

OVER BLACK:

*"A man's life is the thread that holds the fabric of the universe together when the will is strong, but loose when the will is weak."*

FADE TO:

EXT. THE BEACH - DAY (PRESENT)

Waves calmly trace the outline of the beach shore, then gently recede and return once more.

The SAND shines brightly in the midday sun, but brightness dims and color fades.

The once clear sky is covered by gray clouds.

Light diminishes.

The FAINT ROAR OF THUNDER in the distance.

A hat flies with the blowing of the wind.

It's caught by the hands of PETER (63), a bit chubby and with white hair slicked back, sporting a sky colored shirt.

He now walks back to the owner of the hat, his wife GRACE (60). She's beautiful and slender even as time has taken her shine.

Arriving next to her, Peter smiles and returns the hat. As she puts it back on, he sits down next to her.

Not without some difficulty.

Peter looks at his wife's look of concern, he follows her gaze towards the horizon.

Where a STORM IS BREWING.

Peter hugs Grace, pats her shoulder, yet her eyes remain fixed on the far distance.

HARD CUT TO:

INT. AIRCRAFT PASSENGER CABIN - DAY

The SEAT BELT INDICATOR LIGHT COMES ON, DING!

The FLIGHT ATTENDANT (27) gives instructions for passengers to adjust it correctly.

Grace (33), tightens her belt and then looks out the window.

Outside it's raining heavily.

The plane's wing barely visible through the clouds. Flashes of LIGHT STREAK ACROSS THE CLOUDY SKY, ROARING.

Grace looks at her phone screen.

No signal.

The flight attendant holds on to the head of the first row of seats to stay on her feet.

Enduring the TREMBLING OF THE CABIN.

Grace looks at the other passengers as the plane keeps trembling, they look nervous.

The MALE PASSENGER (42) next to her speaks.

MALE PASSENGER

Nervous?

GRACE

(smiling)

A bit, yeah. Never been through something like this.

MALE PASSENGER

(returning the smile)

Third time, It'll probably end in a few minutes.

(beat)

Though I heard it's good to talk in these situations. Helps you stay calm.

There's another STRONG TREMBLING, a steep dive gets interrupted as Grace holds onto the arms of her seat.

GRACE

(nervous)

What else do they say?

Male passenger smiles nervous, confidence gone.

The PLANE PLUNGES VIOLENTLY, PUM!

Light inside the cabin goes out. Grace opens her eyes wide, paralyzed as the plane falls.

OXYGEN MASKS FALL on the passengers as they SCREAM IN TERROR.

Grace raises her shaking arms to grab the mask.

Struggles.

Succeeds.

As she tries to put it on, she looks toward the rest of the people. They're almost paralyzed.

She stays with one of them, he's praying.

A new and strong trembling through the cabin.

The DEAFENING SOUND OF ALARMS.

Grace looks at the window once more.

She can see the ocean floor in the distance.

Closer and closer.

Before the plane hits the waters --

OVER BLACK:

THE MIRACLE

PETER (V.O.)  
These goddamn walls...

INT. PETER'S DORM - NIGHT

PETER (36), short but refusing to stay put kinda hairstyle and too skinny for his own good, sitting on the edge of the bed.

There's a woman sleeping by his side.

Peter's eyes red, tired.

On the TV, a marine life program.

Ambiance by some VANGELIS SONG.

Lights on screen intermittently illuminating the walls of the room.

Walls seem to shrink each time they are illuminated.

PETER (V.O.)  
Always the same walls.

INT. OFFICE CUBICLE - DAY

Peter wears a gray office suit, surrounded by the cubicle's gray walls. He receives a NEW E-MAIL on the computer screen.

Opens it.

"YOU ARE SPECIAL!"

PETER (V.O.)  
And this infinite list of things to do.

A wider shot presents the rest of the office cubicles. All the workers are dressed like Peter, all facing their computer screens.

PETER (V.O.)  
Yet I can't shake this feeling...  
(beat)  
I don't know what the fuck I'm  
doing.

INTERCUT PETER'S DORM AND OFFICE.

Peter, sitting on the edge of the bed, watching the same underwater life program.

His GIRLFRIEND (32), is standing next to him, still in her underwear.

She is YELLING ANGRILY AT HIM. (no diegetic audio).

PETER (V.O.)  
How long has this been going on?

Peter caresses his face with eyes closed, looking for some calm.

He's sitting in front of the computer, surrounded by gray walls.

His BOSS (53), a bald and broad-browed anger machine, yells at him. (no diegetic audio).

PETER (V.O.)  
How long is gonna take?

Cubicle walls closing in on Peter.

The walls of the room closing in on Peter.

Peter TYPES HARD on the keyboard.

Fish floating in the water.

Blue.

The room turns blue because of the light on the TV.

But GIRLFRIEND covers the image with her body as she stands in front of Peter.

She is complaining about something.

Emails keep coming into the inbox.

Walls keep closing in.

Peter tries to stop the advance of the walls with his hands.

HE SCREAMS!

Peter gets up from his seat inside the cubicle.

The rest of the workers stop whatever they're doing. All looking at Peter now.

Silence.

PETER  
Can anyone open a window?  
(beat)  
I think I need some air.

No one answers.

PETER (CONT'D)  
Nevermind... I'm just gonna...  
(beat)  
I'm gonna...

Suddenly, Peter picks up his computer screen. He pulls it to disconnect it.

He then walks up to the large window. On the other side, he can only see buildings and the evening sun, barely passing through all the concrete.

PETER (CONT'D)  
Fuck it.

He throws the computer screen against the window.

The window SHATTERS INTO A THOUSAND PIECES. CRASH!

From the crackling, the wind enters the office.

Peter deeply breaths as some papers are blown away.

Standing in front of the broken window, Peter looks out, up in the sky he sees a GROUP OF SEAGULLS circling in the air.

PSYCHOLOGIST (V.O.)  
Seagulls?

PETER (V.O.)  
Uhm.

INT. PSYCHOLOGIST OFFICE - DAY

The psychologist takes notes on his notebook, then returns to Peter, who is sitting across from him.

Peter looks tense, shoulders raised.

PSYCHOLOGIST

Since when do you see these  
seagulls?

PETER

Not sure, I guess for some time  
now.

PSYCHOLOGIST

I see.

(takes notes, then)

Tell me Peter, do you suffer from  
any chronic disease?

PETER

Not to my knowledge.

PSYCHOLOGIST

Do you have any family history of  
disease?

PETER

(delays the answer)

Yeah.

The psychologist takes his eyes off the notebook and looks at  
Peter intently.

PETER (CONT'D)

(annoyed)

My mother.

The psychologist keeps looking at Peter.

PETER (CONT'D)

Schizophrenia?

The psychologist nods with a serious look and returns to  
writing on the notebook.

PSYCHOLOGIST

(no eye contact)

Okay Peter, I'm recommending two  
days of rest.

(beat)

Relax, do something fun and come  
back. Okay?

PETER

Wait, you're not gonna fire me?

PSYCHOLOGIST

No, don't worry. The company needs  
everyone for this campaign. We  
understand that stress can get out  
of hand.

PETER  
(not paying attention  
anymore)  
Uhm...

In disbelief, Peter gets up from his chair and walks toward the exit door.

PSYCHOLOGIST  
If anything, you were lucky with  
the timing of your outburst...

He leaves the room.

From the door frame, a SEAGULL can be seen standing at the psychologist office side window frame.

CUT TO:

INT. OUTSIDE PETER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Peter, standing in front of the door. He SIGHS HEAVILY before opening the door.

INSIDE PETER'S APARTMENT

Upon entering, Peter stumbles upon his Girlfriend, who is sitting on the couch in her sleepwear, looking at her phone.

He ignores her while passing to the interior aisle.

Seeing him walk by, Girlfriend puts down the phone and gets up, follows him into the --

BEDROOM

Peter is already there.

GIRLFRIEND  
(annoying)  
Aren't you gonna say hello?

He doesn't answer, picks up a clothes bag and places it open on the bed.

He goes to the closet for some t-shirts and pants.

GIRLFRIEND (CONT'D)  
Don't ignore me Peter.

PETER  
I quit my job.

Girlfriend is shocked.

GIRLFRIEND

What?, Why?

Peter puts his clothes inside the bag and closes it.

PETER

I think I had a nervous breakdown.

GIRLFRIEND

You always do these things, did you even think of me? No, you didn't!

PETER

Think of you?

(beat)

What do you mean?

GIRLFRIEND

We're supposed to discuss this things Peter. You know? Communication?

PETER

(murmuring)

Yelling...

GIRLFRIEND

(threatening)

You say something?

Peter slings his bag over his shoulder and walks out of the room, past GIRLFRIEND and towards the apartment exit.

PETER

Next month's rent is already paid.  
After that it's up to you.

Peter walks out the door, closes.

EXT. FISHING HARBOR - DAY

Wood creaks as Peter walks across the wet, swollen wooden floor.

Day is clear and intensely blue, almost merging with the calm sea at the horizon line.

Reaching the end of the empty harbor, Peter stops and looks into the distance.

There's a group of tornadoes kicking up the water afar.

From the right side, a FISHING BOAT SAILS FORWARD and away from the harbor.

Peter looks into the cockpit, there's a woman there.

It's FRANCES (42), his mother and a beautiful blond and time sculpted radiant woman.

The fishing boat passes by Peter's side and heads offshore, towards the horizon.

Towards the tornadoes.

Peter screams, tries to stop his mother.

But no voice comes out of his mouth.

"MOM!"

Desperate.

HARD CUT TO:

INT. BUS INTERIOR CABIN - DAY

Peter wakes up agitated, leaning against the fogged window.

The PASSENGER next to him looks in confusion.

Peter smiles awkwardly before turning back to the window, passing his hand to remove the fogging and looking out.

He can see the sea near the highway.

EXT. FISHING HARBOR - DAY

Peter walks across the same swollen and wet wooden floor as before. This time he weights his steps, making sure.

Fishermen pass by, others LOAD BOXES on top of the fishing boats on the sides.

People TALKING TO EACH OTHER, some LAUGHTER.

Peter stops in front of an old velvet ship, the name on the side reads "JONATHAN LIVINGSTONE".

Fishermen work in line to load the boxes.

One of them, CHRIS (39), a man with a youthful appearance and messy hair, looks angrily at Peter as he walks towards the ship.

Peter just stays there, doesn't react.

Another older one walks up to the line of fishermen and hands over a box for the load, then turns to face Peter.

JONAH

We thought you'd forgotten us.

JONAH (63) is Peter's father, same attributes as his sons, never using a tie looks through and through.

CHRIS  
(from the fishing boat)  
He did forget about us!

Peter looks at Chris unexpressive, yet a bit warm. Then back at Jonah, who walks up the bridge and into the ship.

Jonah turns to Peter one last time, unexpressive.

The fishermen take off the bridge, then THE FISHING BOAT ENGINE STARTS.

Peter seems to be moving forward, but refrains. He looks at Jonah and Chris as they leave.

The fishing boat sails away from the harbor.

Peter looks up at the sky, he can see a group of seagulls following the ship.

Time passes.

The sun crosses the clear sky until it disappears into the horizon line.

EXT. FISHING HARBOR - NIGHT (LATER)

The fishing boat returns to the harbor. The place is now half empty.

From the captain's cabin, Jonah looks out and finds Peter, still standing in the same spot.

The fishermen lower the bridge and descend from the boat, HAPPILY CELEBRATING.

Jonah and Chris walk past Peter without looking at him, he remains standing in the same place.

EXT. FISHING HARBOR - DAY

It's dawn, the fishermen return to the fishing boat, prepare the bridge and go up one by one.

Peter wakes up, sitting in the floor, He quickly gets up, still standing in the same place.

Chris walks over to Peter and hands him a crate of provisions.

CHRIS  
Point taken.

Peter makes an effort to bear the weight of the box, Chris has already left to board the fishing boat.

Peter watches him, then looks toward the captain's cabin.

From that spot, Jonah nods positively.

EXT. SHIP'S DECK - DAY

Peter works quietly along with the rest of the fishermen. They prepare the fishing net and throw it into the sea.

Each of them takes an harpoons and prepare for the return of the net.

Peter takes one of the harpoons and reaches to catch one of the large tuna fish caught in the net, but misses.

The FISHERMEN LAUGH.

But Peter tries again, almost falling from the edge of the boat, but managing to catch the fish.

Pulling it inside of the deck.

The FISHERMEN LAUGH again and hug Peter in celebration.

EXT. SHIP'S DECK - NIGHT (LATER)

Peter is alone on the deck, he picks up a net from the floor.

The boat MOVES CALMLY AMIDST THE TAME SEA of the night.

Chris approaches Peter.

CHRIS  
So, why did you come back little brother?

PETER  
Seagulls, I guess I missed them.

CHRIS  
Right.

Peter lifts the net to put it in it's box, Chris helps him.

PETER  
We're not coming back to the harbor tonight?

CHRIS  
No, Jonah thinks we can score a double in the morning.  
(beat)  
Why? You have some place to go?

Peter is irritated, but says nothing. Chris smiles at his reaction.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
Just kidding.  
(looking for peter's  
gaze)  
I see your sense of humor hasn't  
change.

Peter doesn't answer. Chris walks away, but stops before entering the Boat's interior.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
Hey, your bed is ready.

Peter nods.

PETER  
Thanks.

Chris nods back, goes inside.

INT. SHIP'S INTERIOR - NIGHT

In the small bunk, surrounded by all the other fishermen, some SNORING LOUDLY, Peter sleeps soundly for the first time in a long time.

He even seems to be smiling.

INT. INSIDE SHIP - DAY

Fishermen eat breakfast in their bunks, others at the table next to the small kitchen.

Peter takes his cup of coffee and goes quietly out to the---

SHIP'S EXTERIOR

He walks to the prow as a LIGHT WAVE HITS THE SIDE. Gets soaked lightly and leans on the edge.

He sips some coffee, steam escaping from the cup, and looks at the horizon.

In the sky there's a group of seagulls flying around the ship.

JONAH (O.S.)  
What are we looking at?

PETER  
(still looking up)  
Seagulls.

Jonah leans on the edge, besides Peter.

Looking up.

JONAH  
Seagulls? Never seen one this far  
from the shore.

Peter doesn't answer, he looks to the horizon once again.

Jonah notices Peter's anguish gaze.

JONAH (CONT'D)  
Peter, are you okay?

PETER  
Dad, you remember the age mom had  
when she started having problems?

Jonah looks away.

He's a bit uncomfortable but makes an effort seeing at his son's stressed look.

Comes back in a long sigh.

JONAH  
It was sometime after she had you.

PETER  
What happened?

JONAH  
(eyes on the horizon)  
She said she saw things, signs.  
(beat)  
Worst thing is, she was often  
right.

Peter looks at Jonah.

PETER  
What do you mean, sign?

JONAH  
Yeah.  
(beat)  
I remember this time when she woke  
up in the middle of the night. She  
made me swear not to sail the next  
day.

PETER  
Why?

JONAH  
She said she had seen us at the  
sea, saw us drowning.

PETER

What?

Jonah sighs, then nods.

JONAH

I didn't believe her of course.

(beat)

But stayed on land anyway, not to make her angry.

(beat)

Turns out there was a huge storm that day. Lots of friends died, people I knew since long ago.

(beat)

Lost in the sea.

Peter puts his hands on his mouth, trying to control his agitated breathing.

He closes his eyes.

JONAH (CONT'D)

What's wrong /Peter?

PETER

/I'm seeing things.

JONAH

Things?

PETER

Yeah, like her.

JONAH

Son...

PETER

(shaking)

Am I losing my mind?

JONAH

No Peter, wait. What are you seeing?

Peter looks up to the sky again, the seagulls are in the same place, now flying away from the boat.

PETER

Seagulls.

JONAH

Where?

Peter points to the seagulls. Jonah can't see them.

JONAH (CONT'D)

Mmm. NORTHWEST.

PETER  
Northwest?

JONAH  
Nevermind, fisherman's habits.

PETER  
Can you see them?

JONAH  
(sigh)  
No son.

Peter holds his forehead with his hand.

JONAH (CONT'D)  
You were too young.

PETER  
What?

JONAH  
You don't remember.

Peter looks at his father.

FADE TO:

EXT. BEACH SHORE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Young Peter (6) walks with difficulty through the sand.

The day is cloudy, yet bright.

JONAH (V.O.)  
You were alone there.

Peter walks toward a group of seagulls circling in the sky. Passing a mound of sand, he reaches the shore of the beach AS THE WATER RECEDES.

Seagulls are CIRCLING OVER a body on the shore of the beach.

It's a woman.

JONAH (V.O.)  
And the first one to find her.

Peter's mom body.

BACK TO PRESENT

SHIP'S EXTERIOR

Jonah breaths deeply and sighs.

JONAH  
 I can't even imagine what that must  
 have been like.  
 (beat)  
 To see her like that.

PETER  
 (desperate)  
 Dad...  
 (beat)  
 Am I going insane?

JONAH  
 Peter...

Jonah hugs Peter tightly. Peter cries loudly, releasing all his pain.

JONAH (CONT'D)  
 (patting peter)  
 We're gonna get through this son,  
 don't worry.  
 (beat)  
 You're home now.

Peter nods, he breathes deep and takes some coffee from the cup.

Jonah pats him on the back.

PETER  
 I feel so lost.

JONAH  
 I think we all do from time to time  
 son. Don't stress too much about  
 it.

PETER  
 I lost my job, leave my life  
 behind.  
 (laughs)  
 I'm pretty sure I abandoned my  
 girlfriend before coming here.

JONAH  
 You love her?

Peter nods negatively. A moment of silence.

JONAH (CONT'D)  
 I like to think about life as I  
 think about this boat.  
 (beat)  
 Always trying to stay strong in a  
 sea of constant change. (beat) I  
 don't know if there's a masterplan  
 or if we're all just adrift.  
 (MORE)

JONAH (CONT'D)

(beat)

That's everyone's guess.

Jonah looks at his son, he doesn't seem convinced.

JONAH (CONT'D)

But we're not alone in this journey, son. We're together, we'll find a way.

PETER

(faint smile)

I hope so.

Peter nods and smiles at the horizon.

No seagulls there.

CUT TO:

INT. MEDICAL FACILITY - DAY

Peter undergoes a number of medical exams.

PSYCHIATRIST (V.O.)

Okay Peter, I think we're at a stage in which we have a pretty good chance to do something about it.

They take his blood.

Electroencephalogram.

Physical examination.

INT. PSYCHIATRIST OFFICE - DAY

Peter, accompanied by Jonah, faces the psychiatrist.

PSYCHIATRIST

Tests came back normal, which means you're in good shape. So you'll be able to withstand treatment.

PETER

What can I expect for the future.

PSYCHIATRIST

These things are uncertain Peter. We should focus on improving quality of life.

JONAH

Give us something doc, what can we expect?

PSYCHIATRIST

It's up to Peter at this point.  
Medication will keep the  
hallucinations in check, but you  
must be patient.

(to peter)

Take your time to adjust to  
treatment.

Peter nods.

JONAH

We'll keep an eye on him for sure.

Jonah pats Peter in the back.

FADE TO:

INT. SHIP'S CAPTAIN CABIN - DAY

Seagulls circle in the clear sky, as seen from the cabin window. Peter watches them with both hands on the steering wheel.

Suddenly.

The seagulls disperse after the sound of thunder. The sky is covered with gray clouds.

The wind blows strongly, lifting the waves that grow in intensity, moving the boat from side to side with force.

In front of the boat, a huge wave rises.

Peter grips the steering wheel tightly, as he can see a woman outside of the ship.

Facing the waters.

It's Peter's mom.

PETER

Mom!!

Waves hit the boat hard.

INT. JONAH'S HOUSE GUEST ROOM - DAY

Peter stands up shaken, sweating.

Shadows of a thousand seagulls come inside the room from the light on the window.

EXT. FISHING HARBOR - DAY

Peter walks through the harbor once more.

He looks stressed as never before.

The fishermen load the boxes onto the boats, others walk around chatting.

He stops in front of Jonah's ship.

Jonah and Chris are talking to the rest of the fishermen. He points at the horizon, where a storm is forming.

PETER  
What's going on?

CHRIS  
(noticing peter's  
appearance)  
Apparently we're not sailing today.

JONAH  
(interrupting and annoyed  
by chris)  
Peter, go turn the engine off.

PETER  
Okay.

Peter leaves the discussion and crosses the bridge to the---

SHIP'S DECK

He continues walking into the captain's cabin.

Back to the---

FISHING HARBOR

Where Jonah and Chris are still arguing with the rest of the fishermen, but they all stop when THEY HEAR THE BRIDGE FALL.

The boat is moving.

Jonah and Chris run to the edge of the harbor.

Peter stands in the ship's deck.

JONAH  
Peter, what the hell are you  
doing!?

PETER  
(shouting out)  
I'm sorry dad, I need to know if  
we're adrift or not.

JONAH  
Peter...

Chris tries to reach the boat to get inside, almost falling into the water.

Can't make it.

The ship moves farther and farther away.

EXT. THE RAGING SEA - DAY

The ship hits the waves hard, breaking them with a firm bow.

The sky is gray and menacing, storm clouds and intense wind, rain.

INSIDE THE CAPTAIN'S CABIN

Peter holds the steering wheel steadily.

He can't see the seagulls in the sky, but he keeps the ship pointing northwest, looking at the compass on the board.

But then, a gigantic wave rises in front of the ship.

Peter pushes the throttle all the way to the floor and tries to hold steady.

Screaming!

The ship climbs up the wave with difficulty, losing speed every moment.

But Peter doesn't let go of the throttle, he doesn't let go of the steering wheel.

The boat loses momentum, it doesn't make it through the wave.

Desperate, Peter screams and screams.

The wave hits the ship full force.

Peter falls and hits his head on the floor.

CUT TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. CAPTAIN'S CABIN - DAY

Peter wakes up lying on the floor, he gets up with difficulty.

He is bleeding from his forehead.

The ship is calm, the storm has subsided.

Outside, clouds in the distance, but the sky is open over the fishing boat and the sun shines into the cabin through the windows.

Seagulls shadows circling inside the cabin.

As Peter approaches the window, he sees the group of seagulls in the sky.

They circle over the body of a plane crashed in the sea.

EXT. SEA NEAR THE CRASH - DAY

The ship moves slowly forward until it is right next to the plane wreckage.

Peter shouts from the deck.

PETER  
Hello! Anybody alive!?  
(beat)  
Hello!

Silence.

PETER (CONT'D)  
Hello!

GRACE  
Here!!  
(beat)  
Oh god... Here!! Please!!

Leaning against the wreckage, with the life preserver barely keeping her afloat, Grace does her best to lift her arm.

PETER  
Hold on!!

Peter grabs a life preserver tied to a rope and runs to throw it with all his might toward Grace.

Grace holds on to the life preserver with all the force left in her.

PETER (CONT'D)  
Hold tight, okay!?

Peter drags Grace through the water to the boat and then reaches out to catch her.

He grabs her hands tightly and pulls her into the boat.

They both lie exhausted on the --

SHIP'S DECK.

-- where Grace tries to catch her breath. Peter rests smiling and looking at her.

GRACE  
How... How did you?

PETER  
The seagulls.  
(beat)  
Can you see them?

GRACE  
(happy)  
Yeah! Yes I can!

Peter and Grace smile.

FADE TO:

EXT. THE BEACH - DAY (PRESENT)

Peter (63) and Grace (60) continue to hug each other looking at the horizon, where the storm fades away.

PETER  
Are you okay now?

GRACE  
Yes.

They both help each other to get up from the sand, always smiling at each other.

They walk back to the house in the distance, where a whole family is also waiting for them.

Children, grandchildren, all happy to see them return home.

FADE TO BLACK.