

Marciel smiles kindly as the smoke lifts passed his face.

A splash hits him in the back of the head; he turns quickly. Perla sits at the edge of the raft, her hand wet. She wipes her brow and smiles.

She holds a piece of Cuban bread in her right hand, she brings it to her mouth and struggles to crack its crust.

Marciel smiles back. He grabs the rudder, which steers the raft, and sits facing the front.

He watches Perla sit at the bench. She turns and faces the front, embracing the wind from the rafts slight movement forward. Her hair spreads and shines brightly in the morning.

He swallows. His voice glides over the breeze to reach Perla.

MARCIEL

Give me one day!

Perla turns her head from the wind to her father. She smiles gently, trusting, and then returns to the cool air.

Marciel takes a breath.

The morning light is still low and soft.

His face, after a while, softens, and happiness creeps into his eyes- or at least the breeze does. He closes them.

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EXT. RAFT - NIGHT

It's dark, but the Moon casts a haze over the sea. The engine sounds as Marciel watches his daughter. She sits in front of him, her hair is pulled back by the wind.

Marciel looks suddenly to his right. His eyes sink some.

He reaches toward the engine, still looking to the distance. His hand lands on the motor, burning his skin. He pulls it back immediately.

Perla turns, her voice tired, worried:

PERLA

What happened?

He takes his eyes off the distance and looks to the motor, reaches for it once again, and turns it off.

The engine begins to clunk, and clunk, and then settles.

The raft comes to a stop.

It ticks and tacks with heat.

Marciel doesn't say anything, but turns his head back toward the horizon.

Something rumbles in the distance. A boat's motor is heard.

Marciel and Perla look to it. The boat appears, 50 yards away, and sports a large spotlight. It's beam moves slightly, skimming across the water.

The boat slows, coming to a crawl. It turns toward them.

Marciel, his eyes fixed to the boat, slowly unsheathes his knife.

Perla looks to him, unsure; She whispers.

PERLA (CONT'D)  
What if they're good.

Marciel, looks to her, then back to the vessel.

MARCIEL  
No one's good out here.

Perla's goes to talk, but Marciel covers her mouth with his free hand.

MARCIEL (CONT'D)  
Be quiet.

He doesn't remove his palm from her mouth.

The boat in the distance is still, and closer, maybe 30 yards.

It's spot light beam threatens to find them, but doesn't.

It's motor kicks into gear and it finally exits the frame, and its sound dissipates.

Marciel takes his hand from Perla's mouth, slowly. She's flustered and uncomfortable. Tear's begin to form over her eyes.

PERLA  
What happened to the engine, Papa?

He looks back at it, then down to her. He waits a moment.

MARCIEL

I turned it off... it just needs to cool...

She looks up to him.

MARCIEL (CONT'D)

I can row until it does.

Marciel takes a seat on the bench, and he grabs the butts of the oars.

He begins to row.

5 EXT. RAFT - OPEN SEA - EARLY MORNING

The Raft moves forward at the sound of oars struggling through the water.

It comes to a slow stop.

Marciel sits at the bench, oars in hands. He's tired, slightly hunched. He drops the handles of the oars and turns his palms to the sky.

Wear and tear begin to form, along with a blister from the engine burn.

He looks at Perla, and smiles softly.

She stands, holding an opaque half-liter bottle of water. It's half full.

Perla holds it out to him.

He lifts his hand to the cap, and twists it off. He nudges the bottle toward her, nodding. Perla takes the bottle to her lips and drinks a hefty gulp. She lifts it off of her mouth just for a breath, then takes another gulp.

Marciel watches this, his eyes shift from Perla to the bottle, then to the engine.

She brings the bottle down, and Marciel caps it swiftly.

He brings his hand to Perla's chin and lifts her head up from looking down. Their eyes meet.

MARCIEL

Want to help me row?

She perks, and moves to sit beside Marciel.

He swings the handle of the oar over her head and to her arms.

MARCIEL (CONT'D)  
Look at me.

She does.

MARCIEL (CONT'D)  
You have to make a circle...

He does the action, rotating the oar out of the water; Perla watches.

MARCIEL (CONT'D)  
And then puulllll, strong!

He dips the paddle in the water and pulls. Perla begins to smile. She does the same with the most of her strength.

PERLA  
Like that...

Marciel laughs

MARCIEL  
Yes just like that.

She gets into it.

MARCIEL (CONT'D)  
Woah... you're stronger than me,  
look at that, we'll be there in no  
time.

Marciel exaggerates; the raft moves but a little with Perla's strokes, but she looks up none the less at his comment. She smiles.

He looks to the engine. It's silent and heavy.

His smiles loosens some. Perla goes for another row but he stops her.

MARCIEL (CONT'D)  
Better let me take over. Take a  
break, love.

Perla's smile softens, too, and she nods, wiping her forehead with the back of her hand. She gets off the bench and moves to the back, she sits at the floor of the raft and watches her father.