

In 15 minutes.





MMMGGHMMM...



WHAT THE?!

WHAT... WHAT HAPPENED?

ARE WE DEAD?



No... sir, fortunately not...

But I'm afraid something very bad
has happened . . .



THE LAST THING I REMEMBER IS HOW WE
WERE RUSHING TO THE REEFS, AND THE
BLOW... A STRONG BLOW!

OH MY GOD, BLOW!

BROOKE...MEGAN!



UH...

I'M FINE...

I'M FINE...

MEGAN, WE NEED TO CHECK ON MEGAN....





WHAT?... MEGAN?...



MEGAN, MEGAN, ARE YOU OKAY?!

EVERYTHING OKAY?

A woman with reddish-brown hair, wearing a blue baseball cap and a gold chain necklace, is lying on a blue and white striped rug. She has green eyeshadow and is looking upwards with a slightly open mouth. Her right arm is raised, and her left hand is resting on a white surface. A person's arm with a gold watch is visible in the upper left corner. Two speech bubbles are present: one above her head and one to her left.

UH... I... I'M HERE...

I'M FINE... UH... IS IT OVER?



I'M AFRAID NOT....

SOMETHING HAS HAPPENED AND WE DON'T
KNOW WHAT YET...



BROOKE, I HAVE TO TAKE HER TO THE BATHROOM, SHE NEEDS WATER...

SHE HURT HER HEAD BADLY, THERE MAY BE A CONCUSSION...

COME ON MEGAN, I'LL HELP YOU....

WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

WATER... FOR HER, AND WHAT ABOUT ME?

Lady Fortuna





SIR... I'VE CHECKED
EVERYTHING...

WE HIT THE REEFS...

THE BOAT WON'T BE ABLE TO GET
OFF THESE REEFS BY ITSELF, WE
NEED HELP SIR...

BUT EVEN WORSE, IT SEEMS ALL THE
FOOD IN THE HOLD WAS SPOILED...
SOMEONE LOADED CANNED FOOD IN GLASS
JARS AND BOTTLES AND THEY ALL BROKE
ON IMPACT...

I DO NOT KNOW HOW IT HAPPENED...



Wonderful!

We have no communication, we have no provisions and the supply of fresh water is running out, as the desalination plant is also not working! It's like in a bad horror movie!

Oh my God . . .





BUT YOU CAN COME UP WITH
SOMETHING, RIGHT?!

THEY'LL BE LOOKING FOR US, RIGHT?



I'm afraid, Miss, that our coordinates are not exactly known to anyone.

Mr. Wright gave orders that I would indicate completely different coordinates in the travel route so that no one could track us.

He always does that... so....

BUT YOU GAVE THE COORDINATES TO THE COAST GUARD
RIGHT BEFORE THE CRASH, I HEARD IT MYSELF....



A man with a bald head, seen from behind, wearing a dark tuxedo jacket over a white shirt. He is looking towards a woman on the left. The woman has long blonde hair and is wearing a red bikini top. She is standing on a yacht, with a blurred background of the ship's interior and a window showing a blue sky. Three speech bubbles are overlaid on the image, containing text.

We all just have to pray to God that at least
someone would hear what I was saying...

Otherwise, a very bad situation is
developing. We don't know where we are, no one
knows where we are either, there is no food, no
water either, the yacht is stuck tightly on the
reef.

And we still don't know the extent of the
damage to the ship's hull . . .

CLEARLY...

EVERYTHING IS BAD, PLUS NO ONE
KNOWS WHERE WE ARE...

WE NEED TO TELL CARTER ABOUT THIS AND
CHECK ON MEGAN AND PEGGY...

I'LL GO LOOK FOR THEM ALL...



A man with a dark beard and mustache, wearing a red and black paisley shirt, stands next to a woman. The woman is wearing a blue baseball cap, a pink bikini top, and a pink bikini bottom with yellow string. They are in a room with wood-paneled walls. A window is on the left, and a glass decanter is on a table in the foreground. Three speech bubbles are on the left side of the image.

HOW ARE YOU, MEG?

YOU SCARED ME A LOT!

HOW ARE YOU DOING?



EVERYTHING IS FINE...

ONLY MY HEAD IS A
LITTLE DIZZY...

BUT YOU'RE HERE, WHICH MEANS
EVERYTHING IS FINE ...

COME TO ME, BABY...

A man with a dark beard and mustache, wearing a red and black paisley shirt and a gold chain, is looking at a woman with long red hair. The woman is wearing a blue baseball cap and a purple top. She is holding the brim of the cap. In the background, a woman with long blonde hair is visible, looking towards the couple. The setting appears to be an indoor space with wood-paneled walls.

OH...MEGAN...

MMM..OH...CARTER..

YOU BASTARDS... I KNEW IT....

Ghm...

YOU RAN TO HELP HER INSTEAD OF ASKING
HOW I WAS DOING?! YOUR WIFE'S!!!

HOW LONG HAVE YOU HAD THIS??

YOU INSISTED THAT WE TAKE THIS TRASH NOT
SO THAT SHE WOULDN'T BE "LEFT ALONE AFTER A
HARD BREAKUP," BUT SO THAT YOU COULD PLAY
TRICKS WITH THIS STUPID BITCH, RIGHT?!

YOU BASTARDS, BOTH OF YOU! YOU'RE
FINISHED! BOTH OF YOU!

MY FATHER...



A 3D rendered man with a bald head, blue eyes, and a goatee is shown from the waist up. He is wearing a dark blue double-breasted suit jacket over a white dress shirt and a dark tie with a subtle pattern. A small yellow flower boutonniere is pinned to his left lapel. His right hand is raised, palm facing forward, in a gesture of surprise or emphasis. He has a speech bubble above his head containing text. The background is a blurred indoor setting with warm lighting and architectural details like columns and a wooden wall.

I'm sorry to interrupt, it's certainly none of my business, but I have to say that the problem with food has been partially solved!

My assistant Ethan discovered quite by accident that there are a lot of mussels attached to this reef . . .

WHAT?! MUSSELS?!

ARE YOU KIDDING ME? WHAT KIND OF
MUSSELS?

WHAT DOES MUSSELS HAVE TO DO WITH IT??!
DON'T YOU SEE WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?!

CAN'T YOU SEE THAT MY BASTARD, FUTURE
EX-HUSBAND AND MY FUTURE EX-"BEST FRIEND" ARE
FUCKING BEHIND MY BACK???

AND YOU'RE TELLING ME ABOUT
SOME... MUSSELS?!

ARE YOU CRAZY, CAPTAIN?!





Well... ma'am... it's just that in order to continue even swearing, in order to do anything at all, you need to eat.

and now this problem has been solved..

There are a lot of these mussels on this reef, they are slightly strange and glow, but . . .



YOU KNOW WHAT, ALL THIS MAKES ME
REALLY HUNGRY, AND THESE MUSSELS OF YOURS
CAN'T BE ANY WEIRDER THAN THIS WHOLE
FUCKING DAY!

SO GIVE THEM TO ME AND I'LL GET
OUT OF HERE!

AND FUCK THOSE TWO FREAKS BEHIND MY BACK!

A man with a shaved head and a goatee, wearing a dark tuxedo jacket over a white shirt and a yellow flower boutonniere, is shown in profile looking out a window. The background is a blurred view of a body of water and a building. Three speech bubbles are overlaid on the left side of the image, connected by lines to the man's head.

Uh... ma'am... I don't have them, well, I don't have them with me. . . .

Ethan collects them on the stern of the yacht.

Please come to him, he will arrange everything.



AH... SO YOU DON'T HAVE THEM?!

THEN WHY ALL THIS STUPID TALK?!

WHY WOULD I EVEN TALK TO YOU ALL?!
I'M GOING TO ETHAN!

MAYBE HE'LL FEED ME, AND FUCK ME AT THE SAME
TIME, TO SPITE THIS CHEATING FREAK!!!



IS THAT ALL YOU COULD
SAY?!....

BUT, HONEY, WAIT... WE DON'T KNOW IF
IT'S OKAY TO EAT IT....



A woman with long, wavy blonde hair and blue eyes is standing on the deck of a ship. She is wearing a red, shiny, two-piece bikini. She is looking off to the side with a slight smile. The background shows the ship's structure, including a staircase with white railings and some lights. A speech bubble is on the left side of the image.

ETHAN? SO IT WAS YOU WHO FOUND THESE...
THINGS?

UH... YES MA'AM...

T'S JUST THAT SINCE THERE WAS NO
FOOD LEFT, I IMMEDIATELY WENT TO
CHECK WHAT I COULD COME UP WITH
AND SAW...

SAW IT...

THEY WERE BIZARRELY GLOWING WITH A
BLUE GLOW. I'VE TRIED THEM, THEY'RE VERY
TASTY, MA'AM. LIKE IN A RESTAURANT.

NOW WE ARE NOT IN DANGER OF STARVATION.





WOW! STARVATION?

WHO TALKED ABOUT STARVATION
RIGHT AWAY?



YOU SEE, MA'AM, OUR RADIO IS BROKEN
AND WE'RE LOST IN THE OCEAN, WE DON'T
EVEN KNOW WHERE WE ARE.

THERE IS NO WATER, NO FOOD EITHER, IT IS
UNCLEAR WHEN WE WILL BE RESCUED. AND THE
BOAT LANDED FIRMLY ON THE REEF.

THERE ARE NO STRONG HOLES IN THE HULL, BUT
WE WILL NOT BE ABLE TO SAIL ON OUR OWN EITHER,
FOR THIS WE NEED TO REMOVE THE BOAT FROM THIS
ROCK.

THEREFORE, THE ISSUE OF FOOD IS ACUTE FROM THE
VERY BEGINNING...

HMM... AND YOU'RE A SMART GUY... YOU SAY IT'S DELICIOUS?





YES, MA'AM, HERE'S A TRY.

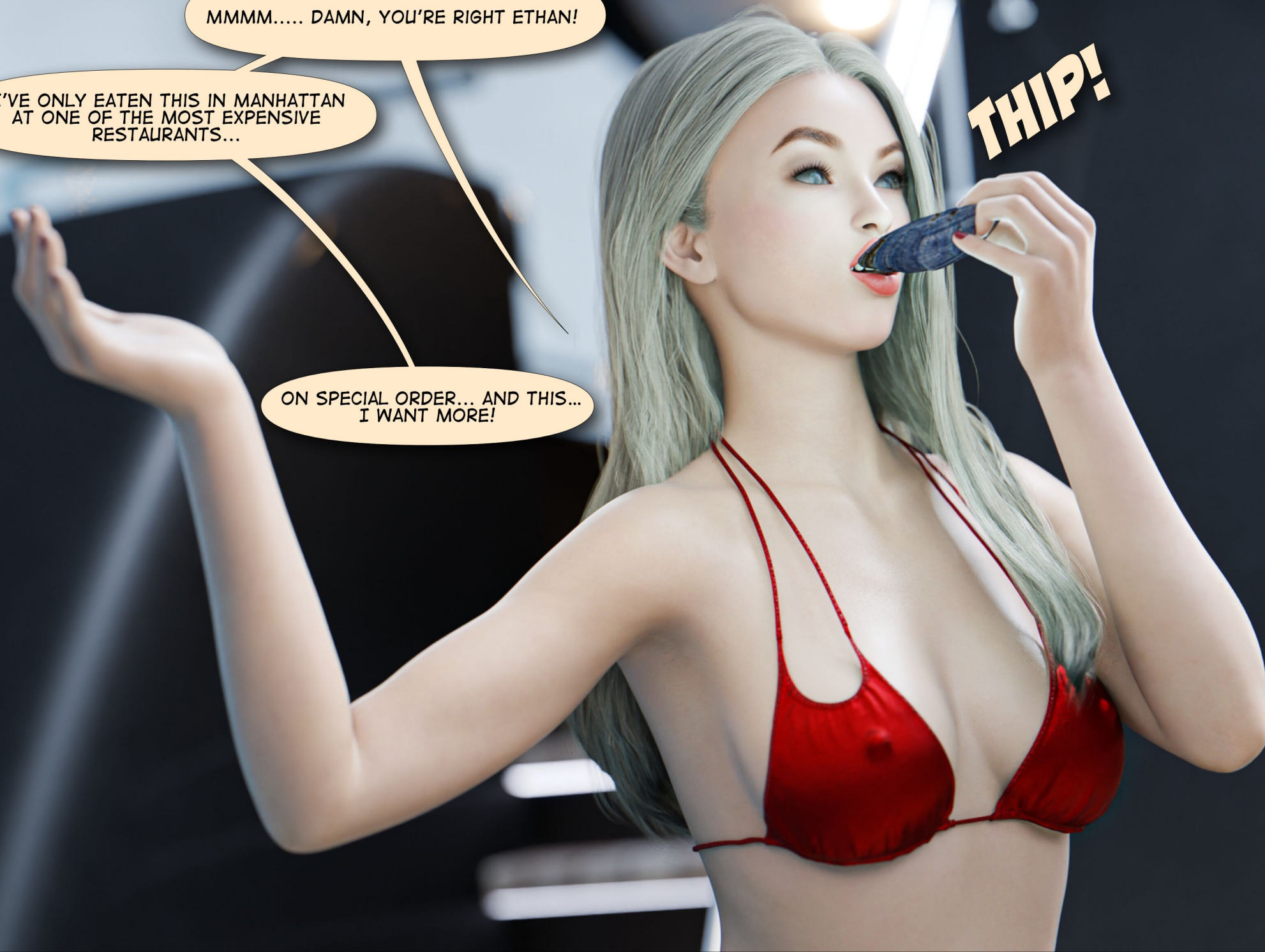
I THINK YOU'LL LIKE IT...

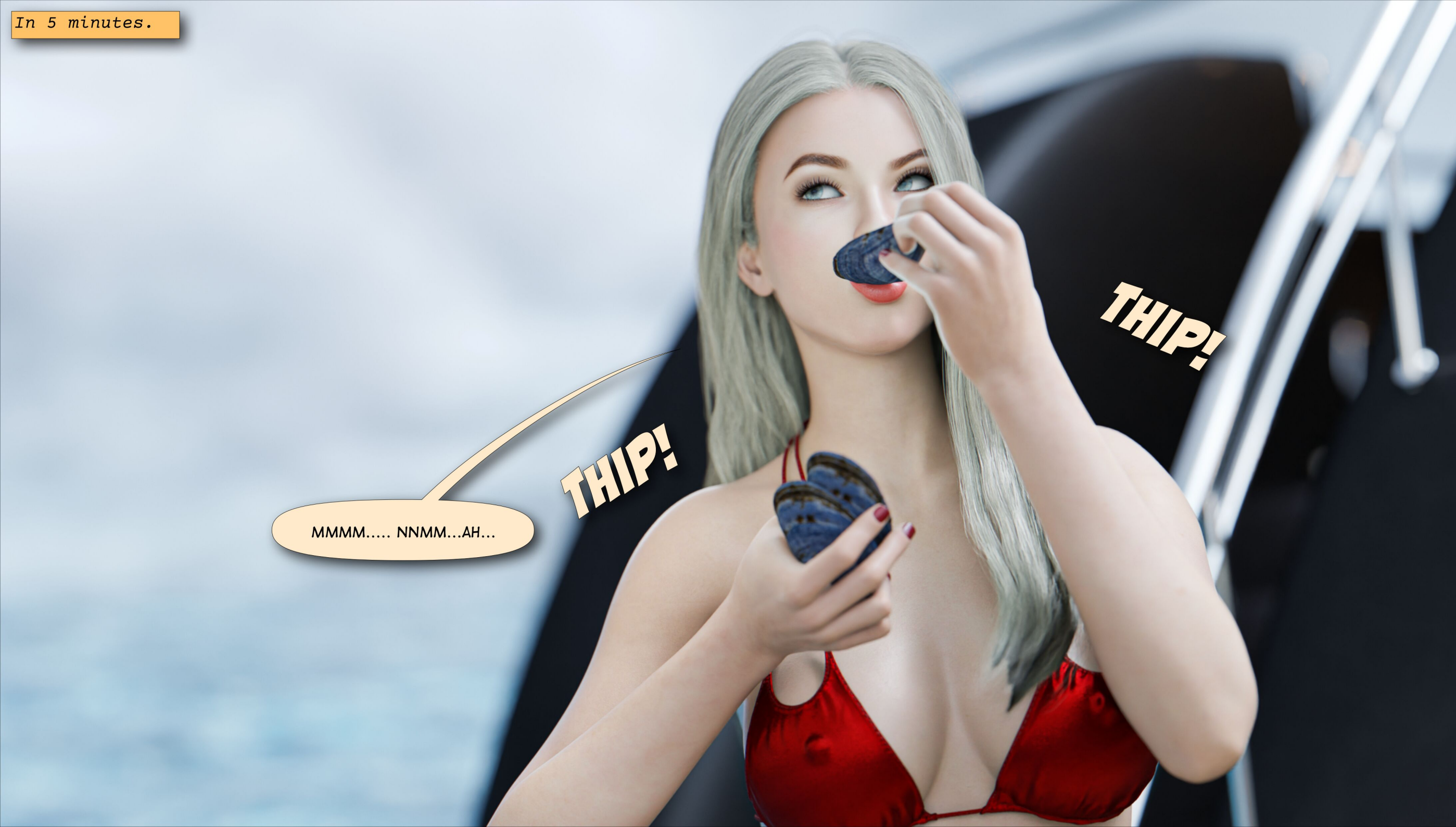
MMMM..... DAMN, YOU'RE RIGHT ETHAN!

I'VE ONLY EATEN THIS IN MANHATTAN
AT ONE OF THE MOST EXPENSIVE
RESTAURANTS...

ON SPECIAL ORDER... AND THIS...
I WANT MORE!

THIP!





In 5 minutes.

THIP!

MMMM..... NNMM...AH...

THIP!



YES, YES, IT'S VERY HEALTHY AND
DELICIOUS, I UNDERSTAND...

AND MOST IMPORTANTLY, THERE ARE A
LOT OF THEM HERE!

WE'LL HAVE ENOUGH FOR A WHILE
WHILE THEY'RE LOOKING FOR US....



MM... YES... ABOUT THAT...

IT SEEMS MY IDIOT CHEATING HUSBAND
INDICATED A DESTINATION COMPLETELY
DIFFERENT FROM WHERE WE ARE NOW.

SO THEY WILL BE LOOKING FOR US FOR A
LONG TIME...



Hmm... there's another problem...

if such a storm happens again, and I don't see any reason why it shouldn't happen, our boat will just capsize and that's it . . .

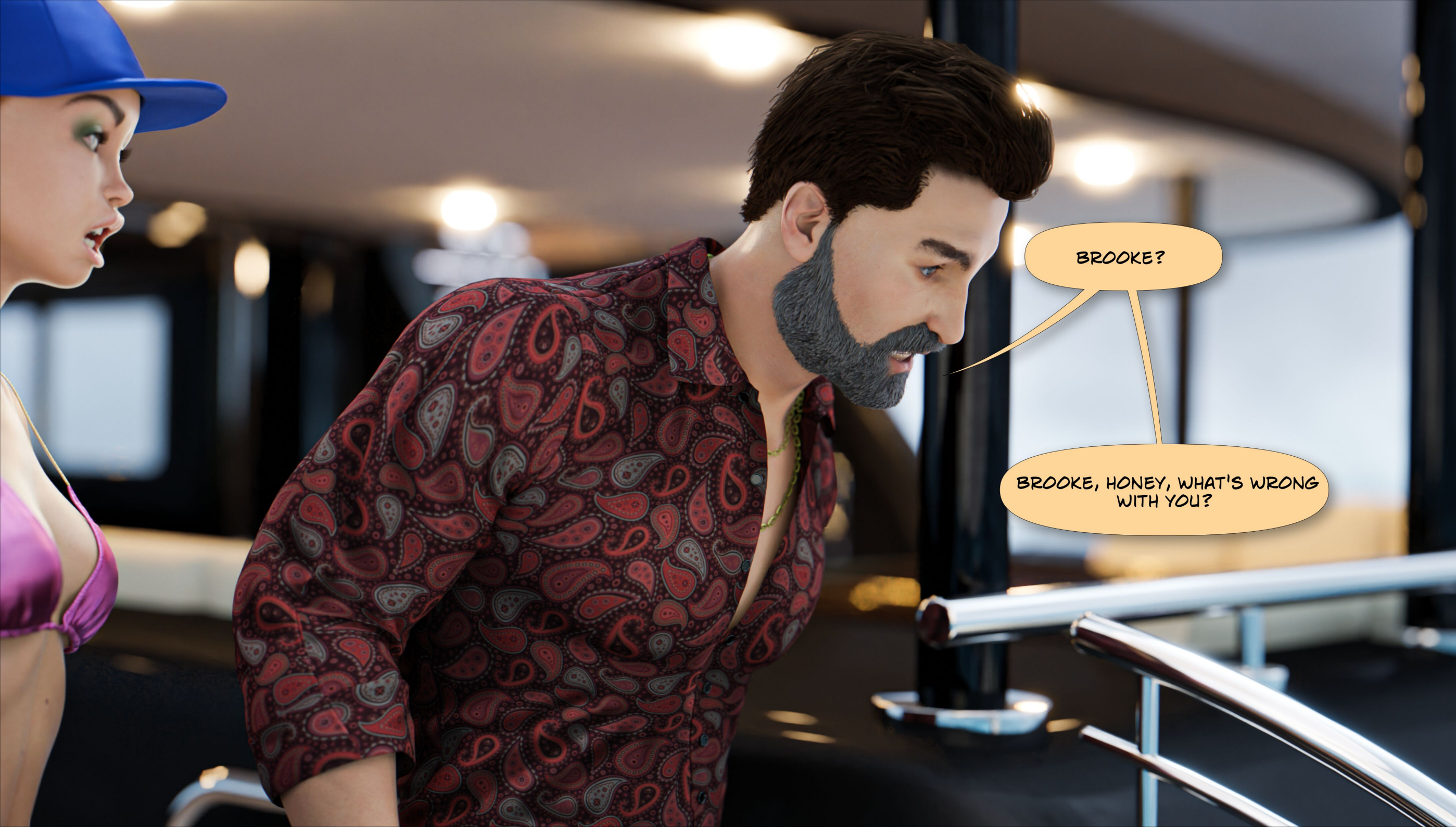


SO WE MAY DIE SOON?!
WHAT??

WHAT KIND OF VACATION
IS THIS???

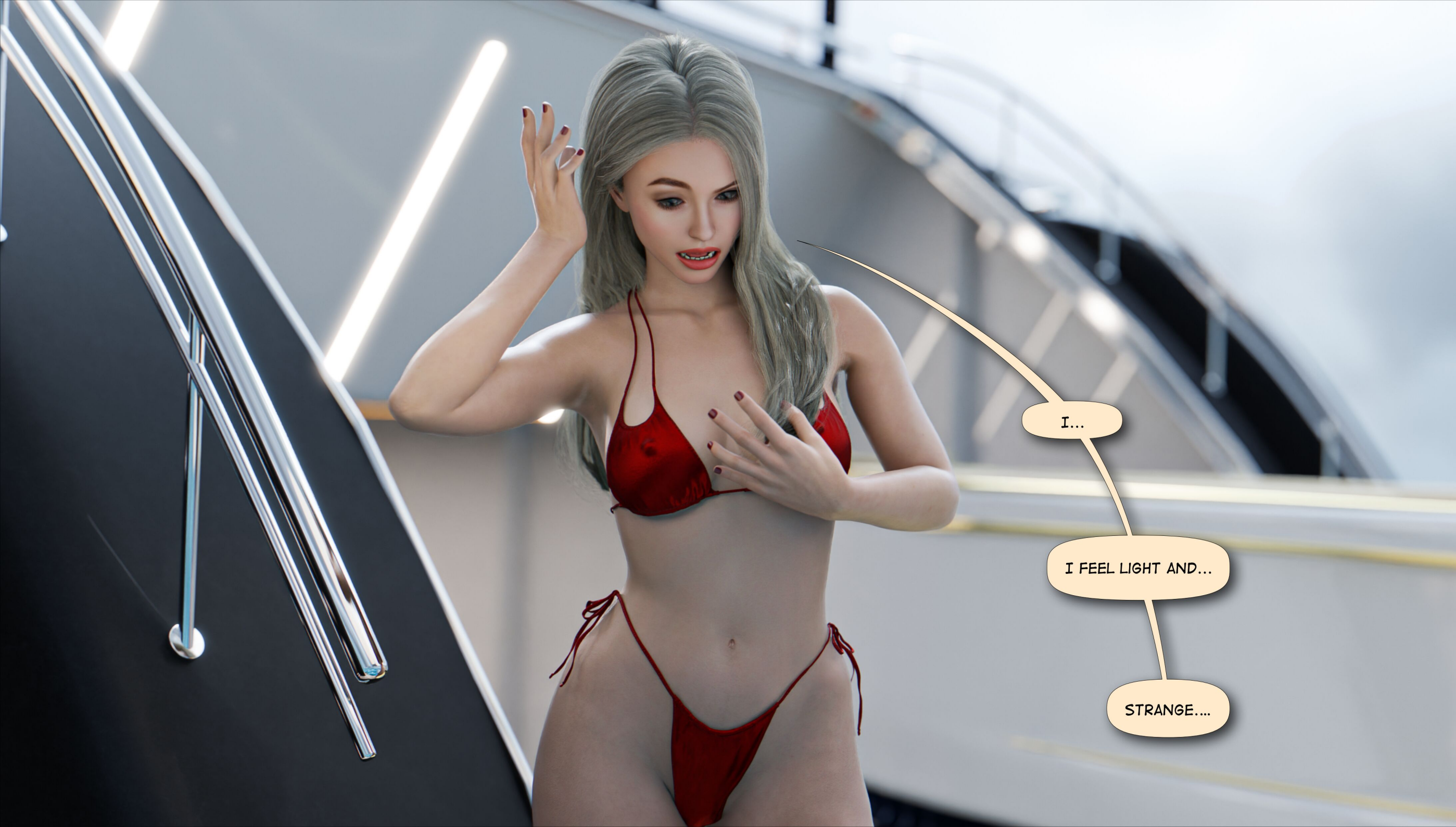
WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO??
CARTER?

CARTER?!



BROOKE?

BROOKE, HONEY, WHAT'S WRONG
WITH YOU?



I...

I FEEL LIGHT AND...

STRANGE....