've drifted thousands of  
miles in the other direction.  
You might be wrong.

**JOHN (V.O.):**

is always dangerous.  
The ocean striking a  
land mass can produce...  
a short, confused seaway, conflicting wind  
and currents draw you in like a magnet.  
John... Christ sake, put it on!  
There's no need.  
No more bullshit. Put the bloody thing on.

**JOHN (V.O.):**

almost touch the land...  
but having no way of steering Rose Noelle, we  
were in danger of being cast onto the rocks.  
What was that?  
Must be the mast... hitting the seabed.

**JOHN (V.O.):**

driven up through the hull...  
Rose Noelle could break apart  
and throw us into the sea.  
We've got to get off the boat.  
We'll be all right, guys.  
We're being looked after.  
Fuck that, I'm gonna swim for it.  
I'm with you, mate.  
Too dangerous, mate. Just  
over there, you'll be fine.  
[JIM] John! John!  
[PHIL] There's a bloody shark!  
[JIM] Swim for the boat,  
John! There's a shark.  
Swim!  
No, no, no. One more go. One more go.  
[JIM] Come on, mate! Swim!  
Come on, John!  
Hold on! We've got it!

**JOHN (V.O.):**

done, exhausted...  
but apart from a blow to the head  
and a twisted knee, I was okay.  
Thanks.

**JOHN (V.O.):**

months of constant danger...  
enduring storm and tempest, we  
just drifted gently to shore.  
And when Rose Noelle could  
take us no further...  
we slipped into the water  
and waded to dry land.  
What are you doing, John? Praying?  
You blokes didn't have to worry.  
We were always going to make  
it. We should give thanks.  
Let's just be thankful we made  
it, mate, eh? That's enough.  
Course, we did. What did I tell you?  
Dry land... beautiful.  
We were never in any danger...  
not once... thanks to you.  
What about the sail bag? Can anyone see it?  
Let's go.  
John, we're off, mate.  
John... tell me that's  
not a pohutakawa tree.  
Toitoi... definitely New Zealand.  
This way, guys. Looks like a track.  
Oh, my god.  
(MUSIC FADES UP)  
Hello? Hello?  
It's locked. What do we do? Break a window?  
No, no, no, no. There'll be  
a key. There's always a key.  
My god, a chair.  
- All right.  
- I got the peaches.  
Not connected.

**JOHN (V.O.):**

Inside a real house after so long.  
Still think we're in South America, mate?

[PHIL] Jesus Christ.

**JOHN (V.O.):**

the party; the feeding frenzy.

[PHIL] What do you want?

**JOHN (V.O.):**

of was my poor Rose Noelle...

drifting helpless in the bay.

I wanted to return to her, but

I didn't have the strength.

Fuck.

Top up there, mate?

Oh, thank you, mate.

Cheers.

What are you up to, buddy?

Chopped sizzlers.

Need a hand?

No. I'm good, I'm really good.

Here. Cheers.

Cheers.

Look at this feast, this house.

We are four, bloody, lucky guys.

[JIM] Yes, we are.

A toast...

Tomorrow, with any luck, we find  
a phone and we get off this island.

It's very unlikely the four of us will  
ever be alone again. Well, not like this.

John, I want to thank you  
for getting us through this.

It's because of you, the Rose Noelle  
was a bountiful mother to us all.

To John.

John.

I don't know why you were so certain  
that we were going to be saved.

And please spare us any more  
of your crackpot theories.

Although it's hard to admit, I...

I guess you were right... in the end.

Cheers.

But, I love you guys... and I hope...

I hope that after all we've been

through, we can remain friends.  
Famous friends. They'll give us all medals.  
Yeah, to friends.  
Oh, pudding!  
Can't sleep.  
How's your head?  
It hurts.  
(SOFT MUSIC PLAYING)  
(KNOCKING)  
Yeah, yeah.  
Can I help you, blokes?  
Who the hell are you?  
And what are you doing in Jim's house?  
Where are we?  
What do you mean?  
Great Barrier Island.  
Hey, what's going on here? Who are you?  
We're the crew from the Rose Noelle.  
That trimaran that went missing?  
[JIM] That's right.  
No... you guys are supposed to be dead.  
Really good to see ya'.  
A few hundred meters  
either side of that cove...  
I would've been filling in a  
report about four dead bodies.  
No chance.  
There you go, mate.  
(PHONE RINGING)  
Hello?  
RICK (OVER PHONE): Hi, can  
I speak to Heather, please.  
Speaking.  
Rick?  
- RICK (OVER PHONE): Yeah.  
- Rick?  
It's me. Sorry, love,  
I didn't recognise you.  
RICK (OVER PHONE): Are you there?  
Oh, g... oh, god, sorry...  
yes, oh, darling...  
HEATHER (OVER PHONE): I don't  
believe it's true. It's really you.  
Yeah, it's me. Um, look,

we're on Great Barrier Island.  
We're heading into Auckland soon. Get the first flight you can, eh? You and Mattie?  
HEATHER (OVER PHONE): Yes, I will.  
Oh, darling, I love you, love you, love you!  
Mattie, Mattie, it's daddy! Yeah, oh, darling...  
See you soon, okay?  
(HEATHER KISSES RECEIVER)  
[KAHU] Port of departure?  
[JOHN] Picton.  
Date of capsizing.  
(PHONE RINGING)  
- Hello?  
- JIM (OVER PHONE): Martha? It's me.  
Are you there?  
Yes, of course, I am.  
JIM (OVER PHONE): They're flying us to Auckland.  
Can you please get on a plane... and meet me there?  
Please, Martha?  
Okay.  
JIM (OVER PHONE): Okay, bye.  
That was a first.  
Okay, you mentioned sightings of a freight?  
(MUFFLED SCREAMING)  
Listen. Hey, hey, hey.  
(MUFFLED LAUGHING, CRYING)  
KAREN (OVER PHONE):  
Ohh, oh, my baby.  
Yeah, Snookie Pooh... it's Snuggle Beard.  
- KAREN (OVER PHONE): Oh, my god!  
- Hey, babe. Jeez, I missed you.  
KAREN (OVER PHONE): I love you so much! I'm so glad!  
Yeah, I know. I really missed you.  
Yeah, well, you should get a... Get a plane.  
Yeah, get a plane to Auckland as soon as you can.  
- Yeah.  
- KAREN (OVER PHONE): I love you so much.



Bye.

Oh.

John, your turn.

No.

(SOFT MUSIC PLAYING)

(MUSIC CONTINUES)

(REPORTERS YELLING)

Did you have any doubts that you'd make it?

- Not one.

- Why's that?

Faith... abiding faith.

- Mr. Glennie, I presume?

- Ah, yeah.

Ross Laing, Marine Transport

Division. This is Captain McKinley.

Do you mind if we ask you a few questions?

No.

Did you keep a log book, Mr. Glennie?

Yeah.

Any idea where it is now?

**JOHN (V.O.):**

Are you serious? Christ! Can't this wait?

If you want us to believe your story,

Mr. Glennie, you'd better co-operate.

**JOHN (V.O.):**

all we'd been through.

What did you do for food and water all

the time you were supposedly adrift?

Um...

Rick?

Oh, Rick, darling.

[KAREN] Oh, darling.

**JOHN (V.O.):**

how we could have survived...

so much and yet be and

treated with such suspicion.

I don't know what these men

have been doing for 119 days...

but they haven't been

drifting on the ocean.

**JOHN (V.O.):**

was only the beginning.  
We had no inkling of what  
we were about to walk into.  
No one would believe us.

(BABY CRYING)

Damn it! Mattie, please?  
Ssh...

ANNOUNCER (OVER RADIO): Many people are  
wondering, what power and spirit they had...  
these four men who spent July, August and  
September adrift on the Pacific Ocean.

ANNOUNCER #2 (ON TV): Ministry  
of Transport officials...  
are to retrace the 119-day voyage of the  
Rose Noelle with the use of a computer.

CALLER 1 (OVER RADIO): They  
look too good to be true.  
I mean no salt sores, far too well fed,  
what did they eat out there all that time?

CALLER #2 (OVER RADIO): Who the  
hell do they think they're kidding?  
Bloody drug smugglers, I reckon. They're  
having us on and it's all bull...

CALLER #3 (OVER RADIO): I  
don't believe a word of it.  
How can they be floating around for  
so long without someone seeing them?  
It's just impossible. It's just...

CALLER #4 (OVER RADIO): Okay, mate.  
It's just not humanly possible.  
I know what conditions are  
like that time of year.

No yacht's gonna stay afloat  
for even half that time, mate.

REPORTER (ON TV): Amid the euphoria, relief  
and sheer joy at the survival of the crew...  
some serious questions arise.  
The Transport Minister has asked  
for a preliminary investigation...  
into the crew members' claims  
of the 120-day ordeal...  
which has attracted  
widespread scepticism.

So what do you say, John,  
in response to those...  
who don't believe you? Is  
there an alternative story?  
You know, I... I couldn't give  
a stuff what anybody thinks.  
Jim, check it out. John's on the tele.  
We were adrift all that time.  
Survived only because we were careful  
and clever and looked after each other.  
For the rest of my life, I'll be  
grateful to Phil and Rick and Jim.  
Under the circumstances, they were  
the best men I could have hoped for.  
If you're watching  
this, guys, I thank you.

REPORTER (ON TV): We needed  
a miracle and we got one.  
Skipper John Glennie claims his yacht was  
capsized by a huge wave 3 days into their voyage.  
Ah, bullshit.  
No, no, babe. Hey, it's all right.

REPORTER (ON TV): But  
now after surviving...  
119 days drifting at sea, the Rose  
Noelle broke up in a storm yesterday.  
Mr. Glennie returned to the  
wreck yesterday by helicopter...  
accompanied by marine division investigators  
who are trying to piece together...  
the final voyage of the Rose Noelle.  
Empty.

Do you wanna have a look at this?  
I might've been wrong.

REPORTER (ON TV): It's perhaps New Zealand's  
most miraculous survival story ever.  
How four men in an upturned boat could  
drift on the high seas without trace...  
for nearly four months and  
live to tell the story.  
So remarkable was their tale of survival, that  
some began to doubt that it ever happened.  
But a report released today  
backs up the incredible saga.

This inquiry with detailed scientific evidence... supporting it has demonstrated that this is absolutely true... and it is in fact is one of the great stories of human survival on the seas. The Rose Noelle skipper, John Glennie, describes the report as fair and thorough. Glennie says it answers the doubts some people had.

**JOHN (V.O.):**

our return, Rick died of a brain tumor. Jim helped take care of him and then trained as a nurse. Phil went back to sea. He even made several voyages across the Pacific and fathered another child. But despite the ordeal we had survived so well together... after we left the island, I never saw Rick, Jim or Phil ever again.  
(MUSIC PLAYING)