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# Against the Sun

By Brian Falk

1942. The South Pacific.  
The New Year finds USS Enterprise  
and her crew of 2,000 men  
preparing to deliver greetings  
to the Japanese  
in the form of torpedo bombers  
and fighter planes.  
With last month's attack  
on Pearl Harbor still fresh in the minds  
of these American aviators,  
they've decided that revenge  
is a dish best served piping hot.  
Chief, this is Aldrich.  
I'm losing her on the ARA.  
Come on, where are you goin'?  
Chief, I've lost the beacon. Over.  
Are we close, Chief?  
I'll give him a tap,  
maybe his com is down.  
Chief, can you hear us? Over.  
Loud and clear, boys.  
Just waiting for this wind to tell me  
which direction she wants to blow.  
Pastula, take another drift set.  
That's not how I'm reading those wave tops.  
Yes, Chief.  
15 degrees.  
Same read as the outbound, Chief.  
If that's correct...  
she's off to the east. I had her west.  
I'm taking her east.  
Blue Base, this is 6-tare-14  
requesting an inbound bearing, Over.  
- Chief, you've broken radio silence.  
- Affirmative. We need a bearing.  
Confirm you're on 79.  
7-niner confirmed.  
I reckon we're still too far out.  
Well, keep trying.  
Blue Base 6-tare-14, do you read?  
Come in, Blue Base, over.  
- Chief.  
- Go.  
On the EMF, I heard Jap talk.

Pulled the plug.

- Roger that. Let's go silent on Morse.

- Silent on Morse, affirmative.

How are we on fuel, Chief?

Low.

Pastula, we need to make altitude.

Drop the ordinance.

Aye-aye, Chief. Bombs away.

- Aldrich, hit that MF.

- But the Japs, Chief.

Do it!

Blue Base, this is 6-tare-14,

do you read?

6-tare-14 to Blue Base.

Come in, Blue Base. Over.

Like hell she's east.

Enterprise, this is 6-tare-14,

do you read?

- Get on it, Aldrich.

- I'm on it.

We're out of range.

Boys, I got to put her down

before we run out of fuel.

Snug up your vests, stand by

for a water landing, understood?

You're kidding me.

- Affirmative, Chief.

- Pastula?

Yes, Chief?

Aldrich, gather the flares,

the smoke candles and the first aid kit.

We're gonna need the flashlight.

Pastula, grab the rations and the water

and ready the life raft.

Keep your heads, boys.

Pass this back!

- Got it.

- Coming through!

Grab a parachute!

- Parachute?

- Prepare to ditch!

Brace for impact!

- Pastula?

- Here, Chief.

- Aldrich?  
- Here.  
Step lively, boys.  
Come on!  
Chief!  
No, no!  
Damn thing won't inflate!  
The valve is jammed. Train that beam.  
Unship your weapons.  
They're dragging us down.  
I can't get it.  
There goes mine.  
Mine too. That makes a difference.  
This damn thing.  
Here it goes!  
It's too heavy to lift.  
Maybe if we...  
Aldrich!  
You get trapped under there again,  
just deflate the vest a little bit  
swim down and out, understood?  
I can't swim much.  
You're kidding. You?  
Not really, Chief. No!  
For crying out...  
Okay.  
This is gonna be hard to turn over  
in these swells.  
We take off our vests,  
string them together,  
tie one on here and throw the other across.  
Then we go around and pull.  
- Good idea.  
- Except neither one of you can swim.  
Just have to hold tight  
to the handrail, real tight.  
- Okay. Let's give it a go.  
- Yeah.  
Here.  
All right. Okay.  
Go around, then I'll toss it over.  
- Okay. Ready?  
- Yeah.  
Here it comes!

- You got it?  
- All right. We got it.  
All right, get a grip  
and heave like you mean it.  
One, two, three!  
Come on.  
Hold it down. I'll go around  
the other side and climb in.  
Come on.  
Kippers in a can got more space.  
Let's try laying athwart.  
Aldrich, I think you already  
strapped in when I was on deck.  
Didn't get a good look at you.  
Harold Dixon.  
Gene Aldrich.  
You'll get a gander in the morning,  
Chief. I'm sure I'll be here.  
Pastula, is that Italian?  
- Polish, Chief.  
- Polish.  
I've made a couple of hops  
with you before.  
Oh, yeah? I don't remember.  
We'll be picked up come morning,  
you reckon, Chief?  
That's what I'm hoping.  
- Hoping?  
- We got procedures for this.  
Come early morning,  
they'll be on us like an old hound dog.  
It was so damn hot inside that plane.  
It's freezing down here.  
Cock-a-doodle-doo, boys.  
Well, we made it.  
I was worried she wouldn't keep us  
afloat, but she's still ship-shape.  
Thank God.  
Gene Aldrich, now I know you.  
I couldn't put a face in the name.  
In all my glory, Chief.  
All right, who's up  
for a fresh cup of coffee?  
Hen-Ry! I'm gonna put on the pot.

All right, yeah.  
- Thanks, Henry.  
- Henry? Why Henry?  
Oh, it's that show, you know,  
off the radio?  
Hen-Ry! Henry Aldrich!  
No, I never heard of it.  
Chief, when you said you were gonna land  
in the drink, I thought, boy, this is it.  
- Thought I couldn't land her?  
- Wasn't that some flying?  
I mean, he just laid her right down.  
Yeah, he sure did.  
You know, Aldrich, I've been wondering,  
I don't understand  
how you couldn't raise that carrier.  
We couldn't have been more  
than 20 miles out at one point.  
Even at 40,  
should have caught something, right?  
You tell me, Chief. How far out were we?  
We should keep our eyes peeled, right?  
That's right. Everybody take a point.  
We need to cover 360.  
Good visibility.  
Yeah, they'll check  
every square mile out here.  
It'll take a while,  
but they'll do it, won't they?  
Right, even if it takes all day  
or into tomorrow.  
Yep. Could take most of a day.  
They'll do a box out to 50.  
Well, even 100. They got the vis.  
Divide that by the number of planes,  
heck, it's likely to be this morning.  
Maybe we'll get a real breakfast, Chief?  
You figure we'll see 'em first  
or hear 'em?  
You see that speck?  
That's a bird.  
It ain't moving its wings.  
Wait.  
That's something all right.

Steady on our course, whatever...

That's one of ours.

- Hey! Hey!

- Get down!

Low down!

You got plenty of time to drown.

- That thing is an SPD.

- She's on a bearing.

About 140 knots, half a mile out.

Pastula, grab the parachute,  
spread it on the water.

- Chief?

- No parachute.

- Aldrich, how about those flares?

- I couldn't hold them, Chief.

Well, wave something!

Look down here! What, are you blind?

Sun's behind you. Check your 3:00.

Down here!

- Over here!

- Down here!

Look here.

Come on. Where... where you going?

No, no, no, where...

We're over here!

Come on.

Over here.

That was our one and only chance.

- What?

- That was our search.

What do you mean?

They can't just leave us here.

Could be he saw us

and he's going back for help.

Why didn't he break course?

'Cause he's on a box search is why.

Next pass, he'll be out of sight.

Well...

well, maybe there'll be more planes

double-checking or ships?

What the hell are they telling you

in boot camp?

We are at war, Aldrich.

We're in the vicinity

of enemy naval forces.  
We get one quick look, at best.  
Like you said, there's a procedure.  
All right.  
No parachute or flares.  
I don't suppose  
the chart board made it either?  
Affirmative.  
- First aid kit?  
- Everything's gone, Chief.  
Including the rations and water.  
Oh, God.  
I don't get it,  
I give the orders in plenty of time  
so I could get busy with the landing,  
- and we have no food and no water?  
- We were pretty busy not drowning.  
How are we gonna survive  
out here with no water?  
Okay. Coming aft.  
Listen up, lads.  
This raft is a vessel of the United States  
Navy, and I am her captain.  
As such, I will be giving the orders  
and you will be taking them. Are we clear?  
- Aye-aye, Chief.  
- Aldrich?  
Crystal, Chief.  
All right. Let's take an inventory.  
Pockets, everything,  
pile it on the shirt.  
Got two magazines.  
I got my pocket knife.  
Keep that in your pocket. The last thing  
we need is a hole in this raft.  
Pair of pliers, bit of wire,  
some cord, maybe about 20 feet.  
Here's a whistle.  
Aldrich.  
Rubber cement fluid.  
- Any patching material in there?  
- Yeah.  
Look at this.  
We can use it if we see another plane.



Wish we'd have found that earlier.  
A water bag.  
It's empty.  
That's all she's got, Chief.  
Little fold-up oars  
under that thwart, Aldrich?  
Negative.  
Don't forget about the handrail.  
- It's about 25 feet of nylon.  
- Yeah. And we got these two life vests.  
No oars, no flashlights...  
no map, no food, no water.  
Chronometers?  
Negative.  
- No.  
- No.  
But if she stays afloat, at least  
I can figure her speed and distance.  
She looks practically new. That's good.  
Oh, here... "manufactured, 11/30/37."  
It's four years old.  
Plus some.  
Boys, we should minimize  
the wear on the fabric.  
Shoes.  
There's not much room.  
On or off, they're liable to scuff.  
I say we deep-six 'em.  
They say it's five miles deep out here.  
That's impossible.  
Chief?  
I'm thinking... maybe one  
of us should keep them.  
If we make land,  
somebody's gonna need to walk.  
Makes sense.  
Hey, I still got this.  
Pastula, for a boy who can't swim,  
you were a fool to keep it.  
Well, couldn't get the rawhide loose.  
But you never know, might come in handy.  
Youngstown, Ohio. You?  
Sikeston, Missouri.  
Sikeston, where is that?

Nowhere.

Pastula...

take another drift set. That's not  
how I'm reading those wave tops.

Yes, Chief.

15 degrees.

Same read as the outbound, Chief.

If that's correct, then she's east.

I had her west.

- Aldrich?

- Not a peep on the Hayrake.

I reckon you've flown us to the middle  
of nowhere, Chief. We're lost.

Say again, Aldrich?

Aldrich!

That's the craziest thing  
I've ever heard.

How was it possible that you have  
never had a Kentucky hot brown?

I'm from Ohio.

So you're not allowed to eat food  
from neighboring states?

No.

Glad I don't live in Ohio.

Ham and cheese.

Now you're talking.

I must have made a thousand of those  
in the Civilian Conservation Corps.

The Cs? Me too. I cooked for 100 fellas.

Two cooks and no food.

So how'd you do end up Navy?

Well, a few too many mouths  
to feed at home.

My mother thought

I could become more disciplined.

Imagine her disappointment.

And I was ready for an adventure.

So I enlist.

Well, you sure got an adventure.

If mother could see me now.

I want to make it a career  
and see the world.

Career Navy, good for you, son.

In these troubled times,

there is no higher calling.  
Do you think it's possible  
we'll get seen at night, Chief?  
Wouldn't rule it out.  
This yellow raft, moonlight might...  
Well, no full moon tonight.  
We'll schedule a watch, anyway,  
four on, eight off.  
- Who wants first up?  
- I'll take it.  
I can't sleep anyhow.  
All right. I'll take  
second watch, Pastula.  
Okay, Chief.  
Told me to rouse you up.  
Reckon it's been about four hours.  
- You see anything?  
- Just ocean.  
You had anything to drink yet, Aldrich?  
Drink what?  
Oh, you got to be kidding me, Chief.  
That's just wonderful.  
- Watch?  
- Nothing.  
Pretty steady breeze, though.  
Hen-Ry! I'm gonna put on the pot.  
How long has the breeze been up?  
- An hour, maybe.  
- Same direction?  
- Chief?  
- Pastula.  
Where are we?  
1,900 miles to Hawaii.  
Samoa's 1,000.  
- South America, 6,000 at least.  
- That's a lot of zeros.  
But we are moving. Flat-bottom craft  
like this will sail along smartly,  
and we've been getting  
some 12-knot winds.  
Six-knot wind will give us  
a drift of one.  
I bet we can get a 2.5 out of 12.  
She sure does like

to change her mind, though.

- So Hawaii?

- Yep.

How come you didn't point that way?

- Dead ahead?

- West?

That's right, the way  
the wind's blowing us now.

The Phoenix Islands, the Gilberts,  
Tarawa, 600 miles or less.

- Tarawa? Ain't there Jap subs out there?

- Great.

Not just subs. Jap army is crawling  
all over those islands right now.

What happens if we land on a Jap island  
or a sub finds us?

For all we know, there could be  
a sub underneath us right now.

We would certainly be a prize.

But we have a chance. All we need is  
some favorable winds to blow us south.

There are islands between us  
and Samoa 600 miles away.

Two knots or so,

- I'd say a couple of weeks, give or take.

- Couple of weeks?

- Be lot more accurate if I had my chart.

- We'll starve to death first.

Well...

plenty of fish in the sea, right?

If only I had a hook and a line.

All right, Aldrich, there's your line.

Some braided cord in that pocket.

And here. Maybe if I can get

one of these magazines open,

we can use one of the springs as a hook.

- That could work just fine.

- All right.

You know what I could go for right now?

Fish fry, nice deep fried basket of cod,

side of slaw and some potato salad,

whole thing smothered in cheese.

Really? Cheese on fish?

Hey, there ain't nothing that can't

be improved with a good slab of cheese.

There we go.

All right.

That ain't half bad.

We need a sinker.

Kind of looks like a piece of meat.

- Well, let's cast 'er off.

- All right.

Watch your eyes. There she goes.

That was quick.

Give me a hand with this.

- All right.

- Come here.

That's the way, boys.

I guess something down there  
is hungrier than us.

Sweet Mary.

Here, put this on your head.

Suit yourself.

- Hey.

- What is it?

It's nothing.

For a second there, I thought  
we might be in line for a medal,  
Navy Cross or something.

Then I realized there's not much heroic  
about sitting in a raft  
and starving to death.

Navy Cross.

We'll be lucky we don't get charged  
the cost of a new plane.

Heck. Wasn't anybody's fault, right?

Perfectly good torpedo bomber  
lying on the bottom of the ocean.

Sounds like it's gotta be  
somebody's fault.

Damn fish aren't biting.

- Where are you going?

- There ain't no fish.

Which means there ain't no food.

I can't take the heat no more.

Come on in, boys! The water's fine!

- No, no, one at a time.

- That's 2,000 to Hawaii, you said?

Don't get too far!  
This boat's moving, you know!  
Hey, we got some real live bait  
out there now, Chief?  
- That's another problem.  
- Sharks?  
I don't know if they'd attack.  
I've heard arguments both ways.  
Gene! Chief's wondering about sharks!  
Oh, jeez, where you going?  
Just a few more strokes, Aldrich.  
We need to stay with the raft.  
I think if we hang on to the sides  
we'll be safe. The others can stand guard.  
That did get the blood pumping, though.  
Pastula, you're next.  
No, thanks.  
See, that's why you got to do it last  
'cause if you broil it for too long,  
it's gonna burn for sure,  
and if you go too short,  
it's not gonna broil evenly.  
It's beautiful, isn't it?  
Be better if we could eat it.  
I was doing all right, see.  
I didn't expect no, "A."  
- Was this the mechanic's course?  
- No, it was another one.  
I thought I ought to get a "B"  
or anyways a "C"  
and that would have been all right.  
I never really cared about making the best  
marks in school as long I learned the stuff.  
And I had this course down good.  
I saw that report card,  
and saw that big shiny "F."  
I just said to hell with this bullcrap,  
excuse my language.  
So what'd you do?  
I just walked out of school  
and never went back.  
And you had that course  
down good, you reckon.  
You bet I did.

But I'm assuming you aced  
that mechanic's course.  
I did well enough, Chief.  
So you could dismantle  
and reassemble a drift sight,  
much less take a reading on one.  
- Yeah. I guess I could.  
- Yeah?  
Just strange, that's all.  
I had us headed west.  
Your sighting corrected us east.  
You asked for confirmation  
and he gave it to you...  
I'm discussing this  
with my bombardier, Aldrich.  
I know you confirmed it.  
I'm just saying it's strange, that's all.  
Okay, Chief.  
It's strange all right.  
Hen-Ry!  
Put on the pot.  
Pastula.  
Ain't there a rule?  
A guy can have a handful  
and still be okay?  
Sucks the water right out  
of your brains, they say.  
Coming up on 120 hours.  
Five days, not a sip.  
How come we ain't dead?  
We've been soakin' ourselves...  
not moving around too much.  
Couple shoes full of the yellow stuff.  
While it lasted.  
Not even a rudder.  
But you know where you want us  
to go, right, Chief?  
I know. But to calculate...  
Chief?  
- A pencil.  
- Pencil?  
Gol'-darn ever-loving pencil.  
You see it? I can make a chart!  
Pastula, you said east two to

three knots on your watch, yeah?  
Aldrich? More like southeast  
two to three?  
Yeah, affirmative.  
Okay, then.  
Here we are, by dead reckoning.  
Then where are we headed?  
With luck, right here.  
Those islands I told you about,  
there's a chain of 'em to our southwest.  
Closest friendly land in the Pacific.  
Now if this favorable wind  
will just push us there.  
What if it just keeps shifting, Chief?  
The chart don't take us nowhere.  
Unless...  
Unless we can hold our position  
in the headwind.  
Aldrich, untie the handrail.  
Pastula, I need you  
to take some of that wire,  
and you make a frame to keep this  
from folding up in the water.  
- Can you do it?  
- You bet, Chief.  
Aldrich, leave one end tied.  
Here, hold him up. Hold him up.  
Perfect!  
That, sailors, is a sea anchor.  
We might not be able to control the wind,  
but we can avoid being blown the wrong way.  
That's nice work, Chief.  
Now, I'll be yelling,  
"Hen-Ry, put on the brake!"  
Look at her grab that water.  
Hey, Tony, look.  
I'll be damned if I don't see  
a tear of joy in old Chief.  
And he said  
we were too dried up for that.  
- I do believe you're right.  
- Really, you saw a tear?  
Okay. Let off the brake.  
Men, it isn't easy.



But it might be worse.  
If we can keep this wind  
and just get a little rain.  
Well...  
it never hurt to ask.  
Dear Lord.  
Gene, the only prayers  
I know are in Polish.  
I hadn't marked you  
for a churchgoing man, Aldrich.  
I'm sorry to say I'm not much of one.  
That's all right.  
Just follow my lead.  
Dear Lord...  
we know we ain't always  
done right by you,  
we're asking for a little help here  
during this trial,  
if it so pleases you.  
And, Lord...  
watch over all the men back on our ship  
and all the ships at sea...  
including this one.  
Tony?  
Dear God,  
I'll go along  
with what the other guys said.  
But mostly...  
we need some rain, Lord.  
- Please.  
- Rain, dear Lord.  
- Please rain.  
- Please.  
Amen.  
Oh, come on!  
Jeez, give him a second.  
He's got to cook it up.  
Or maybe...  
It ain't gonna rain no more  
Oh, it ain't gonna rain no more, no more  
It ain't gonna rain no more  
How in the hell can the old folks sail  
It ain't gonna rain no more  
Old Uncle Ned laid by the sewer

By that sewer he died  
All the neighbors up and said  
It must have been sewer-side  
That's a good one.  
Hey, Chief, you got one?  
Oh, it isn't going to rain anymore,  
anymore  
It isn't going to rain anymore  
The grammar's good, but what a bore,  
so we'll sing it like before  
Big finish!  
Oh, it ain't gonna rain no more, no more  
It ain't gonna rain no more  
Our song is done, but it sure was fun  
Oh, it ain't gonna rain no more  
What's wrong?  
Nothing. Nothing.  
Battle stations, boys!  
We've got precipitation!  
I got the bag.  
- Here it comes!  
- Get as much as you can!  
Fill 'er up! Fill 'er up!  
Looks like your prayers worked, Aldrich!  
You're gonna have to thank Sunday School  
at First Baptist Church, Chief!  
Come on, you stupid fish.  
Haven't you ever seen  
a fishing line before?  
A week of nothing.  
By golly, Aldrich, you are the most  
patient fisherman I've ever seen.  
Where I come from,  
don't catch, don't eat.  
Just going about this  
the wrong way, that's all.  
Keep that knife in your pocket,  
like I told you.  
If you put a hole in this raft...  
We don't eat soon,  
we might just as well, Chief.  
Aldrich, you store that knife!  
That's an order.  
If you don't catch, you don't eat.

Aldrich...

- I hit one.

- Stop it!

- I hit the raft. I hit the raft.

- God, you idiot.

Don't move! I'll get the cement.

It ain't the raft! Oh, shit!

Don't let it go!

I think I got it. I think I got it.

- Nice work, Pastula.

- Atta boy, Tony.

Fell... fell out of the sky.

A shark just fell out of the sky.

Oh, jeez.

Looks like she just had dinner.

We got bait for another day or two.

Probably some for an extra meal as well.

The salt will keep it.

How far we got to those islands, Chief?

According to the chart, roughly 390.

Wind's out of the northeast,

which is just right for us.

If she switches on us, we just throw  
on the brake, no backsliding.

- We're goin' home.

- And, boy, will my wife be sore.

Here I thought

you was only married to the Navy.

- Neither of you boys are married?

- Nope.

I got a girl back in Youngstown.

- Irene.

- Not me. But I'd like to someday.

Hey, I got a sister.

- You two would get along.

- No kidding?

What's she like?

I don't know. People say she's like me.

That's not much

of an advertisement, Pastula.

She don't look like me.

She's, you know, easy to get along with  
and a lot prettier than me.

- Describe her to me.

- Really?

Yeah, really.

Well, she's about 5'4.

She's got long brown hair...

green eyes.

- This is kind of weird, Gene.

- Keep going.

She's a whiz in the kitchen.

She likes to read.

She wears... clothes.

She wears clothes?

Well, I should certainly hope so.

Clothes are not a requirement

in my book.

Hey, that's my sister

you're talking about.

And when we get through this, I'll thank you

to set me up with her. She sounds lovely.

We got company.

Must be all the blood in the water.

I've heard they can smell it for miles.

What do we do?

Well, for starters...

I say we cancel the swimming program.

- What's the matter?

- I got bit!

Cease fire! Cease fire!

Let me see. Let me see.

Oh, Ge...

It's three teeth marks at least.

One nail's ripped off.

Oh, Gene.

Here, Chief.

Well, I've heard of fishing by hand,

but that's ridiculous.

Is it bad?

We'll get a better look

at it in the morning.

- Keep pressure on it.

- Okay.

What do they call us, Chief?

What?

Missing in action or... what?

Lost at sea.

That's how they carried us.  
Lost at sea.  
No trace of aircraft  
or personnel is found.  
Our Father, who art in heaven...  
hallowed be Thy name.  
Thy kingdom come.  
Thy will be done on Earth...  
The two bright stars there?  
Tony?  
Give me the gun.  
Give it to me.  
Gene, I wasn't...  
Wanna eat or not?  
I got him! I got him!  
- Great shot.  
- I got him!  
Hey, Chief, no!  
- Attaboy, Chief.  
- Come on, Chief!  
You got it.  
Good work, Chief!  
- Oh, shit.  
- What's that?  
Double time, Chief.  
- Come on, Chief!  
- Come on. Come on!  
- Shit, it's jammed. It's jammed.  
- What? No!  
Come on!  
Faster, Chief!  
Come on, Chief! Come on!  
- You're almost there.  
- Come on!  
Look at the size of him.  
It ain't bad.  
Could use cheese.  
I said it could use cheese.  
Tastes like chicken, raw chicken.  
So I thought when you saw a bird,  
it means you're near land.  
Not this bird.  
They range for thousands of miles.  
I still can't believe

you shot an albatross.  
Why?  
Never mind.  
Tony, come on, eat up.  
I don't blame you.  
I'd leave if I could, too.  
Pastula, take another drift sight.  
That's not how I'm reading those wave tops.  
Pastula?  
Aldrich! We've lost Pastula!  
- ...nowhere, Chief. We're lost.  
- Aldrich!  
Enterprise, this is 6-tare-12.  
No, check that, 6-tare-14  
requesting an inbound bearing.  
Enterprise!  
Enterprise! Help me!  
There's no watch.  
All hands on deck.  
I gave orders...  
to maintain a 24-hour watch...  
- and you're sleeping on duty.  
- What difference does it make?  
If that wind shifts,  
and we don't deploy our anchor,  
- we lose ground, Aldrich.  
- I don't feel any wind, Chief.  
It's 'cause there ain't any.  
It's been dead for two days.  
Shut your mouth! Just shut your mouth!  
I ordered a watch.  
There will be a watch.  
Sure, Chief.  
Whatever you say.  
- I'll take the watch.  
- No, you won't, Tony.  
You want a damn watch so bad?  
Why don't you sit here  
staring at nothing all day?  
- I do my share. More.  
- What's that supposed to mean?  
Who do you think is navigating  
this ship? Are you?  
Then where are these islands

you told us about?

Yeah.

- It must be close, right?

- Don't you touch that!

You boys, you can't even swim,  
much less read a map.

Let me ask you something?

How'd you come up with that chart  
of yours anyway?

I... I studied the area map  
in the ready room every day.

I have a rough picture of it in my mind,  
plus or minus 10%, I'm hoping for.

After that, it's simple dead reckoning!

A rough picture?

Dead reckoning works when you know  
where you're starting from, right?

So this route you figured,  
it's based on where you think  
we went down,

followed by a bunch of estimates  
after that in where we've gotten each day.

- What's your point?

- My point?

The reason we went down is because...

you didn't know

where we were to start with.

- Now hold on...

- That's why we couldn't find the ship.

That's why I couldn't  
raise her on the radio.

You had gotten us so far off,  
we were out of range.

- I tried to take that into account.

- And that's with instrument's and a real map!

And here we've gone all these days  
without so much as a compass.

In the first couple of days,  
we hardly kept track,

and you're gonna put us on some  
teeny islands in the middle of all this.

- I...

- All a big guess, ain't it, Chief?

Now listen... yes, yes, yes.

I'm relying on my recall.  
I may have made  
a few estimates, but I...  
I was trying to head us  
dead center to these islands  
- so even if we were off somewhat...  
- What do you mean was trying?  
When are you expecting to see 'em?  
It's...  
three days ago.  
Or four.  
There should be islands  
all around us by now.  
We missed them.  
We missed them.  
That's the way islands are, Tony,  
didn't you know?  
You raise them and they're passed.  
It's a one-chance deal.  
- You miss Hawaii, next stop, Tokyo.  
- Now you listen to me...  
It's dead reckoning, all right,  
'cause I reckon we're dead out here.  
Do you wanna take over? Smart mouth?  
- Guys, please...  
- I don't give a God damn!  
And you're Mr. High and Mighty,  
keeping your shoes  
after we've thrown ours away,  
and you're all over me about the radio  
like I had missed something!  
"What did Aldrich do with the radio?"  
And you're all over Tony  
about this drift sighting  
because he got the same read  
on both legs.  
Well, what the hell  
were you doing up there?  
Besides getting us lost on the biggest body  
of water in the whole damn world?  
Chief, I've lost the beacon. Over.  
Are we close, Chief?  
Maybe his com is down.  
I'll give him a tap.



Chief, can you hear us? Over.  
Loud and clear, boys.  
Just waiting for this wind to tell me  
which way she wants to blow.  
I think I fell asleep.  
It was so hot... up there.  
I... it couldn't have been more  
than a couple of minutes but...  
So we missed the turn.  
- By the time that we made it...  
- It was way too late.  
I got us lost.  
And I don't know how to square it  
with you boys, ever.  
I can't.  
I'm a pilot...  
who lost his plane...  
and his crew...  
and myself.  
I'm terribly sorry.  
I'm terribly sorry, men.  
I'm sorry.  
This map ain't much.  
But it's the only thing  
we got to get us home.  
It looks like the only wind  
we're generating is our own, fellas.  
I reckon so.  
That is exactly what we need to do.  
- Where are my shoes?  
- Oh, here we go.  
No, no.  
Give me your knife.  
Please give me your knife.  
Okay.  
Gentlemen?  
Let's make our own wind.  
Tell you what,  
whoever sees land first gets dinner.  
Anything he wants, anywhere he wants,  
the other two will buy.  
Deal.  
Stroke. Stroke. Stroke.  
You won't find that funny

in a few minutes.  
Hen-Ry.  
Put on...  
the pot.  
Okay. Let's get to it.  
Gene.  
Either of you... know insurance?  
Insurance?  
Life insurance.  
I have a \$5,000 policy  
to go to my mother.  
I was wondering  
if she was able to collect.  
After a whole month... I imagine so.  
I wonder how Irene's getting along.  
She sounds like a real nice girl.  
She works for a doctor now.  
You said that.  
I used to write her poetry.  
We'd sure like to hear  
one of those poems.  
That's right.  
Give us a poem.  
Tony?  
Feel that, boys?  
We might be getting a drink.  
It's a strange one.  
Earhart. You know that woman flyer?  
Amelia Earhart.  
She went down in these parts, right?  
Here it comes.  
That was chilly.  
Another shower?  
I don't like it.  
Clouds are moving  
in opposite directions. What is it?  
Get ready.  
We're gonna have to bail fast.  
Are there hurricanes in the Pacific?  
Affirmative!  
So when's hurricane season?  
Why do I keep asking these questions?  
- Take this!  
- Why?

You can't swim, remember?  
You know what I could go for right now?  
Get down!  
Chief! Chief!  
- Where is he?  
- Where is he?  
- Chief!  
- Chief!  
We're coming, Chief!  
- Come on!  
- Come on, Chief!  
We got ya.  
Stay with the raft!  
Hang on!  
Gene, where's Tony?  
I lost him.  
Work your way around!  
See if you can spot him!  
Tony! Tony!  
Tony! Tony!  
- Tony!  
- Tony!  
Tony!  
- Tony!  
- Tony!  
It's okay. Chief!  
Chief!  
Good boy.  
All right. We have to flip her!  
On my mark, we'll lift  
and let the wind catch her!  
- But hold on to it!  
- Yeah.  
One, two, three!  
Lift!  
You go around the other side!  
I'll hold it down! You get in first!  
Well done!  
Rub-a-dub-dub...  
three men in a tub.  
And who do you think they be?  
The butcher, the baker,  
the candlestick maker.  
Turn them out, knaves all three.

How is it I just now  
thought of that one?  
The raft will sink.  
Won't it?  
Yeah.  
There'll be nothing left of us.  
No.  
No one will know  
we survived all this time.  
No.  
Suppose one of us dies.  
What do the others do?  
Gene, you're always talking about food.  
What do you think?  
The liver anyhow.  
Heart if you can get to it.  
But we lost the pliers  
and your pocketknife.  
Kidneys would be easy.  
Yeah, one for each man.  
I think we need some other kind of talk.  
I'm trying.  
But everything's so far away.  
Just remembered something.  
My wife...  
she had a pretty yellow dress.  
She burned a hole in it  
with her cigarette.  
So she sewed a little white dove  
over the hole.  
I can picture the dress and the dove.  
But I can't really see her face.  
Tony.  
I do believe I am in love  
with your sister.  
You'll make a great couple.  
I want you boys to know...  
if we had made it...  
I would have put you in  
for commendations.  
If they would have listened to me  
after my court martial.  
Court martial?  
Pastula?

Can you think of anything they  
could be court martialing the chief for?  
Not a thing I can think of, Aldrich.  
Me neither.  
I'm sorry it has to end this way.  
Man plots his course.  
But the Lord decides.  
All right.  
Enough of that bullshit.  
Seems to me...  
if God chose our course...  
it's 'cause He wants us to make it.  
Right?  
Either way...  
we've come way too far to give up now.  
Tony.  
Ton.  
Gene. Gene.  
Poor Tony.  
Tony.  
I can hear music.  
What kind of music... Tony?  
Can you hear it?  
I can see a beautiful field of corn.  
I saw our fleet...  
twice yesterday.  
No, no.  
Something green.  
Look, Chief.  
Gene Aldrich!  
You have won yourself a dinner!  
Land ho!  
Thank you. Thank you.  
Paddle, boys! Paddle!  
Paddle!  
Stand down. Stand down.  
We should drift right in.  
What if there's Japanese?  
What choice do we have?  
Straight away, men.  
We might be going over.  
Well?  
Oh, the night was dark and dreary  
And the air was full of sleet

Where the old man stood out in the storm  
And his shoes were full of feet  
Oh, it ain't a-gonna rain  
no more, no more  
Ain't a-gonna rain no more  
But how in the world  
can the old folks tell  
Ain't a-gonna rain no more  
Well, a butterfly flits on wings of gold  
The June bug, wings of flame  
The bedbug has no wings at all  
But he gets there just the same  
Oh, it ain't a-gonna rain  
no more, no more  
No, no, no more, no, no, no, no, no more  
How in the world can the old folks tell  
Ain't a-gonna rain no more  
Oh, the mosquitee, he fly high  
Oh, mosquitee, he fly low  
If old Mr. Skeeter light on me  
He ain't a-gonna fly no more  
Oh, it ain't a-gonna rain  
no more, no more  
How in the world can the old folks tell  
Ain't a-gonna rain no more  
Well, a bullfrog sitting on a lily pad  
Looking up at the skies  
Oh, the lily pad broke,  
and the frog fell in  
Got water all in his eyes  
Oh, it ain't a-gonna rain  
no more, no more  
How in the world can the old folks tell  
Ain't a-gonna rain no more  
Well, here's a verse about a man  
and a trombone  
Well, the words to it are few  
He blew, he blew, he blew, he blew  
He blew, he blew, he blew  
Oh, it ain't a-gonna rain  
no more, no more  
How in the world can the old folks tell  
Ain't a-gonna rain no more  
Well, a man lay down by a sewer

And by the sewer he died, he died  
And at the coroner's request  
They called it sewer-side  
Oh, it ain't a-gonna rain  
no more, no more  
Oh, Lord, ain't gonna rain no more  
How in the world can the old folks tell  
Ain't a-gonna rain no more  
A little black and white animal  
out in the woods  
I says ain't that little cat pretty  
I went right over to pick it up  
But it wasn't that kind of a kitty  
Oh, it ain't a-gonna rain  
no more, no more  
Ain't a-gonna rain no more  
But how in the world  
can the old folks tell  
Ain't a-gonna rain no more  
No more, no more, no more.