

MAERSK ALABAMA

(from the book "A Captain's Duty" by Richard Phillips)

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15th March 2012

BLACK. The sound of waves. Then a dull THUD. We FADE IN:

...on a floating hell, images bending and flickering. Instead of sounds, we just hear a thin ringing. We are:

1

INT. LIFEBOAT - NIGHT

1

An enclosed, fiberglass LIFEBOAT, 28 feet long, 40 seats, HATCHES fore and aft. It's drifting on the Indian Ocean, 20 miles from Somalia.

RICHARD PHILLIPS lies on the floor, his hands bound. He's 50, a career sailor, now a hostage, *just took a terrible beating*.

His captors are four Somali pirates: BILAL, 16, his left foot wrapped in bloody gauze; NAJEE, 24, pointing his AK-47 at us. ELMI, 25, is up front at the helm.

Their leader is MUSI, around 20, rail-thin, his hand bandaged and bloody. He shouts into the RADIO; but we just hear that thin ringing, until finally his words become clear:

MUSI (INTO LIFEBOAT RADIO)

Okay. We gonna kill the hostage now. Need a bodybag over here.

He barks an order in Somali. Najee and Bilal pull an ORANGE SURVIVAL SUIT from a bin, and spread it on the floor. Musi loads a 9 mm. gun. -

MUSI (CONT'D)

I got the gun...Say goodbye! Out!

He tosses the radio, marches at Phillips, yanks him to his feet, rage in his eyes. Game over. Phillips knows it.

PHILLIPS

I thought you were all just fishermen.

The gun comes up. Musi and Phillips are eye to eye. We TIGHTEN on Phillips, then SMASH TO BLACK, and:

Super: "**Nine days earlier.**"

...when the world was still sane.

CUT TO:

2

INT. HALLWAY- PHILLIPS HOME - NIGHT

2

CU: Phillips, eyeing himself in a mirror.

He's about to take his wife out to dinner, their ritual on his last night before a trip. He looks relaxed, but there's something behind the eyes.

Might just be that he's a mariner on land, or maybe he can see the sea miles on his face; it's hard to say. From downstairs he hears:

ANDREA (O.S.)

Honey?

That's his wife. It's time to go. He grabs a sealed bottle of wine from a counter, carries it off. We CUT TO:

3 INT. RESTAURANT - ESSEX, VT. - NIGHT

3

Phillips and ANDREA, (Italian-American by birth, an experienced nurse) sit by the window. This is the restaurant they choose when they want the night to feel like a date.

ANDREA

(mid-story)

...biggest heart surgeon in the state and he can't remember to wash his hands between patients. He also never changes his tie. Ya know, that's how most staph infections get bounced around hospitals. Doctors' neckties.

PHILLIPS

Must be why I never wear one.

She grins. Phillips pulls that bottle of wine from a paper bag.

PHILLIPS (CONT'D)

Guy sounds like a jerk. What do the other nurses say?

ANDREA

They wanna give him a foley catheter.

Phillips breathes out a laugh, pours the wine.

ANDREA (CONT'D)

Been thinking, I might pick up some double shifts. Might as well. Be nice to have the extra, you know. And with everyone away.

PHILLIPS

You don't have to do that.

ANDREA

I'll think about it anyway.

Phillips has a piece of paper, with a LIST on it. It's something he *always* does the night before shipping out...

PHILLIPS  
Can we do the list?

ANDREA  
Sure.

PHILLIPS  
I didn't get to salting the driveway outside the shed, and I think the snowblower needs oil. Did you see Mariah's tuition came in?

ANDREA  
I know. Dan's too. Seven per cent? Ugh.

PHILLIPS  
And the dryer's been rattling. Needs a new thermal fuse or something.

ANDREA  
I'll call the guy.

He puts the list down.

ANDREA (CONT'D)  
Is that it?

PHILLIPS  
That's it.

His job done, he leans back... but he feels that *twinge* - (he's had a bad back for years). He shakes it off.

Andrea, of course, caught it.

ANDREA  
You all set for this one?

PHILLIPS  
Yeah, I'll be fine.

He is who he is. We CUT TO:

4 INT. PHILLIPS' HOME - BEDROOM - UNDERHILL, VT. - NIGHT 4

IMAGES:

-Quilts on a chair.

-Family pictures on a dresser.

-A window looking out on a pasture.

-Timber ceiling beams.

-Luggage sitting by the door.

-A crucifix on a wall... and:

Phillips and Andrea, making love.

As they kiss, we CUT TO:

5 EXT. DUNES - EYL, SOMALIA - MORNING 5

A convoy of 4x4s roars across the sand - towards a remote, dilapidated compound by the sea.

6 EXT. PIRATE COMPOUND - DAY 6

At the edge of the compound a young boy sees them coming. Starts running.

7 INT. COMPOUND HUT - EYL, SOMALIA - SAME 7

The young boy opens the door - kicks a sleeping figure on the floor. This is Musi.

YOUNG BOY (SOMALI, SUBTITLED)  
*Quick! They're coming!*

Musi's up, that fast - been dreading this moment for days.

8 EXT. COMPOUND STREET- EYL, SOMALIA - VARIOUS - DAY 8

Musi (a pirate, roughly 20) hurrying past hostage pens, a brothel, a man with one hand, a goat sipping at a puddle and young women selling bunches of KHAT LEAVES, the ubiquitous drug chewed by most Somalis.

In the distance a glimpse of the ocean.

He turns a corner to find the 4X4's and a pack of PIRATE BOSSES - all guns and sat phones - tearing into a guy named HUFAN (44) while a CROWD OF YOUNG SOMALI MEN, all aspiring pirates, watch, including one of Musi's age. This is Asad.

PIRATE BOSS #1 (SOMALI, SUBTITLED)  
(to Hufan)  
What is this bullshit? - you bring me small ships. Now I have to feed these hostages and no-one wants to pay a ransom.

HUFAN (SOMALI, SUBTITLED)  
*The big ships sit too high in the water.*

PIRATE BOSS #1 (SOMALI, SUBTITLED)  
Then get bigger ladders.

Hufan nods. The group starts to disperse.

HUFAN  
Pick your crews. And do it fast.

ASAD  
 (Turns to Musi)  
 Stay out of my way today, skinny  
 rat.

They move off towards the beach; followed by the young boy.

9 EXT. PHILLIPS HOME. EARLY MORNING 9

Revealing an average Vermont farm house.

10 INT. PHILLIPS HOME - BATHROOM SHOWER- EARLY MORNING 10

Angle on the half opened doors. Phillips showering. Radio in the background - the economy.

11 INT. PHILLIPS BEDROOM- LATER 11

Phillips packs - a few paperbacks, passport, papers marked "Maersk Line" showing a large container ship. And a 15lb bag of 8 o'clock coffee beans. Last, a framed photo - of Phillips, Andrea, their two KIDS, DAN AND MARIAH, taken ten years ago. He was younger then...

Looks up - sees a glimpse of Andrea dressing for work. Just a moment. Then:

PHILLIPS  
 Have you seen my dopp-kit?

ANDREA  
 Dan's room, I think.

12 INT. PHILLIPS HOME - UPSTAIRS - MINUTES LATER 12

Phillips walks down the hall - pauses at a half-opened door.

His daughter MARIAH's room. Every inch of wall space is filled with posters, bumper stickers, equestrian ribbons. They make him smile.

13 INT. PHILLIPS HOME - DAN'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER 13

Phillips enters his son's room now. Lots of clutter, photos of swimsuit models on the walls and one of him and his father fishing when he was a boy - and *the kid himself*, just awakening: DAN, 19.

DAN  
 I was just coming downstairs...

PHILLIPS  
 You got that dopp-kit?

DAN  
 Sure - it's over there.

Phillips picks it up off the dresser.

PHILLIPS

Thought you were driving back to school this morning.

DAN

I decided to leave later.

PHILLIPS

Uh-huh. What time'd you get in last night?

DAN

It wasn't late.

PHILLIPS

Had to be after midnight - 'cause I was still up and you weren't here.

DAN

You really gonna interrogate me, Dad?

PHILLIPS

It's really simple, Dan. You go to school. That's your job. You're either doing it or you're not.

DAN

You wanna boss people around? Do it on the boat, okay? Jesus.

A blow-up, that fast. Silence hangs...

PHILLIPS

I'll see you when I get back and don't forget to check in on your mom while I'm gone.

DAN

I know the drill.

14

EXT. PHILLIPS HOME - DRIVEWAY - MOMENTS LATER

14

Andrea is getting into the car. Phillips walks past the old NAUTICAL BELL that's been sitting (forever) on a chair by the door. He gets in beside her.

PHILLIPS

I didn't get time to do that bell.

ANDREA

I'll put it on the list.

Phillips looks up: there's Dan, glancing down from his bedroom window.

ANDREA (CONT'D)

He stayed in so he could *see you off* this morning.

PHILLIPS

I don't like him to miss class.

A half-wave from Dan in the window. Phillips acknowledges it... Then they drive off.

15 INT/EXT. CAR-UNDERHILL - VARIOUS - MORNING 15

Phillips and Andrea driving through Underhill - white picket fences, the local store, a handmade sign for fresh eggs, St Thomas' Church. No stop-lights.

Phillips watches it slip by and out into the Vermont fields beyond.

16 INT. MINIVAN/EXT. BURLINGTON AIRPORT - CURB - MORNING 16

Airport. Andrea pulls up to the curb. Phillips pauses.

PHILLIPS

You're not coming in?

ANDREA

I can't today. Had a shift change. I'm late already.

PHILLIPS

Oh. Okay.

He lets it go, gets out. We STAY WITH ANDREA - as Phillips grabs his stuff from the back of the minivan. Comes back round: A quick hug. A quick kiss. Neither of them are big on goodbyes.

ANDREA

I love you.

PHILLIPS

Call you when I get to port.

Then he's on his way into the terminal and she's gone. On Phillips face as he looks back - that's the first time ever she's not come in with him- we CUT TO:

17 EXT. PIRATE COMPOUND - BEACH - EYL, SOMALIA - DAY 17

Musi and Asad follow Hufan across the beach towards two skiffs down by the ocean.

Young men approach, anxious for work.

ASAD CREW 1 (SOMALI, SUBTITLED)

*Hey - take me today, brother?*



ASAD (SOMALI, SUBTITLED)  
 (rubs his fingers  
 together)  
*What you gonna give me?*

A few begin to dig into their pockets. Musi sees this, then spots BILAL, clearly younger than the others.

MUSI (SOMALI, SUBTITLED)  
*Your sister know you're here?*

BILAL (SOMALI, SUBTITLED)  
 (points back to one of the  
 GIRLS selling khat)  
*Sure. She give me good leaves.*

Bilal shows Musi his stash of khat leaves. Musi takes some and chews. Gestures - come. Bilal steps forward. Next he sees ELMI -standing at the front, pleading...

ELMI (SOMALI, SUBTITLED)  
*Hey skinny. You take me. I watch  
 your back.*

Musi nods. Elmi's in. Musi scans the group, needing one more.

And here's Najee - bigger than the rest. Focused and intense. Najee stares hard, nods to Musi but won't beg. Musi thinking... then nods. Najee walks forward.

18 EXT. BEACH - EYL, SOMALIA - MINUTES LATER 18

Down at the waters edge the pirates load their skiffs - AK-47's, handguns, ammo, ladders. In the distance the 4x4's watching. And the young boy.

When it's done the skiffs are launched and head out into the bay towards a TRAWLER in the distance, anchored amongst other hi-jacked vessels.

This is the pirate MOTHER SHIP...

19 INT. TAXI. PORT - SALALAH, OMAN. DAY 19

Phillips in a taxi.

His POV: Endless lines of containers.

20 EXT. PORT - SALALAH, OMAN - DAY 20

Phillips out of the taxi.

His POV: the *Maersk Alabama*. She's a CARGO SHIP: 508 feet long, 83 feet abeam, displacing 31,000 tons of water. Not pretty, but massive.

21 EXT. ALABAMA - IN PORT - DAY 21

Phillips walks up the ladder with his case.

Above him huge CRANES swing containers carrying the American flag and marked "World Food Program" into the Alabama's hold.

22 EXT. ALABAMA - DECK - DAY 22

Phillips along the deck. Instantly in Captain-mode: scrutinizing how the cranes are operating, the massive open cargo hold, how the ship's CREW is moving... Eyeing everything. Ahead of him: the ship's house, seven-stories tall, home to crew quarters, hospital, mess, engines and the Bridge...

As he goes inside, he checks the PIRATE CAGES (welded bars that are *supposed to be* protecting the STEPS rising up seven stories from here to the Bridge.) They're unlocked.

23 INT. ALABAMA - CORRIDOR - E-DECK - DAY 23

Phillips walks along a corridor, rounding a corner.

A few CREWMEMBERS are laughing, very blue collar. As Phillips appears, things tighten. The laughs get choked back. He's the boss. And not big on goofing off.

UNNAMED CREW MEMBERS

Cap.

PHILLIPS

Morning.

Phillips ducks into:

24 INT. ALABAMA - E-DECK - CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS - MOMENTS LATER 24

Puts his case down. A merchant mariner's life is measured out in a thousand bare, impersonal cabins. Takes out the photo of his family and places it on his desk.

He's alone.

25 INT. ALABAMA - CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - DAY 25

An office beside the spacious CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS. Phillips going through the "turnover notes" The outgoing captain LARRY AASHEIM packing his bags, ready to go.

AASHEIM

(sliding over)

Logbook. Keys, safe combination.

PHILLIPS

(checking a list)

Fresh water.

AASHEIM  
Hundred sixty-six tons.

PHILLIPS  
Fuel?

AASHEIM  
Two hundred-fifty metric tons of  
bunkers. Departure draft twelve-and-  
a-half meters fore and aft.

PHILLIPS  
Any Health Issues?

AASHEIM  
One of the A-B's is diabetic.

PHILLIPS  
Slop-Chest?

AASHEIM  
Up to date and closed. Harbor  
Master in Mombasa wants two cartons  
of cigarettes now, coming and  
going.

Phillips makes a note of it - then notices something else:

A PIRACY ALERT... issued by UKMTO (United Kingdom Maritime  
Traffic Office.) It's a *list of PIRATE ATTACKS on the EAF4*  
(*East Africa*) run in the last two weeks.

There are 23 known attacks listed. Phillips eyes it.

PHILLIPS  
And when was the last security  
drill?

AASHEIM  
Two days out of Djibouti. Last leg.  
It was fine. Say - are we done? I  
gotta flight to catch.

PHILLIPS  
Sure. We're done.

AASHEIM  
Okay. Your vessel.

Aasheim's in a hurry, to get out.

PHILLIPS  
Thank you Captain.

Phillips watches him go...

Phillips enters the bridge - nerve center of the Maersk Alabama. We are 120 feet above the waterline, looking out at a bright trouble-free day through huge windows.

MURPHY (O.S.)

Good to see you, Cap.

That's SHANE MURPHY: 27, tough as a bouncer but with a Boy Scout face. From Seekon, Mass. Phillips loves this guy.

PHILLIPS

You too, Shane. Any problems with the load?

Phillips makes his way to the coffee machine.

MURPHY

All hatches closed and dogged, checking the lashings now. Electrician's troubleshooting a reefer in Hold Two. Should be done in a few.

PHILLIPS

You got the voyage plan?

MURPHY

You got it.

Phillips takes his place by the electronic maps, radar screens, satellite-fed radios. Studies the route on the console.

MURPHY (CONT'D)

Convoy down the coalition corridor to Djibouti, exit south of Socotra. Then on our own round the coast to Mombasa.

PHILLIPS

(pointing to the sea off Somalia)

Take us the direct route across Somali waters will ya. I want us straight through the danger zone. And let's pick up the *security* around here. Got pirate cages unlocked. Engine Door, Bridge Door, Cargo Scuttle - all of 'em wide open. I want 'em secured. Even in port. Guys walking around with key-rings on their hips. Jesus Shane. What kinda crew you handing me?

Whoops. That was said just as TWO CREW-MEMBERS walk in: "ATM"  
 REZA (26, Pakistani American) & COLIN WRIGHT (30, Southerner)  
 - they just decided the new Captain is an asshole. That fast.

ATM

Cap.

Phillips barely acknowledges him. Off they go to the other side of the bridge, unimpressed.

PHILLIPS

Call all hands - I want to be underway by fifteen hundred.

Murphy eyes him, sobered, then nods "On it."

27 EXT. ALABAMA - BOW/STERN - LATER DAY 27

SEVEN CREW-MEMBERS at the bow, ANOTHER SEVEN at the stern, dealing with lines and spotting - with a TUG in place, as:

28 INT. ALABAMA - BRIDGE - LATER DAY 28

Phillips at the helm, following push-back procedure.

PHILLIPS (INTO RADIO)

Bow and stern, single up. Hold your springlines.

MURPHY (THRU RADIO)

Bridge, this is bow. We are singled up, one on one on bow.

WRIGHT (INTO RADIO)

Bridge, stern. We are singled up, one on one on stern.

PHILLIPS (INTO RADIO)

Okay, take your last lines in.

MURPHY (THRU RADIO)

All clear forward.

WRIGHT (THRU RADIO)

All clear aft.

PHILLIPS

Dead Slow Ahead.

Wright pushes the Engine Order Telegraph (throttle). The giant ship begins to pull away from the berth.

29 EXT. ALABAMA - FROM THE WATER - CONTINUING 29

The Maersk Alabama puts to sea... Slow but muscular.

30 EXT. ALABAMA - A-DECK - AT SEA - DAY 30

Phillips on his daily inspection - down a flight of stairs.

31 INT. ALABAMA - ENGINE CONTROL ROOM - DAY 31

Into the engine control room where the Chief Engineer, Mike Perry, is monitoring the CRT screen displaying cylinder temperature readings. JOHN CRONAN, Perry's 1st, beside him.

PHILLIPS

'Scuse me, Chief, I think I'm lost.  
Where's the deck with the outdoor  
pool around here?

PERRY

(smiles, doesn't look up)  
A captain in an engine room? Yeah,  
you are lost.

Phillips grins. Perry wipes the grease off his hand, shakes.

PERRY (CONT'D)

Good to see ya, Cap.

PHILLIPS

How we lookin'?

PERRY

(points to the screen)  
Running a bit high on this one, but  
we'll get there.

Phillips looks at the dial.

PHILLIPS

Okay, well let me know if it acts  
up and I'll see ya at dinner. Don't  
forget, it's black tie.

Perry chuckles. Phillips moves on.

32 EXT. ALABAMA - A-DECK - WALKWAY - DAY 32

Phillips along a walkway under the serried ranks of  
containers. Out into the open.

His POV: The sea - the reason to do this job.

Turns a corner... and there, suspended above B-DECK is that  
fiberglass LIFEBOAT. 28 feet long, enclosed, looks like an  
orange submarine, sitting on SKIDS at a 45-degree angle.

Under it are two crew members, one points a hose at the  
bottom of the lifeboat.

...until Phillips launches:

PHILLIPS

No, not with a hose. Ya gotta get up there in a harness and soogee it, with a Turk's Head. Does a better job.

Crew 12 eyes him - *are you serious?*

PHILLIPS (CONT'D)

Hosin' it ain't the same.

(at crew 14)

And there's no smoking on deck.

With that, he's gone.

33 EXT. ABOVE THE ALABAMA - AERIAL - EVENING 33

The ship moves easily through the water.

34 INT. MAERSK - MESS-DECK - MESS - EVENING 34

CREW-MEMBERS drink coffee and fill out OVERTIME-SHEETS. On one table a card game. On another it's all about a strip bar in Mombasa. Phillips walks in, carrying papers. Purposeful.

PHILLIPS

Shane, got those time sheets for me?

MURPHY

Sure...

KEN QUINN

Hey, Cap. You taking us out when we get into Mombassa?

MURPHY

Askin' the wrong guy, Kenny. Cap never leaves the ship. Doesn't matter where we dock, he stays aboard.

PHILLIPS

I'm married and I'm cheap. What'm I gonna do on shore?

That brought a chuckle.

CRONAN

So how far out we goin' Cap?

Phillips tightens, instantly irritated. Eyes him.

PHILLIPS

Far enough to be safe, close enough to get to Mombasa on schedule. That okay with you guys?

CRONAN  
Aye - Aye Sir.

Phillips can fire back, or he can walk away. He walks away.

MURPHY  
(embarrassed)  
He's okay. Just likes things done  
his way.

Looks at the faces. They're not all convinced.

35 INT. ALABAMA - CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS - NIGHT 35

Phillips eats alone. Working. His family framed nearby.

Studies another maritime bulletin on his computer: *"More pirate attacks reported off the coast of East Africa."*

36 EXT. MOTHERSHIP - AT SEA - DAWN 36

A bright morning on the beautiful ocean. The trawler making good speed.

37 INT. MOTHERSHIP - BRIDGE - SAME 37

Hufan, and Asad study a GPS display while Musi searches channels on the radio. We hear an exchange in JAPANESE, one in FRENCH. Then:

MURPHY (THRU RADIO)  
Hamburg Queen, Hamburg Queen - this  
is MV Maersk Alabama. I'm going to  
alter my course to starboard to  
keep a two-mile C-P-A. We will pass  
port to port. How copy? Over.

Musi stares at the GPS, dragging his finger from one blip ("Hamburg Queen") to a second (closer to them). Hufan nods. Asad not happy Musi has found the target.

HAMBURG QUEEN (THRU RADIO)  
Maersk Alabama, Hamburg Queen.  
Roger that. I see you six miles  
ahead of me. I'll pass port to  
port. Hamburg Queen out.

38 INT. ALABAMA - BRIDGE - SAME (MORNING) 38

Murphy on the radio. ATM at the wheel.

MURPHY  
(into radio)  
Hamburg Queen, Maersk Alabama.  
Thanks for the comeback. Clear and  
out.

Murphy hangs up.



39 INT. MOTHERSHIP - BRIDGE - RESUMING 39

Hufan, Musi, and Asad eye a large blip on the GPS display.

HUFAN (SOMALI, SUBTITLED)  
Americans?

Musi and Asad nod, and walk out towards the skiffs.

40 INT. ALABAMA - BRIDGE - MORNING 40

Phillips enters, all business.

MURPHY  
Hey Cap.

PHILLIPS  
We're running a security drill  
today. Unannounced. Starting now.

MURPHY  
Sure thing, Cap.

Colin Wright is at the helm. Beside him are ATM and CLIFFORD LACON (70, African American). Phillips leans in to Wright, calmly:

PHILLIPS  
It's Colin, yeah?

WRIGHT  
Yes, Cap. Colin Wright.

PHILLIPS  
There's a boat on our starboard  
side. Two men with weapons, acting  
hostile.

Wright turns. freezes.

WRIGHT  
...Okay.

PHILLIPS  
So let's go - right? Pirates, et  
cetera.

Wright rings the GENERAL ALARM, which sounds throughout the ship. LOUD.

PHILLIPS (CONT'D)  
Not the general alarm. I want the  
whistle first - to let the pirates  
know you're aware of them and are  
ready to defend the ship.

Wright nods, sounds a WHISTLE (audible five miles away).

PHILLIPS (CONT'D)  
Now the General Alarm. Long-short,  
 long-short.

Done. ATM takes the helm.

PHILLIPS (CONT'D)  
 (to Lacon)  
 Cliff. Secure the bridge doors.

LACON  
 Got it.

Phillips leaves. A beat later, so does Lacon.

41 INT. ALABAMA - CONTROL ROOM - SAME. DAY 41

Guys file in, without urgency. It's just a drill.

42 INT. ALABAMA - A-DECK - PASSAGEWAY - MOMENTS LATER. DAY 42

Phillips on every detail. Checks for unsecured doors, a CREW-MEMBER moving about with *keys jangling on his belt*.

PHILLIPS  
 (to a passing steward)  
 What's the non-duress password?

STEWARD  
 Mister Jones.

PHILLIPS  
 No. That's the *Secret Security Alarm* code. Non-duress is  
 "supertime."

STEWARD  
 Supertime. Got it.

PHILLIPS  
 And run the hoses out, right?

43 EXT. ALABAMA - A-DECK LATER (DAY) 43

Phillips watches as giant HIGH-PRESSURE FIRE HOSES are run out and tied to the sides of the rails.

44 INT. MAERSK - BRIDGE - RESUMING 44

Murphy on the bridge:

MURPHY  
 Have we called UKMTO?

WRIGHT  
 On it.

Phillips returns to the bridge. Meets Lacon returning:

PHILLIPS

Did you secure the doors?

LACON

Every door - every level. Closed shut.

PHILLIPS

You closed them.

(Lacon nods)

Did you lock them? *Secure* them?

LACON

Um.... No. Just closing.

PHILLIPS

So if we were under attack...

Lacon's silent.

PHILLIPS (CONT'D)

Okay, get to your muster point.

Lacon goes. Silence hangs for a second.

PHILLIPS (CONT'D)

We are in search of excellence - but oh we will accept so much less.

MURPHY

How's it look down there?

PHILLIPS

Shaky. Got watertight doors open on the Main Engine Level; they should all be secured, with deadbolts. That was in the Night Orders. Guys running around with key-chains on their hips. If they get taken in an attack we got pirates with access to every room on the ship. Let's shut this down and bring everyone into the Ship's Office for a critique. Five minutes.

MURPHY

'Kay. Sorry about the screw-ups.

PHILLIPS

Don't be sorry. Be angry. They'll jump higher.

Murphy nods, shuts off the alarm. Phillips turns away.

...when something catches his eye. THREE BLIPS - *coming from the 10-cm RADAR SCREEN*. Odd.

He stops. Leans in. The BLIPS indicate THREE SMALL VESSELS, seven miles astern, moving in on us. Fast.

Just like they would if this were *the real thing*. Hmmm...

Phillips picks up a pair of binoculars, heads outside to:

45 EXT. ALABAMA - STARBOARD BRIDGE-WING. CONTINUING 45

Phillips lifts the binoculars, to find:

Two skiffs *pounding* through FOUR-FOOT SWELLS at 21 knots, right at us. A TRAWLER behind them. We can't see faces yet but they're moving like pirates would. Real ones.

46 EXT. ALABAMA - PORT SIDE BRIDGE WING - RESUMING - DAY 46

Phillips lowers the binoculars. Collects himself.

47 INT. ALABAMA - BRIDGE - CONTINUING. DAY 47

He walks back in.

MURPHY  
(to Phillips)  
Everything okay?

PHILLIPS  
We got two skiffs, incoming.

MURPHY  
(moving to the radar)  
In the middle of the day? Gotta be fishermen.

Phillips look says, "I don't think so." Grabs the radio:

PHILLIPS  
Chief, control room, stand by.

PERRY (THRU RADIO)  
We still in the drill, Cap?

PHILLIPS  
Not a drill. Real world.

Phillips makes his way to the RADAR.

PHILLIPS (CONT'D)  
(to Wright)  
Give me left-five degrees.

WRIGHT  
(turning the wheel)  
Left-five.

48 EXT. ALABAMA STERN - FROM BELOW - SAME - DAY 48  
 Angle on the rudder, as it begins to turn.

49 EXT. ALABAMA BOW- WATER'S SURFACE - SAME - DAY 49  
 The bow adjusts, producing a greater wash.

50 INT. ALABAMA - ENGINE CONTROL ROOM - DAY 50  
 Meanwhile below deck confusion as Perry tries to round up his engineers.

PERRY  
 DFI on the drill Jimmy. We gotta go  
 back to control.

51 INT. ALABAMA - BRIDGE - RESUMING 51  
 Phillips eyes the RADAR SCREEN. Murphy too. Watching the TWO  
 BLIPS, indicating the SKIFFS.

Both blips now ALTER THEIR COURSE, turning *to follow*.

BACK TO PHILLIPS - now he knows. So does Murphy. Shit.

PHILLIPS  
 (at Murphy)  
 Get UKMTO for me.

Murphy moves to the sat phone and begins to dial.

PHILLIPS (CONT'D)  
 (into RADIO)  
 Chief, you on station yet?

PERRY (THRU RADIO)  
 Standing by.

PHILLIPS  
 We got skiffs approaching, I want  
 to come up to 122.

52 INT. ALABAMA - ENGINE CONTROL ROOM - DAY 52  
 Perry watching the dials.

PERRY  
 You're good. Bring her up.

53 INT. ALABAMA - BRIDGE - RESUMING - DAY 53  
 Phillips pushes the throttle.

PHILLIPS  
 Throttle 122.

The pitch of the engines changes as the ship starts to accelerate.

54 INT. ALABAMA CONTROL ROOM/CORRIDORS - SAME - DAY 54

Down below confusion starting to clear at last.

55 INT. ALABAMA - BRIDGE. RESUMING - DAY 55

Murphy hands the phone to Phillips.

MURPHY  
Cap. UKMTO.

PHILLIPS  
(into phone)  
Operations?

Murphy studying the radar.

UKMTO OPERATOR (THRU PHONE)  
Receiving.

PHILLIPS (INTO PHONE)  
This is Maersk Alabama. Position two-degrees-two north by forty-nine-degrees-nineteen east. Course one hundred eighty, and speed at seventeen knots. We have two skiffs approaching at five-point-five miles, with a possible mother ship behind them. Potential piracy situation.

56 INTERCUT WITH/INT. UKMTO TRACKING ROOM - DAY 56

An OPERATOR sits in front of a computer screen indicating ships and shipping lanes around the east coast of Africa.

UKMTO OPERATOR (THRU PHONE)  
Copy Alabama - you should alert your crew and get your fire-hoses ready. And you may want to get the ship locked down.

BACK TO PHILLIPS: not too impressed.

PHILLIPS (INTO PHONE)  
Is that it?

UKMTO OPERATOR (THRU PHONE)  
For the moment. Chances are they're just fishermen.

PHILLIPS (INTO PHONE)  
They aren't here to fish.

Frustrated, he slams down the phone.

57 EXT. MUSI'S SKIFF - ON THE WATER - SAME (DAY) 57

Reveal Najee and Bilal in the bow with AK's. Elmi steering.  
Musi just in front of him raises his binoculars:

His POV: BIGGER WAVES coming at them.

Musi lowers his binoculars and signals to Asad. They're big.

58 INT. ASAD'S SKIFF - SAME (DAY) 58

Asad shouts to his crew to prepare for the chop.

59 INT. MUSI'S SKIFF - RESUMING (DAY) 59

Musi turns to Elmi.

MUSI (SOMALI, SUBTITLED)

*Faster!*

Elmi revs the outboard engine. Heavy seas hitting now...

60 EXT/INT. ALABAMA - STARBOARD BRIDGE-WING - DAY 60

Phillips watches through his binoculars. His POV: He can make out the pirates and their weapons. Returns to the bridge:

PHILLIPS

Both skiffs carrying armed men.  
Distance.

MURPHY

Three miles and closing.

PHILLIPS (INTO RADIO)

Chief, I need 125 revs.

61 INT. ALABAMA - ENGINE CONTROL ROOM - SAME (DAY) 61

Rows of upright machines and monitors. Perry watches the needles on the gauges climb.

PERRY (INTO RADIO)

You're good, Cap. Bring it on up.

62 INT. ALABAMA - BRIDGE - RESUMING - DAY 62

Phillips pushes the throttle another notch.

PHILLIPS

Starboard five degrees.

WRIGHT

Starboard five.

Wright turns the wheel.

63 EXT. ABOVE THE ALABAMA - AERIAL - SAME (DAY) 63  
 The ship begins to bank again, producing a bigger wake. From the bow, we fly alongside and past the Alabama - tracking with the increasingly choppy surf, until we reach:

64 EXT. MUSI'S SKIFF - DAY 64  
 Musi's skiff bounces through the rough seas. Engine revving, Musi focused, determined.

65 EXT. ASAD'S SKIFF - SAME - DAY 65  
 Asad's skiff is rocking hard as well. Asad looking around, uncertain...

66 INT. ALABAMA - PORT BRIDGE-WING - DAY 66  
 Phillips locked in with his binoculars.

67 INT. ALABAMA - BRIDGE - DAY 67  
 Murphy, unrattled:  
 MURPHY  
 Two and a half miles. Still coming hard.

68 INT. ALABAMA - STARBOARD BRIDGE-WING - DAY 68  
 Phillips lowers his binoculars, thinking...

69 INT. ALABAMA - BRIDGE. DAY 69  
 Murphy looking to Phillips... What now?  
 MURPHY  
 Cap?  
 Phillips returns, picks up the radio microphone...  
 PHILLIPS (INTO MIC)  
 Warship 237... Coalition Warship 237. This is Maersk Alabama, come in.  
 Murphy looks to Wright - What the...?

70 EXT. MUSI'S SKIFF. DAY 70  
 Blaring on the skiff's radio, *they can hear Phillips' voice..*  
 PHILLIPS (THRU MUSI'S RADIO)  
 Warship 237, Coalition Warship 237... Do you read? This is Maersk Alabama, come in.  
 Musi and his crew react.



71 INT. ALABAMA - BRIDGE - RESUMING (DAY) 71

Phillips changes his voice, *pretending to be "Warship 237"*:

PHILLIPS (INTO RADIO, CONT'D)  
 ("warship voice")  
 Roger, Maersk Alabama. This is  
 Coalition Warship 237.  
 (normal voice:)  
 This is Maersk Alabama. Position is  
 two-degrees-two north by forty-nine-  
 degrees-eighteen east.  
 Course is one hundred eighty and  
 speed at 18.5 knots. Request  
 immediate assistance...

72 INT. ASAD'S SKIFF - RESUMING (DAY) 72

As Asad listens, he becomes increasingly concerned.

PHILLIPS (THRU ASAD'S RADIO)  
 We have two skiffs approaching and  
 a mother ship trailing behind. Look  
 to be pirates, heavily armed.

73 INT. ALABAMA - BRIDGE - RESUMING (DAY) 73

Phillips, working the radio:

PHILLIPS (INTO RADIO)  
 ("warship voice")  
 Roger that, Maersk Alabama. How  
 many do you have aboard?  
 (normal voice:)  
 Crew of twenty. We are preparing  
 our weapons.

74 INT/EXT. PIRATE TRAWLER - SAME. DAY 74

Hufan listens...

PHILLIPS (THRU HUFAN'S RADIO)  
 ("warship voice")  
 Roger that. We have a gunship in  
 the air. His ETA to your position  
 is approximately five minutes.

Holy shit. Hufan eyes the sky overhead for a chopper...

75 INT. ALABAMA - BRIDGE - RESUMING - DAY 75

Phillips keeps at it:

PHILLIPS (INTO RADIO)  
 (normal voice)  
 Five minutes. Copy that, 237.  
 Alabama out.

He puts the radio down. Murphy and Wright eye him.

MURPHY  
I'm pretty sure that's illegal.

PHILLIPS  
So's piracy.

76 INT/EXT. ASAD'S SKIFF - RESUMING - DAY 76

Asad looks up at the sky, then turns to his pilot.

ASAD (SOMALI, SUBTITLED)  
*Slow down.*

The pilot slows.

77 INT. MUSI'S SKIFF - SAME - DAY 77

Musi, focused on navigating the swells, turns to see Asad's boat slowing.

MUSI (SOMALI, SUBTITLED)  
*What are you doing?! Let's go!*

78 INT/EXT. ASAD'S SKIFF. RESUMING - DAY 78

Close on Asad staring at Musi. Then, to his pilot:

ASAD (SOMALI, SUBTITLED)  
*Take us back!*

The pilot swings the tiller, and Asad's skiff turns back.

79 INT/EXT. MUSI'S SKIFF - RESUMING - DAY 79

Musi screams abuse at Asad - then turns to Elmi:

MUSI (SOMALI, SUBTITLED)  
*Faster!*

Elmi guns the outboard. It SPUTTERS as the skiff lurches through the heavy waves towards the Alabama.

80 INT. ALABAMA - BRIDGE - RESUMING - DAY 80

MURPHY on the radar. Locked in.

MURPHY  
We've lost one. The other guy's still coming. Mile and a half out.

PHILLIPS (INTO RADIO)  
Chief, where are we with the rpm's?

81 INTERCUT WITH/INT. ALABAMA - ENGINE CONTROL ROOM - SAME 81

Perry is eyeing the meters.

PERRY (INTO RADIO)  
 Number 5 cylinder redlining now,  
 Cap. We're exceeding deviation.

Phillips pushing the throttle.

PHILLIPS (INTO RADIO)  
 Copy chief, but I need max revs.  
 I'm taking her up to 129.

Phillips disconnects before Perry can answer. Then:

PHILLIPS (CONT'D)  
 Okay, throttle to 129. Port five  
 degrees.

WRIGHT  
 Throttle 129. Port five degrees.

82 INT. ALABAMA - ENGINE ROOM - RESUMING - DAY 82

The engines roar.

83 EXT. ALABAMA - STERN - SAME - DAY 83

The Alabama kicking up big water.

84 EXT./INT. MUSI'S SKIFF - SAME - DAY 84

Musi's outboard is straining against the waves - the skiff  
 now taking on water. Najee and Bilal bucking in their seats.

MUSI(SOMALI, SUBTITLED)  
 (to Elmi)  
*Faster!*

85 INT. ALABAMA - BRIDGE - RESUMING - DAY 85

Murphy never looking up from the radar:

MURPHY  
 One mile, Cap. This guy ain't  
 scaring worth a damn.

86 EXT. ALABAMA - STARBOARD BRIDGE-WING - DAY 86

Phillips watches with his binoculars.

His POV: Musi's skiff being slammed around.

PHILLIPS  
 Now, Starboard five.

WRIGHT  
 (turns the wheel)  
 Starboard five.

87 INT. ALABAMA ENGINE CONTROL ROOM - RESUMING - DAY 87  
Perry nervously watches the CRT displays peaking.

88 EXT. ALABAMA - STERN - RESUMING - DAY 88  
The ship pivoting, continuing to kick up water.

89 EXT/INT. MUSI'S SKIFF - RESUMING - DAY 89  
The skiff takes a big wave... CRASH! Everyone's jolted, more water pouring in. Musi looks up--  
His POV: a HUGE SWELL coming fast, right at us...

MUSI (SOMALI, SUBTITLED)  
*Gun the engine!*

Elmi cranks it for all it's worth. Up and over and... CRASH!  
A HUGE THUD as we SLAM DOWN... and Musi's skiff is now dead in the water. Elmi tries to restart the engine... Nothing.  
Musi fumes. So does Najee. The Alabama pulling away...

90 INT. ALABAMA - BRIDGE - RESUMING - DAY 90  
Murphy is glued to the radar.

MURPHY  
Holding at zero point nine, Cap.  
He's dead in the water.

WRIGHT  
Hell yeah!

91 EXT. ALABAMA - STARBOARD BRIDGE-WING - RESUMING - DAY 91  
Phillips still looking. His POV: Musi is staring straight at him with his own binoculars.

92 EXT/INT. MUSI'S SKIFF - RESUMING - DAY 92  
CU Musi lowers his field glasses, assessing...

93 EXT. ALABAMA - STARBOARD BRIDGE-WING - RESUMING - DAY 93  
While Murphy and Wright celebrate in the background, Phillips puts down his binoculars, knowing it's far from over...

94 EXT. ALABAMA - FROM THE WATER - NIGHT 94  
The Alabama makes its way.

95

INT. ALABAMA - MESS-DECK - MESS - NIGHT

95

A card game, guys trying to *distract* themselves - beneath framed photos on the wall: "The Jewels of the Maersk Line." Chatter, table-talk, all of it surface-level. Then:

Phillips enters. And all chatter STOPS. He grabs a coffee.

Silence - save for the sound of some music in bg...

The unease in here going unaddressed... until:

ATM

So what's the plan, Cap - if they come back?

There it was. Phillips pauses. The guys await an answer.

PHILLIPS

Same drill.

(No-one looks convinced)

We got speed. We got height. And we got hoses. That's a lot of advantages.

PERRY

We don't have weapons though. Do we?

A few guys nod. Clearly, it's been discussed in here tonight.

QUINN

Maybe we should.

PHILLIPS

Sorry. The guys who own this ship disagree, and they sign the checks.

QUINN

They're not out here.

PHILLIPS

Come on fellas - you know as well as I do ships start carrying guns, pirates are going to come back with mortars. We start carrying depth charges, pirates are going to come back with rocket-launchers. Besides that, there are ports on this run that won't allow an armed ship to dock.

CRONAN

So if they board us - what - we just hide?

PHILLIPS

We follow the protocol, lock down  
and wait for help.

CRONAN

And end up in Somalia hoping the  
company pay a ransom? The hell with  
that..

ATM

Rather put up a fight.

This isn't going anywhere good. Phillips reads the faces -  
then:

PHILLIPS

You guys wanna know the truth?

(they're waiting)

The truth is, I don't feel any  
better about this than you do. But  
I don't own this vessel. I just  
work here.

(that landed)

You wanna change the rules? Buy a  
shipping line. Until then, we're  
here for the ship; the ship isn't  
here for us. Anybody who can't  
accept that can deboard at Mombasa.  
I won't think any less of you.

Silence. No one replies. But he just gained some respect...

PHILLIPS (CONT'D)

It's late. Let's shut this down.

He exits. The guys look to Murphy. So:

96

INT. ALABAMA - CORRIDOR - CONTINUING

96

Phillips walks away. Then:

MURPHY (O.S.)

Captain?

Phillips turns. Murphy approaching.

MURPHY (CONT'D)

Listen, they're just a little  
shaken up.

PHILLIPS

They should be. The drill today was  
embarrassing. Now they wanna start  
shooting it out.

That almost snapped Murphy's head back.

PHILLIPS (CONT'D)

We don't have any weapons. We just need to do our jobs better. Make sure that gets communicated - okay, Mate?

MURPHY

Aye-aye, Cap.

Phillips turns, and goes...

97 INT. ALABAMA - PHILLIPS QUARTERS - NIGHT 97

Phillips writes an email to Andrea:

"Hi.... working hard, new crew to get in shape, like always. How are the kids? I'll see you in the stars. Rich."

He hits SEND.

Then, a brief flicker - in his face -

...a hint of fear. Uncertainty.

He shakes it off - then shuts off his computer.

98 EXT. PIRATE TRAWLER - ON THE WATER - MOVING - NIGHT 98

The Mothership makes its way.

99 EXT. PIRATE TRAWLER - ON THE WATER - MOVING - NIGHT 99

The two SKIFFS are tied to the trawler again. Elmi is working on the engine of their skiff....

...while Musi WELDS TWO LADDERS TOGETHER - to create one twice as long. Tools all over the place.

ELMI (SOMALI, SUBTITLED)

*This engine is shit; we need more power.*

ASAD (SOMALI, SUBTITLED)

(to Elmi)

*Just fix it and shut up...*

MUSI (SOMALI, SUBTITLED)

(to Asad)

*Maybe we take yours. You're not using it, right?*

ASAD (SOMALI, SUBTITLED)

*You talk a lot for a skinny rat, you know that?*

MUSI (SOMALI, SUBTITLED)

*Least I'm not a coward.*

ASAD (SOMALI, SUBTITLED)  
*What did you say?*

MUSI (SOMALI, SUBTITLED)  
*You heard.*

Hufan, and everyone else, now watching.

Asad pulls a gun and shoves it right in Musi's face. The two of them head to head. Then, Cobra-fast, Musi strikes: a *WRENCH*, into Asad's temple. Asad stumbles back, dazed and falls to the floor.

No one moves. Musi eyes Hufan... who smiles. We CUT TO:

100 INT. ALABAMA - CAPTAIN'S BATHROOM - 5:20 A.M. 100

Phillips showers, readying himself for the day...

101 INT. ALABAMA - CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS - 5:25 A.M. 101

Phillips dresses. Then, a BUZZ on his intercom:

PHILLIPS (INTO PHONE)  
 Yeah.

MURPHY (THRU PHONE)  
 Better get up here, Cap.

Phillips knows without being told. They're back.

102 INT. ALABAMA - CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS/CENTRE STAIRWELL- DAWN 102

Phillips walking to the bridge. Fast.

103 INT. ALABAMA - BRIDGE - DAWN 103

Phillips enters. Wright and ATM at the controls. Murphy on the bridge wing.

PHILLIPS  
 How far?

WRIGHT  
 Five miles.

Phillips heads out to the bridge wing.

104 EXT. ALABAMA - STARBOARD BRIDGE-WING - CONTINUING - DAWN 104

Murphy is there already.

Phillips raises binoculars. His POV: a single skiff heading right towards them. Shit.



MURPHY

Guy's coming on his own.  
(doesn't like it)  
Why's he coming on his own?

105 INT. ALABAMA - BRIDGE - RESUMING - DAWN 105

Phillips onto the bridge.

PHILLIPS

(to Murphy and Wright)  
Sound the alarm and get UKMTO on  
the line.

Phillips grabs the engine room phone.

PHILLIPS (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)

Chief, they're coming back. I need  
max revs now.

PERRY (THRU PHONE)

Copy, Cap. Bring her up.

Phillips works the throttle. Now the intercom.

PHILLIPS (ON P.A.)

Attention! Everyone to their muster  
stations. Muster stations, now.  
This is not a drill. Repeat - this  
is not a drill.

106 INT. ALABAMA- VARIOUS 106

The alarm sounds as everybody moves.

107 EXT. ALABAMA - AERIAL, FRONT-TO-BACK - SAME - DAWN 107

Up and over the Alabama as it turns, revealing the skiff in  
the distance behind.

108 INT./EXT. MUSI'S SKIFF - SAME - DAWN 108

Musi's POV through his binoculars: The Alabama turning. He  
lowers them and smiles.

MUSI (SOMALI, SUBTITLED)

*Go across the wake!*

Elmi acknowledges and moves the tiller. Reveal now TWO  
outboard motors on the skiff. And that HUGE LADDER.

Najee focused, Bilal anxious - as the skiff adjusts.

109 INT. ALABAMA - BRIDGE - RESUMING - DAWN 109

Murphy, watching the radar. Holding for UKMTO.

MURPHY

Coming faster this time, Cap.

Phillips can see that.

110 INT. ALABAMA - CORRIDORS/CASTLEWAYS - SAME 110

The crew react to the alarms.

111 INT. ALABAMA - BRIDGE - RESUMING - DAY 111

ATM

I've got UKMTO, Cap.

Phillips grabs the phone.

PHILLIPS (INTO PHONE)

This is Maersk Alabama. We are under attack by pirates. One skiff coming fast.

MURPHY

One and a quarter miles out.

PHILLIPS (INTO PHONE)

One and a quarter miles off our starboard bow. Our position is two-degrees-two south by forty-six-degrees-fourteen east. Course one hundred sixty six. Speed nineteen knots.

112 INTERCUT WITH/INT. UKMTO TRACKING ROOM. NIGHT 112

A different TECHNICIAN this time. As he types, we see an EMERGENCY ALERT generated...

UKMTO TECHNICIAN #2 (INTO PHONE)

Copy that Alabama. Relaying now. Keep your line open.

113 INT. ALABAMA - BRIDGE - DAY 113

PHILLIPS (INTO PHONE)

Roger that.

114 EXT/INT. MUSI'S SKIFF - RESUMING - DAY 114

Musi rides powerfully across the wake and into smooth water. He picks up his radio handset.

MUSI (INTO SKIFF RADIO)

This is Somali pirates! Somali pirates! Coming to get you!

115 INT. ALABAMA - BRIDGE - RESUMING - DAY 115

Phillips and the crew listen:

MUSI (THRU RADIO)  
Surrender now! You have no chance!

Phillips thinking, then turns to ATM:

PHILLIPS  
Arm the hoses.

ATM goes to a board and starts flipping switches.

PHILLIPS (CONT'D)  
Count it down.

MURPHY  
Eight hundred yards.

116 INT./EXT. MUSI'S SKIFF - RESUMING - DAY 116

The skiff mirrors the Alabama's turns while closing in.

MUSI (INTO SKIFF RADIO)  
We are Somali pirates!

117 INT. ALABAMA - BRIDGE - RESUMING - DAY 117

Phillips grabs the intercom microphone.

PHILLIPS (INTO PHONE)  
Chief, how's the pressure?

118 INT. ALABAMA ENGINE CONTROL ROOM - DAY 118

Perry monitoring pump pressure.

PERRY (INTO PHONE)  
Pumps're all good, Cap.

119 INT. ALABAMA - BRIDGE - RESUMING - DAY 119

Phillips is already on to the next task:

PHILLIPS  
Are we mustered yet? I need a headcount.

MURPHY  
Four hundred yards.

PHILLIPS  
Hold it steady.

120 INT. MUSI'S SKIFF - RESUMING - DAY 120

Musi points to a spot just behind the Alabama bow wake.

MUSI (SOMALI, SUBTITLED)  
(To Elmi)  
*Get us in there. And hold.*

- 121 INT. ALABAMA - PORT BRIDGE-WING - RESUMING 121  
Murphy calling the distance.
- MURPHY  
Three hundred.
- Phillips watching intently with binoculars. His POV of the skiff getting closer. He sees that HUGE LADDER now.
- MURPHY (CONT'D)  
Two hundred!
- 122 INT. MUSI'S SKIFF - RESUMING - DAY 122  
Getting closer.
- MUSI (SOMALI, SUBTITLED)  
(to Najee and Bilal)  
*Get the ladder ready.*
- They pick up that huge LADDER. Extend it.
- 123 INT. ALABAMA - PORT BRIDGE-WING - RESUMING 123  
Phillips, tracking through binoculars. Skiff getting closer.
- MURPHY  
Seventy five, Cap!
- A beat, then...
- PHILLIPS  
Hit the hoses.
- ATM hits a switch.
- 124 EXT. ALABAMA - DECK, VARIOUS - SAME - DAY 124  
Powerful FIXED HOSES open up simultaneously now - from all around the rear and rear-sides of the ship's perimeter, forming a protective shield of water.
- 125 INT/EXT. MUSI'S SKIFF - RESUMING - DAY 125  
Water from the hoses now EXPLODES toward the skiff.
- MUSI (SOMALI, SUBTITLED)  
*Turn! Turn!*
- Jostled by the deluge, the skiff veers away from the Alabama.
- 126 INT. ALABAMA - BRIDGE - RESUMING - DAY 126  
Murphy, Wright, and ATM react.
- PHILLIPS  
Now Port fifteen!

WRIGHT  
Port fifteen!

Big turn - revealing the skiff, veering off.

ALL  
Yeah!!! Hell yeah! How'd *that*  
taste, asshole?

Phillips remains stoic; he knows it's far from over.

127 EXT/INT. MUSI'S SKIFF - RESUMING - DAY 127

Musi screaming at Elmi:

MUSI (SOMALI, SUBTITLED)  
*Get us back there!*

The skiff begins to loop around.

128 INT. ALABAMA - BRIDGE - RESUMING - DAY 128

Phillips scans the deck... and sees DISASTER: Hose #7, on the starboard side, is SLIPPING, exposing the ship's flank. He raises his binoculars in a hurry and finds the skiff.

129 INT./EXT. MUSI'S SKIFF - RESUMING - DAY 129

Uh-oh. Musi just spotted the same gap. He points.

MUSI (SOMALI, SUBTITLED)  
*There! Go there!*

Elmi aims the skiff toward the gap.

130 INT. ALABAMA - PORT BRIDGE-WING/BRIDGE - RESUMING 130

Phillips charges back on to the bridge

PHILLIPS  
Hose seven's slipped.

MURPHY  
(on the move)  
I'm on it.

Murphy's grabbing a TOOL-BELT and a WALKIE-TALKIE.

PHILLIPS  
Where're you going?

MURPHY  
To fix it.

PHILLIPS  
Like hell you are!

MURPHY  
I'm on Channel Three.

With that, he's out the door.

PHILLIPS  
Shane!

Murphy's gone - down a BACK STAIRWELL.

PHILLIPS (CONT'D)  
Goddammit!

ATM and Wright eye him: now what? Phillips moves to a cabinet, pulls out a FLARE GUN and a bunch of FLARES.

WRIGHT  
What're you doin', Cap?

PHILLIPS  
Giving him some cover. On my signal, bring it up to 130 and turn thirty degrees to port.

Phillips heads out to the Starboard Bridge Wing.

131 EXT. ALABAMA A-DECK - SAME - DAY 131

Murphy exits the back stairs and runs across the deck.

132 EXT./INT. MUSI'S SKIFF - RESUMING - DAY 132

Musi, eyeing that weak spot, hungering for it...

MUSI (SOMALI, SUBTITLED)  
*Faster!*

133 EXT. ALABAMA - PORT BRIDGE-WING - RESUMING 133

Phillips, eyes on the skiff, pulls a shell from his pocket and loads the flare gun. He aims...

134 EXT. ALABAMA - MAIN DECK - AT HOSE #7 - CONTINUING (DAY) 134

Murphy gets to the hose, pulls out a wrench and starts to unlock the hose-mounting.

135 EXT./INT. MUSI'S SKIFF - RESUMING - DAY 135

The skiff is bearing down on the Alabama.

MUSI (SOMALI, SUBTITLED)  
*Get ready!*

Najee and Bilal grip the ladder, getting ready...

- 136 EXT. ALABAMA - PORT BRIDGE-WING - RESUMING - DAY 136  
 POP! Phillips fires a flare at the oncoming skiff - aiming RIGHT OVER MURPHY'S HEAD.
- 137 EXT./INT. MUSI'S SKIFF - RESUMING - DAY 137  
 Musi's eyes widen as he sees the flare coming at him.
- MUSI (SOMALI, SUBTITLED)  
*Down!*
- Everyone ducks. Elmi lets go of the tiller, causing the skiff to *slam into the Alabama*. Musi howls, pointing upward:
- MUSI (SOMALI, CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
*Shoot!*
- Najee and Bilal grab their AK's and fire at Phillips.
- 138 EXT. ALABAMA - PORT BRIDGE-WING - RESUMING - DAY 138  
 POP-POP-POP. The WIND-DODGER puckers an inch from Phillips' face. He ducks down. Pops up again, firing wildly. MORE GUNFIRE drives him down again. Then:
- 139 EXT. ALABAMA - MAIN DECK - AT HOSE #7 - RESUMING - DAY 139  
 Murphy, still loosening nuts on the crippled hose.
- 140 EXT. ALABAMA - PORT BRIDGE-WING - RESUMING - DAY 140  
 Phillips crouches, reloads, pops up, fires, ducks again...
- 141 INT/EXT. MUSI'S SKIFF - RESUMING - DAY 141  
 The flare misses. Najee and Elmi return fire - while *Musi and Bilal start to raise the LADDER to the deck of the Alabama*.  
 Just then, Najee spots Murphy on the deck. So:
- 142 EXT. ALABAMA - MAIN DECK - AT HOSE #7 - RESUMING - DAY 142  
 Murphy's still wrestling with the hose when bullets whizz past him, way too close. He flattens himself to the deck.
- 143 EXT. ALABAMA - PORT BRIDGE-WING - RESUMING 143  
 Phillips sees this, barks into his walkie-talkie:
- PHILLIPS (INTO WALKIE)  
 Shane, get the hell outta there!
- 144 INTERCUT WITH/EXT. ALABAMA - MAIN DECK - HOSE #7 - SAME 144  
 Murphy under fire, on his belly.

MURPHY (INTO WALKIE)  
I don't have it working yet, Cap!

Phillips - also under fire.

PHILLIPS (INTO WALKIE)  
Drop it and get to the Engine Room!  
That's an order!

MURPHY (INTO WALKIE)  
Not the Bridge?

PHILLIPS (INTO WALKIE)  
Repeat: The Engine Room! If this goes south I'm gonna send everyone down. It's more secure and I need you there to take command.

Murphy takes off.

BACK TO PHILLIPS - running in to the bridge, shouting into the INTERCOM:

PHILLIPS (CONT'D)  
They're trying to board! Hit it Chief!

145 INT. ENGINE CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUING - DAY 145

Perry pushes the throttles.

146 EXT. ALABAMA - STERN - SAME - DAY 146

The engines roar as they kick up water.

147 EXT. ALABAMA - MAIN DECK - AMIDSHIP - SAME - DAY 147

GRAPPLING HOOKS from Musi's LADDER wrap snugly around the FISHPLATE on the deck of the Maersk. We DROP DOWN TO:

...Musi, grabbing the ladder while moving at 18 knots. He jumps from the speeding skiff to the ladder, climbing...

148 INT. ALABAMA - PORT WING/BRIDGE - RESUMING - DAY 148

Phillips sees the huge ladder, the grappling hooks. Oh shit.

PHILLIPS  
Where the hell'd they get that ladder? Thirty-port!

WRIGHT  
Thirty-port!

Wright turns the wheel; the giant ship shifts.

PHILLIPS  
Now thirty-starboard!



WRIGHT  
Thirty-starboard!

149 EXT. MUSI'S SKIFF - RESUMING - DAY 149

As Musi climbs, the Alabama turns and then turns back again slamming violently into the skiff. Musi almost slips. The skiff's hull beginning to CRACK. Now what?

Musi, halfway up the ladder, shouts at his men:

MUSI (SOMALI, SUBTITLED)  
*Forget the boat! Everybody up!*

THUMP. The skiff takes another hit - just as Bilal grabs the ladder. Elmi still on the tiller. Najee grabs the ladder. Skiff beginning to COME APART now. Elmi reaches...

...and grabs the ladder just as the skiff is sucked down by the under tow and slowly chewed up. The pirates eye it from the ladder. Nowhere to go now but up.

150 INT. ALABAMA - BRIDGE - RESUMING - DAY 150

Phillips eyes ATM and Wright.

PHILLIPS  
You two with the rest of the crew.  
(they eye him: *huh?*)  
Go. I have the bridge.

ATM  
Sorry, Cap.

WRIGHT  
We're not leaving you alone.

Phillips didn't expect that. Not one bit. But he appreciates it.

PHILLIPS  
What is it with you guys and orders?

THMP-THMP-THMP - bullets hit the huge bridge windows (they're bulletproof. Phillips picks up the microphone:

PHILLIPS (INTO MIC) (CONT'D)  
This is the Captain. Listen up.

151 INTERCUT WITH/INT. ALABAMA - ENGINE CONTROL ROOM - SAME 151

Perry and his Engineers come to a stop.

152 INTERCUT WITH/INT. CONTROL ROOM - SAME 152

The rest of the crew does the same, listening.

PHILLIPS (OVER P.A.)  
 We've been boarded, and we're about  
 to lose the bridge. Leave your  
 muster station and get to the  
 Engine Room. Everyone. Now.

153 INT. ALABAMA - VARIOUS MUSTER STATIONS - RESUMING 153

Not a drill, not a close-call. The real thing.

PHILLIPS (THRU SPEAKERS)  
 Repeat: get to the Engine Room.

Crew members hurry through corridors, down stairs.

154 EXT. ALABAMA - MAIN DECK - RESUMING - DAY 154

The pirates onto the deck, firing all the way.

MUSI (SOMALI, SUBTITLED)  
*Let's go.*

They make for the bridge.

155 INT. ALABAMA - BRIDGE - RESUMING - DAY 155

Phillips, *watching them* race across the deck, as:

PHILLIPS (INTO MIC)  
 You know the plan. We go dark and  
cold. Engines off, non-emergency  
 power off. Every man stays out of  
 sight until help arrives... NO ONE  
 comes out until you've heard the  
 all-clear from me, WITH the non-  
 duress password. *Supertime.*

156 INT. ALABAMA - STAIRWELLS/CORRIDORS - SAME - DAY 156

Crew members hustling.

157 EXT. ALABAMA - MAIN DECK - RESUMING - DAY 157

The pirates approaching the bridgehouse.

158 INT. ALABAMA - BRIDGE - RESUMING - DAY 158

Phillips, keeping it calm and direct:

PHILLIPS (INTO MIC)  
 I'm gonna do everything I can to  
 make sure this doesn't happen - but  
 if they find you, here's what you  
 need to remember:

- 159 EXT. ALABAMA - MAIN DECK - SAME - DAY 159  
 The pirates arrive at the bottom of the bridge stairs. Locked by the pirate cage. Musi shoots the lock off. They begin to climb up to the bridge...
- 160 INT. ALABAMA - ENGINE ROOM - SAME - DAY 160  
 Crew members arriving, MURPHY RACES IN, immediately begins a headcount, as:
- PHILLIPS (OVER P.A.)  
 You know the ship, they don't. So use that. Do what they tell you. Make them feel they're in control while guiding them away from the important stuff, like radar or the engine controls. And NEVER reveal the whereabouts of a fellow crew-member.
- 161 INT. ENGINE CONTROL ROOM - DAY 161  
 Perry moving from system to system, pushing buttons, throwing switches...
- 162 EXT. ALABAMA - LADDER - SAME - DAY 162  
 The pirates climb the ladder, rung by rung, relentless...
- 163 INT. ALABAMA - BRIDGE - RESUMING - DAY 163  
 Phillips knows they're coming, but his voice remains still:
- PHILLIPS (MIC, CONT'D)  
 Don't appear too confrontational or too meek. If you're screaming at them or whimpering in the corner, you give them a personal reason to put a bullet in your head. Maintain your dignity, but remember: you're not there to defend your honor. You're there to survive.
- 164 EXT. ALABAMA - LADDER - RESUMING - DAY 164  
 Musi and the pirates, nearing the top of the ladder...
- PHILLIPS  
 Bottom line is, look out for each other. Stick together. We'll be all right.
- He puts down the radio. ATM and Wright are silent. A moment between them. Then Phillips grabs a JACKKNIFE off a table, pockets it...
- ...as the sound of an AK-47, firing, spins our head around.

The bridge-door opens - Najee rushing in, pointing that AK at us and shouting in Somali like a guy on a meth-bender. Chaos.

Elmi and Bilal behind him. ATM and Wright drop to their knees, hands up. Phillips freezes. He has lost the bridge.

Najee shouting. ATM and Wright scared witless. Musi glides in last. We PUSH IN on Phillips as they come face to face for the first time - Then:

MUSI

Relax, Captain, relax. No Al Qaeda.  
No Al Qaeda. We're Somali pirates.  
Just business. You stop the ship.

Phillips nods. Musi looks the bridge over, sees Wright and ATM - confused to see a black sailor.

MUSI (CONT'D)

What nationality?

PHILLIPS

Me? Or the ship?

MUSI

The ship. American?

PHILLIPS

Yes. American ship.

That's BIG NEWS. Musi nods, pleased. Najee WHOOPS. Big whoops from all pirates. Phillips hitting KNOBS on the console --

MUSI

Bigggg Yankee ship. You Yankee too?

PHILLIPS

Sure. Yankee Irish...

MUSI

Okay. Just business Irish. Just business. Where's your crew?

PHILLIPS

I don't know. I'm here with you.

MUSI (CONT'D)

Call them! I want them up here!

PHILLIPS (INTO MIC)

Okay. All crew, all crew. Pirates want you to report to the bridge.

165

INT. ALABAMA - ENGINE CONTROL ROOM - RESUMING - DAY

165

The guys heard that. Now they hear it again:

PHILLIPS (THRU P.A. SPEAKER)  
Repeat, pirates want you on the  
bridge.

166 INT. ENGINE CONTROL ROOM. DAY 166

Perry hits a switch marked OVERRIDE, giving him control of throttle and rudder commands.

167 INT. ALABAMA - BRIDGE - RESUMING - DAY 167

...with a SHUDDER, the thrum of the ship's engine STOPS.

Then, that fast, the POWER GOES OUT. Consoles, screens, A/C. All dead. And we're *adrift*. Musi looks around.

MUSI  
What is that?

PHILLIPS  
(trying console controls)  
We shut the engines down too fast.  
(pure bullshit)  
There's a check-down procedure. We  
rushed it, knocked out the grid.

MUSI  
Move.

Phillips obliges. Musi tries the instruments, futilely, as:

PHILLIPS  
We shut it down too fast. Ship's  
broken now.

Phillips moves to the RADAR. Three knobs on it. He turns down the "gain" knob and turns up the "anti-rain" and "anti-sea-clutter" knobs. Then he moves toward the VHF radio..

168 INT. ALABAMA - ENGINE CONTROL ROOM - RESUMING - DAY 168

Perry can see what Phillips is doing on INDICATORS relayed from the Bridge. He keys his radio.

PERRY  
Shane, you read?

169 INT. ENGINE ROOM. DAY 169

Murphy keys his.

MURPHY  
Go ahead.

170 INT. ALABAMA - ENGINE CONTROL ROOM - RESUMING

170

PERRY

Cap's degrading the radar. And changing the frequency on the radio so they won't be able to contact their mother ship. How's the crew?

MURPHY (O.C.)

We're missing one.

PERRY

Who?

MURPHY (O.C.)

Cliff.

PERRY

I'm on my way.

Perry keys off his radio and exits.

171 EXT. ALABAMA - RESUMING - DAY

171

The ship drifting now, lazily.

172 INT. ALABAMA - BRIDGE - RESUMING - DAY

172

Phillips watching, as Elmi pokes at ATM and Wright with his AK. Everyone on edge. Phillips steps in.

PHILLIPS

Hey, your guys want some water? Or cigarettes? I got a couple cartons here.

MUSI

Cigarettes.

PHILLIPS

ATM, grab some sodas for these guys, will you?

ATM

Sure, Cap.

Phillips hands packs of cigarettes to Musi and his men. ATM grabs a few sodas, offers them. Najee glares: "If I want it, I'll take it." Elmi starts rifling through cabinets.

PHILLIPS (CONT'D)

Hungry?

(Elmi grunts)

You're in luck. We've got seventeen tons of wheat and peas in the hold. It was meant to feed most of Kenya, but what the hell - go to town.

MUSI  
What else you carrying? Irish?

PHILLIPS  
Huh?

MUSI  
American ship. You carrying cars,  
tv's, guns, what else you got?

PHILLIPS  
Sorry. All we're moving is the  
food, nothing else.

Musi studies Phillips, as if trying to x-ray him for truth. A beat, then he moves to the radio. Tries to get it going. Phillips sits beside Wright.

WRIGHT  
(quietly)  
How much we got in the safe?

PHILLIPS  
Less than they want.

WRIGHT  
A couple grand, right? Maybe we  
give it to 'em and they go away.

PHILLIPS  
It's a U.S. ship, Colin. They're  
thinking millions - not thirty  
grand.

WRIGHT  
So what do we do?

Off Phillips thinking as:

Musi bangs the radio with frustration, trying to re-set it.  
Turns, temper flaring:

MUSI (SOMALI, SUBTITLED)  
(to Najee re: radio)  
*It's not working.*

PHILLIPS  
I don't know what to tell you.  
Maybe something shorted out when we  
powered down.

NAJEE (SOMALI, SUBTITLED)  
(agitated, at Musi)  
*So we can't talk to Hufan?*

MUSI  
 (ignoring Najee)  
Get your engineer to fix it. Where  
 is your crew, Irish?

PHILLIPS  
 I don't know. I'm here with you.

MUSI  
 Get them up here. Now! If not,  
 these crazy-guys kill you!

Elmi and Najee jump as if they'd been plugged into a socket:  
 shouting again, pointing the AK's:

ELMI/NAJEE  
 Down! Down!

ATM and Wright drop their heads, *the AK's pressed inches away  
 from them now.* Things just ramped up in a hurry.

MUSI  
 You want to die? Two minutes, they  
 kill you! They kill your men!

PHILLIPS  
 Take it easy. I'm doing my best.

NAJEE  
 Minute thirty now!

MUSI  
 I told you! Bad guys! Bad guys!

Wright looks to Phillips, who moves again to the P.A. MIKE.

PHILLIPS (INTO MIC)  
 All crew, all crew. Pirates want  
 you on the bridge. Report to the  
 bridge immediately.

173 INT. ALABAMA - ENGINE CONTROL ROOM - RESUMING - DAY 173

No air conditioning. A lot of HEAT. Everyone listening...

PHILLIPS (THRU P.A. SPEAKER)  
 Get to the bridge... now!

Murphy eyes the men.

MURPHY  
 Until you hear the word supertime,  
 we don't move.

174 INT. ALABAMA - BRIDGE - RESUMING - DAY 174

Najee is waving his gun...



NAJEE

One minute! We kill everyone!

PHILLIPS

Can you back your men off, please?  
Before someone gets shot?

Wright, looks to Phillips - pleading...

PHILLIPS (INTO MIC) (CONT'D)

Men, listen to me. The pirates want  
you to...

Suddenly, Musi grabs the mike from him.

MUSI

Crew! This is pirate captain...

175 INT. ALABAMA - ENGINE CONTROL ROOM - RESUMING - DAY 175

Crew sweating.

MUSI (THRU P.A. SPEAKER)

You don't get up here, three of you  
men DIE! Right now!

176 INT. ALABAMA - BRIDGE - RESUMING - DAY 176

NAJEE

Thirty seconds! You hear me! Thirty  
seconds and you DIE!

PHILLIPS

You just heard me call 'em!

ATM and Wright, each with guns at their heads...

MUSI

Do you want these men to die,  
Irish?

NAJEE

Fifteen seconds!

PHILLIPS

(shielding his men)

Hey. You wanna shoot somebody,  
shoot me. I'm the Captain. I'm the  
Captain.

Elmi pushes him away, hard. Phillips falls, but he manages to  
key his handheld:

PHILLIPS (INTO WALKIE) (CONT'D)

Shane- if you don't hear from us in  
one minute, we're gone...

177 INT. ENGINE CONTROL ROOM - RESUMING - DAY 177

The crew listening to Murphy's walkie:

PHILLIPS (THRU WALKIE)  
Whatever you do, stay out of sight  
and wait for help. That's the whole  
game now.

178 INT. ALABAMA - BRIDGE - RESUMING - DAY 178

Phillips struggles to his feet.

NAJEE  
Five seconds!

WRIGHT  
Cap? Please!?

NAJEE  
We kill you all!

Najee yells. Elmi and Bilal too. Deafening. *Now Wright starts yelling too.* Then suddenly: A knock, at the bridge door.

Everything stops. Every head turns. Musi nods to Phillips: "Go open it." Phillips crosses to the door, opens it. Sighs.

...because it's CLIFF LACON. Of course. Right where he shouldn't be. Phillips can hardly believe it.

LACON  
Cap?

As the pirates react, Phillips discreetly keys his radio so this'll be broadcast.

PHILLIPS  
C'mon in, Cliff. Drill's over.

Elmi grabs Lacon by the collar and puts him on the ground next to ATM and Wright, as:

179 INT. ENGINE ROOM - RESUMING 179

Hearing Phillips, the crew breathes a sigh of relief.

180 INT. ALABAMA - BRIDGE - RESUMING 180

But the crisis, oddly, has passed. Musi grabs his AK-47, pushing Phillips roughly towards the door, as if to cover his change of direction. But Phillips notes it, keeping his radio keyed.

MUSI  
Let's go.

PHILLIPS

For what?

MUSI

Your crew.

PHILLIPS

You wanna look for the crew? Good.  
Grab a flashlight.

Musi eyes him - "Who gives the orders around here?" Then

181 INT. ALABAMA - ENGINE ROOM - RESUMING 181

The crew members, listening in:

PHILLIPS (THRU WALKIE)

If the emergency power shuts off,  
we won't be able to see a thing  
below deck...

That was a message - for Murphy. And Murphy got it. He eyes  
the lights overhead...

182 INT. ALABAMA - BRIDGE - RESUMING - DAY 182

Phillips, continuing to broadcast:

PHILLIPS

We'll search the ship, deck by deck-  
starting at the top.

Musi pushes Phillips to the door, then nods to Bilal and  
points to a flashlight. Bilal picks it up and raises his gun  
to cover Phillips. The ship drifting...

MUSI (SOMALI, SUBTITLED)

(to Najee re: Wright, ATM,  
and LACON)

*Watch them.*

(to Elmi, indicating  
outside)

*Get out there. Keep your eyes open.*

They nod. Then Musi spots Phillips' radio. He eyes Phillips,  
then grabs it off his belt and throws it on a table.

MUSI (CONT'D)

You don't need this. Move.

Phillips, Musi, and Bilal exit.

183 INT. ALABAMA - ENGINE ROOM - RESUMING 183

Hot as hell in here (the AC and FANS went out when they shut  
the power down). Perry enters, joining the others.

MURPHY

Okay, you heard him. We gotta shut down the emergency power before they get down here.

PERRY

The generator's on the main deck, Shane.

MURPHY

You know the drill, we go dark and cold.

CRONAN

When's the cold part start?

MURPHY

(at Perry)  
Can you get to it?

PERRY

Probably. Damn it.

Murphy manages a smile. Everyone's sweating like crazy.

MURPHY

Gotta kill the plant, Chief, or we're done. I'll go for the mess - try to get us some more water.  
(re: radio)

Cronan, we'll be on Channel Three. Stay hidden, and don't move.

CRONAN

Sure.

Perry and Murphy head off down a dark passageway...

184

INT. ALABAMA - E-DECK - PASSAGEWAY - DAY

184

Phillips leads Musi and Bilal into a 65-foot-long passageway. We're in semi-DARKNESS. Every fourth light lit. And we're adrift. It's spooky, even for pirates.

PHILLIPS

This is E-Deck- the first of 5. We should check the crew quarters first- then probably the cargo hold. First room...

Phillips takes out his keys and begins to slowly sort through them. Musi watches impatiently. Phillips finds a key, puts it in the door and opens it: It's A CLOSET with mops and brooms.

PHILLIPS (CONT'D)

Okay, next one...

Musi glares at Phillips as they move forward.

185 INT. ALABAMA - ENGINE-LEVEL - CORRIDOR - SAME 185

Murphy and Perry stop at a stairwell. A murmured good luck. Then Perry heads up the stairwell, Murphy down the hallway.

186 INT. ALABAMA - E-DECK - PASSAGEWAY - SAME - DAY 186

Phillips moves towards a door.

PHILLIPS

These are the Chief's Quarters.

(opens it)

Listen, don't think too badly of my guys. They're just used to seeing armed men on ship.

Musi barks at Bilal to inspect the CHIEF'S QUARTERS.

MUSI

Somali Marines, you tell them to do something, they do it. We 24/7.

(eyeing another door)

American sailors lazy - lazy. Too much TV and beer.

PHILLIPS

That's just a safety locker. Nobody in there.

MUSI

Open it.

Phillips opens the door. It is, indeed, a SAFETY LOCKER.

PHILLIPS

I'm not tricking you, believe me, I wanna find 'em as much as you do.

187 INT. ALABAMA - SUPERSTRUCTURE - PORT STAIRWELL - SAME 187

Mike Perry moving quietly up stairs.

188 EXT. ALABAMA - MAIN DECK - SAME - DAY 188

Murphy pauses, looks... then turns down another corridor and heads up a stairwell.

189 INT. ALABAMA - E-DECK - CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS - SAME - DAY 189

Musi enters Phillips' QUARTERS. He can't help but react.

The place feels palatial to him. A large room, sunlit by big windows, with an OFFICE and a SATELLITE OFFICE jutting off it. He begins to drift through, taking it all in.

PHILLIPS

These are my quarters.

Musi is oblivious. Sees to one side: a MIRROR. The biggest one he's ever seen. Then he notices the family photo - Andrea, and the kids. Musi reacts; Phillips catches it.

PHILLIPS (CONT'D)

You have a family?

Musi looks at the picture. Ignores the question.

MUSI

Maersk got a lot of ships, right?

PHILLIPS

Five-hundred and fifty.

MUSI

Big fish. Pay big money.

PHILLIPS

You done in here?

Musi doesn't answer - just walks away.

190

INT. ALABAMA - D-DECK - MATE'S QUARTERS - CONTINUING 190

The three enter ATM Raiza's room. There's a PRAYER RUG on the floor. And an ARROW on a desk, pointing to "Mecca." Musi stops. Bilal too.

BILAL

Muslim?

Musi throws a *searing look* at Bilal: "*Quiet!*" Bilal shrinks.

PHILLIPS

What? You thought we were *all* Irish?

No reply. Musi sees a PAIR OF SANDALS on the floor. He grabs them, sits down, and swaps his for them. Phillips observes the barefooted Bilal watching enviously...

MUSI

You Christian?

PHILLIPS

Does it matter?

MUSI

I ask, you answer. Easy.

PHILLIPS

If you really need to know, I'm sort of a half-assed Catholic.

(still trying to engage him)

My daughter's kind of on the fence about church too. If it started

(MORE)

PHILLIPS (CONT'D)  
 later in the morning and served  
 more wine, she'd probably go. You  
 got kids?

MUSI  
 No more questions. Move.

191 EXT. ALABAMA - MAIN DECK - SAME - DAY 191

A door opens, and Perry peeks out from the PORT STAIRWELL.

His eyes adjust. From here, he can see his target across the  
 deck: the ship's large EMERGENCY GENERATOR. But--

Straight above it, seven stories off the deck, is a grated  
 metal WALKWAY jutting off the Bridge. Elmi is currently  
standing guard on it, meaning he can see from here straight  
through to the Generator below.

Damn it. Perry exhales, calculating the odds...

PERRY (INTO RADIO)  
 I've got the generator in sight...

192 INT. ALABAMA - A-DECK - CORRIDOR - SAME 192

Murphy stops.

PERRY (CONT'D)  
 ...But there's a pirate right on  
 top of me.

MURPHY  
 You want me down there?

193 EXT. ALABAMA - MAIN DECK - SAME DAY 193

Perry, eyeing Elmi above... and Elmi's AK-47...

PERRY (THRU RADIO)  
 Why? You bulletproof?

Perry keys off, and inches his way out the door...

194 INT. ALABAMA - C-DECK - PASSAGEWAY - DAY 194

Phillips, Musi, and Bilal walking another corridor.

PHILLIPS  
 C-Deck. More crew quarters.

As Phillips takes out his keys, Musi's attention is caught by  
 something on the wall. He moves closer.

PHILLIPS (CONT'D)  
 These guys could be anywhere. But  
 I'm beginning to think the cargo  
 (MORE)

PHILLIPS (CONT'D)  
deck is our best bet. Lots of  
places to hide there...

MUSI (O.S.)  
Engine room.

What? Phillips reacts. He turns to see Musi staring at a  
detailed MAP OF THE SHIP.

PHILLIPS  
The cargo deck makes more sense. If  
we're systematic about this we--

MUSI  
We go to the engine room. That's  
where the problem is.

PHILLIPS  
Can we stop at the Mess, get some  
water? Gonna be hot down there.

MUSI  
Water.

PHILLIPS  
Yeah. That's right.

MUSI  
(gun up)  
Then engine room.

Phillips nods. Okay.

195 INTERCUT WITH/ INT. ALABAMA - MESS-DECK - MESS - SAME 195

Murphy enters the KITCHEN - sees food, water. Goes to get it.

196 EXT. ALABAMA - MAIN DECK - RESUMING 196

Perry is making his way slowly across the deck. Ducking for  
cover, clocking Elmi...

197 INT. ALABAMA MESS - DAY 197

Murphy grabs a crate, begins to stack water bottles and food.

198 EXT. ALABAMA - MAIN DECK - SAME - DAY 198

Perry inching his way forward. Elmi pacing the walkway above.

199 INT. ALABAMA - A-DECK - MESS - RESUMING - DAY 199

Murphy is carrying bottles of WATER, bags of food. Now he  
freezes - as:

PHILLIPS (O.S.)  
Crew's Mess. This is where we eat.



MUSI (O.S.)

Show me.

*They're at this door. Murphy moves away as fast as he can.*

200

INT. ALABAMA - A-DECK - CORRIDOR - CONTINUING

200

Phillips "fumbles" his keys, stalling... then he opens the Mess-Door and *pauses in the doorway*. Here's why:

He sees a lump on the mess-table, a BLANKET clumsily covering the water jugs, food-bags... Phillips looks around for a sign of someone, then starts walking toward the KITCHEN.

PHILLIPS

You guys hungry? Got some melon in the fridge. You should take it. It's just gonna spoil anyway.

Musi plugs a piece of khat into his mouth and starts chewing.

MUSI

No food. Hurry.

And that's when Phillips spots the edge of Murphy's shoe, sticking out from under a desk. Bilal's bare feet are just inches away. Phillips opens the fridge.

PHILLIPS

You sure you don't want some of this stuff?

Turns with four big CANTALOUPEs, and some JUICE-BOXES and "accidently" steps hard on Bilal's bare foot, then kicks Murphy's foot. Bilal yells. Gets a sharp look from Musi.

PHILLIPS (CONT'D)

Sorry, I didn't see you had no shoes.

(re: Bilal's AK)

You want the food or not? I can hold that for you.

Nobody laughs. Phillips notes Murphy's leg back under cover. Musi knows something happened - doesn't know what.

MUSI

Forget the food.

PHILLIPS

Cargo deck's not far from --

MUSI

Engine Room first.

PHILLIPS

Whatever you say.

As soon as they exit, Murphy reaches for his radio...

201 INT. ALABAMA - ENGINE ROOM - SAME - DAY 201

110 degrees now. Unbearable.

MURPHY (THRU RADIO)  
Cronan, do you read?

CRONAN  
Yeah. I got you.

202 INTERCUT WITH/INT. ALABAMA - A-DECK - RESUMING 202

Murphy, still under that desk, whispering:

MURPHY  
They're leaving the Mess Deck and coming your way. Break some glass outside the Engine Room door. One of 'em's barefoot.

CRONAN (INTO RADIO)  
Copy that.

Cronan gets up.

203 EXT. ALABAMA - MAIN DECK - RESUMING - DAY 203

Perry STOPS, stares up.

...at Elmi, who leans over the rail, shoving Khat into his mouth. He's right above where Perry needs to go. Shit...

Then, an idea. Perry grabs the microphone from his radio and yanks it off the cord. Looks up at Elmi. Then throws the mic as hard as he can *in the opposite direction of the generator*.

A NOISE. Elmi turns toward it, then yells to Najee:

ELMI (SOMALI, SUBTITLED)  
*I'm going downstairs!*

204 INT. ALABAMA - BRIDGE - RESUMING - DAY 204

Najee reacts. Waves his gun at Wright, ATM, and Lacon.

NAJEE  
If you move, I shoot!

205 INT. ALABAMA - ENGINE ROOM - CORRIDOR - RESUMING 205

Cronan steps outside and breaks glass.

206 EXT. ALABAMA - MAIN DECK - RESUMING 206

Elmi heads down an adjacent stairway. Perry sees this and runs for the generator.

207 INT. ALABAMA - MAIN DECK - CORRIDOR - LATER DAY 207

Phillips leads Musi and Bilal toward the Engine Room door, well aware that his crew is on the other side of it.

PHILLIPS

Hang on, lemme just find the Engine Room key. Wow, it's hot down here.

MUSI

All your crew weak like you?

PHILLIPS

(bristling)

My men are merchant mariners. We built America, pal, and a whole lot else.

MUSI

Yeah? What you build in Somalia?

Phillips lets it go. They step toward the door... when:

...we hear a CRUNCHING SOUND, and a *groan* from Bilal. He just stepped on what we now see is BROKEN GLASS, by the door.

The kid winces in silence. Musi eyes him, then looks to Phillips. Musi pushes them forward - as:

208 EXT. ALABAMA - MAIN DECK - RESUMING 208

Elmi gets to the bottom of the stairway and runs away from the generator.

...as Perry gets to the generator. It has a lid that's bolted down. He pulls out a wrench and begins to loosen the nuts...

209 INT. ALABAMA - ENGINE ROOM - SAME - DAY 209

The Engine Room door opens. Phillips pauses in the doorway, radar up. Bilal is on one foot now, in searing pain...

The men - hiding all over this vast space - are easy targets with the emergency lights still on.

PHILLIPS

(calls out)

Anyone here? Guys? Are you there?  
Time to come out.

Ken Quinn looks to Cronan, who quietly grabs a JACK-KNIFE...

MUSI

Why they don't come when you call,  
Irish? They don't like you?

Phillips hadn't expected that. He pauses while his men listen in.

PHILLIPS

Not much, no. I think they think  
I'm a prick.

That landed - on the faces of Phillips' men...

MUSI

What that word mean? Prick.

PHILLIPS

A guy who keeps telling you what a  
horse's ass you are 'cause he  
thinks it'll make you work harder.

MUSI

Then I'm a prick! Good to be a  
prick, right? If you're a captain.

PHILLIPS

No.

MUSI

Yeah! You keep 'em scared, they  
sail better - then you don't have  
pirates taking your ship away.

PHILLIPS

That wasn't them. That was me.

(a beat)

I thought we'd be okay. I thought  
you'd never get up on a ship this  
high. It was a bad call, all mine.

The men heard that too.

MUSI

Maybe you getting too old for this  
game.... Hey Bilal!

He nods toward a TURBINE. Ken Quinn is hiding behind it.  
Bilal starts hobbling *right at him*.

210 EXT. ALABAMA - MAIN DECK - RESUMING - DAY 210

Perry gets the last bolt loosened. He rips the lid off the  
top of the generator and sets it on the ground, quietly.

211 EXT. ALABAMA - MAIN DECK - AT THE CONTAINERS - SAME 211

Elmi hears the sound of the lid opening, spins around, and  
runs toward the generator...

212 INT. ALABAMA - ENGINE ROOM - RESUMING - DAY 212

Musi is heading for an EXHAUST VENT - which is where Cronan  
is hiding. Everybody tightening. Phillips seems to sense it.  
But what can he do?

213 EXT. ALABAMA - MAIN DECK - RESUMING - DAY 213  
 Perry reaches in, yanks a FUEL VALVE loose. Then throws TWO SWITCHES... and:

214 INT. ALABAMA - ENGINE ROOM - RESUMING - DAY 214  
 BLACKNESS - that fast. The Emergency Power just shut off. Musi stops dead in his tracks. Cannot see a thing.

MUSI  
 What happened, Irish?

PHILLIPS  
 Emergency generator must've failed.

215 EXT. ALABAMA - MAIN DECK - RESUMING - DAY 215  
 Elmi sprinting, rounds the corner, sees the generator cover on the floor - but Perry's already gone.

216 INT. ALABAMA - ENGINE ROOM - RESUMING - DAY 216  
 A FLASHLIGHT BEAM hits Phillips' face. The rest of the world is PITCH-BLACK. Drifting, creaking... creepy even by pirate standards.

MUSI  
 How come nothing work on this boat, Irish?

PHILLIPS  
 Bad luck, I guess. Wanna check the decks now?

MUSI  
 No. We keep looking down here.

PHILLIPS  
 (re: Bilal's foot)  
 Dragging him around? You'll be here all week.

Musi shines his flashlight on Bilal's foot, which is gushing blood on to the floor. Weighs his next move.

MUSI  
 You're bad luck. You know that?  
 (to Bilal, SUBTITLED:)  
*Take him upstairs. Send Najee down.*

Bilal nods, prods Phillips with the AK toward the door. Phillips has no choice. He leads Bilal out.

Musi, alone now in the darkness, LIGHTS A CIGARETTE and pulls out his long knife...

Across the room, Cronan and the rest of the crew see it. They nod to each other.

217 INT. ALABAMA - BRIDGE - LATER DAY 217

Phillips and Bilal walk on to the bridge. Najee still has Wright, ATM, and Lacon at gunpoint.

NAJEE (SOMALI, SUBTITLED)  
*Where's Musi?*

BILAL (SOMALI, SUBTITLED)  
*In the engine room. He wants you.*

NAJEE (SOMALI, SUBTITLED)  
*I wait for Elmi.*

See Phillips' wheels turn. He eyes Bilal, the bleeding foot.

PHILLIPS  
You should wash that.  
(Bilal is listening)  
We got a sick bay. Lacon here knows what to do.

But Najee's AK47 goes up. Straight no.

PHILLIPS (CONT'D)  
Okay. Okay. Just trying to help.

But Bilal saw.

218 INT. ALABAMA - ENGINE ROOM - RESUMING 218

Musi finishes his cigarette. Cronan, preparing to move, shifts his weight slightly... and makes a SOUND.

Musi REACTS, and shines his flashlight: He sees a glimpse of Cronin's head. Musi grabs his AK AND FIRES- just missing him. Musi bolts toward the crew, AK slung and ready.

Cronan ducks away into darkness, crew scattering.

Musi, running through DARKNESS, then a JOLT - out of nowhere - *Perry just returned, lunging at Musi with the JACK-KNIFE*, slicing into Musi's hand. Musi howls, drops his AK-47.

Cronan jumps in now, then OTHER SAILORS, from every side. Slamming Musi up against a bulkhead. For a moment it looks like they'll kill him.

Then a flashlight lights them up. The guys turn to see...

MURPHY  
Hey.

219 INT. ALABAMA - BRIDGE - SAME

219

Elmi enters, breathing hard. Najee eyes him, "And?"

ELMI (SOMALI, SUBTITLED)  
*I didn't find anything...*

Najee sighs, disgusted. Chews some Khat. Then:

MURPHY (THRU RADIO)  
Hey, Pirates. Come in, Pirates.

The Pirates turn, deeply thrown. That voice, crackling through the RADIO overhead. *Who is that?*

MURPHY (THRU RADIO) (CONT'D)  
This is the crew of the Maersk  
Alabama. We have your Captain.

Phillips reacts. The pirates do too.

220 INTERCUT WITH/INT. ALABAMA - ENGINE ROOM - SAME

220

The entire crew huddled around Musi, a knife at his throat.

MURPHY (THRU RADIO)  
Do you read, Pirates? We have your  
captain. And his weapon. We'll  
trade him. Your Captain for ours.

BACK TO THE BRIDGE - Phillips watches Elmi and Bilal; they're lost. Najee, putting himself in charge, grabs the radio.

NAJEE (INTO RADIO)  
You have our guy?

PERRY (THRU RADIO)  
Yeah. We got him.

NAJEE (INTO RADIO)  
Show me.  
(aloud, in Somali:)  
*What's going on, Skinny?*

Perry looks to Musi: Speak. Musi replies.

MUSI (SOMALI, SUBTITLED)  
*Do what they say. Make a deal!*

NAJEE (INTO RADIO, SUBTITLED)  
*We don't have a boat.*

PHILLIPS  
(jumping in)  
Take our lifeboat.  
(Najee turns)  
It's on the stern. And we'll give  
you the cash from the safe. There's  
(MORE)

PHILLIPS (CONT'D)

30 grand. Then you get the hell out of here. We got a deal? Can you hear me, Captain? That a deal?

221 INT. ENGINE ROOM - SAME 221

Musi, knife at his throat, heard all that.

MUSI

Deal!

222 INT. BRIDGE - RESUMING 222

Najee lowers the radio, looks at Phillips:

NAJEE

Show me the boat.

223 EXT. ALABAMA - B-DECK - STARBOARD STERN - AFTERNOON 223

Najee and Bilal, covering Phillips, eye the lifeboat: If released, anyone inside will drop down skids 45 feet straight into the sea.

20 feet away Murphy brings the dollars from the safe. Cronan brings a box of FOOD and water.

...while, overlooking all this from C-DECK, five CREW-MEMBERS hold Musi - a knife to his throat, his hand bleeding badly.

Phillips and Musi lock eyes from a distance... as:

PHILLIPS (CONT'D)

Crew holding up okay?

MURPHY

Couple heat-strokes, but they're fine.

PHILLIPS

See that they get treated, huh?

He turns to the pirates:

PHILLIPS (CONT'D)

Okay. Get yourselves harnessed in. We'll do the exchange once you're in the water.

NAJEE

No.

That halted things. Murphy thrown. Phillips *keeps calm*, as:

NAJEE (CONT'D)

Someone coming with us, show us how the boat works - 'til we get our captain back.



MURPHY

That *wasn't* the deal, Asshole.

Najee points an AK right at Murphy's head, and:

NAJEE

New deal.

Everyone stiffens. Najee turns, aims at the rest of the crew.  
- Elmi shouting.

Musi, one deck up, watching intently.

...as Phillips steps forward.

PHILLIPS

You want your Captain back? Ya  
gotta keep calm - and stop  
threatening my crew. Understand?

NAJEE

You do what we say, nobody bother  
nobody.

(a beat)

So- who comes?

Musi watching as we PUSH IN on Phillips.

PHILLIPS

It'll be me. I'll do it.

MURPHY

(interrupting)

Cap, I got it.

PHILLIPS

I didn't ask for volunteers.

(to Najee)

Let's go.

The pirates head for the lifeboat with Phillips. Murphy and  
the crew can't believe it.

... neither can Musi.

PHILLIPS (CONT'D)

Send him down once we're underway.  
On the ladder amidship.

MURPHY

Cap, you get in there with them,  
you ain't comin' out.

PHILLIPS

We want 'em off the boat, right?

MURPHY

Yeah. But not like this.  
 (Phillips climbs in...)  
 Cap...

PHILLIPS

Crew's yours, Shane. Got it?

A last look between them. Murphy nods. Then Phillips "dogs"  
 (closes) the aft hatch.

224 EXT. ALABAMA - C-DECK - CONTINUING - AFTERNOON 224

Musi, a knife to his throat, has watched it all.

225 INT. ALABAMA - LIFEBOAT - SUSPENDED - AFTERNOON 225

Phillips, sealed in with the other pirates now, moves to the  
 bridge.

PHILLIPS

Get yourselves secured. This thing  
 drops like a stone.

Bilal, Elmi, and Najee harness themselves in, facing aft.

PHILLIPS (CONT'D)

Chief, they can still strafe the  
 ship, so keep the guys out of  
 harm's way.

PERRY (THRU RADIO)

Roger that.

PHILLIPS (INTO LIFEBOAT RADIO)

Okay. Releasing lifeboat now.

Phillips puts the radio down, harnesses himself in, grabs a  
 RELEASE VALVE, (a hydraulic pump.) Starts PUMPING it.

226 INTERCUT WITH/EXT. ALABAMA - B-DECK - RESUMING 226

A COG holds the lifeboat on these skids. It begins to recede,  
 hydraulically, as Phillips keeps pumping the valve. A few  
 more pumps on it, then:

...the COG on the skids falls away.

...and the lifeboat, unmoored, roquets down the skids. 12  
 feet, like a sled, nose down, then *off the edge of the ship*:

227 EXT. ALABAMA - STERN - CONTINUING - AFTERNOON 227

A 45-FOOT DEAD DROP, hurtling toward the water.

228 INT. LIFEBOAT - FALLING - CONTINUING - AFTERNOON 228

The pirates are stunned by their own velocity. Phillips braces himself. The surface rushing up to meet him, then:

A THUNDEROUS PLUNGE as the lifeboat smashes into the sea, sending up a huge plume, vanishing under water.

It's like a car wreck in here, bodies hurtling, banging, restrained by those harnesses. Water ABOVE us... until:

229 INTERCUT WITH/EXT. WATER-LINE - CONTINUING - AFTERNOON 229

The nose of the lifeboat breaches the surface, its bridge ten feet above the waterline, visible through those TINY WINDOWS.

Phillips gathers his wits, looks to his passengers.

PERRY (THRU RADIO)  
Cap, you okay?

PHILLIPS (INTO LIFEBOAT RADIO)  
We're okay. Bring their guy and the fuel amidship.

Goes back up to the control console, covered by Najee.

230 EXT. ALABAMA - DECK - STARBOARD - AFTERNOON 230

Fuel loaded, Murphy leads Musi, hand badly BLEEDING, to the ship's ladder. The lifeboat - powered by a 4 cylinder diesel engine - idles alongside 20 feet below, amidship.

MURPHY  
You go in, he comes out. Right?

MUSI  
Sure.

That sounded ominous. The whole crew is watching from various decks - as Musi begins to climb down. It takes a while...

231 INTERCUT WITH/EXT. LIFEBOAT - WATER-LINE - CONTINUING 231

Phillips watching too. Bilal nervously opens the aft hatch, pointing his AK up at the crew. Musi descending as:

Phillips looks up, locking eyes with Murphy on the deck - the height of the Alabama standing between them, that and the fact that Najee has an AK47 at Phillips head.

Phillips nods. Murphy returns it. Musi reaches the hatch, and climbs in - leaving it open.

232 INT. LIFEBOAT - CONTINUING - AFTERNOON 232

Phillips eyes Musi. Two men, measuring one another...

PHILLIPS

If you want me to fix your hand  
there's a med-kit behind you.

...as we hear, through the LIFEBOAT RADIO - MURPHY (who has a  
radio in hand, on the deck of the Alabama):

MURPHY (THRU LIFEBOAT RADIO)

Okay, transfer complete. Come on  
out, Cap.

Phillips trying not to turn his back.

PHILLIPS

Not much to operating this thing;  
Fuel pump is here - throttle here.

MURPHY (THRU LIFEBOAT RADIO)

'Cap? You need to--

PHILLIPS

Steering here. She handles pretty  
good so long as -

... which is when Phillips has to turn and - no surprise -  
Musi grabs Phillips and shoves him to the floor, as Najee  
throws the hatch shut. Elmi gunning the throttle and -

The lifeboat speeds away.

233

EXT. ALABAMA - DECK - RESUMING

233

The men watch it go, livid.

MURPHY

Goddammit! I need power! Now! Full  
ahead, and hard left.

The crew goes into action. Murphy sprints back to the bridge.

234

EXT. USS BAINBRIDGE - ON THE WATER - SAME

234

Meet the USS BAINBRIDGE, a Guided Missile Destroyer. 508 feet  
long. Immense, powerful - sailing on calm seas.

235

INT. BAINBRIDGE - CASTLEWAY - SAME

235

CAPTAIN FRANK CASTELLANO, 40, hustles down stairs and through  
a CASTLEWAY, moving briskly. Phone to his ear:

ADMIRAL HOWARD (THRU PHONE) (FEMALE)

... we got a hi-jacked US flag  
carrier, the Maersk Alabama. 450  
miles east of your position. Armed  
hostiles and an American hostage -  
Bainbridge you are directed to  
proceed at best speed. Operational  
(MORE)

ADMIRAL HOWARD (THRU PHONE)(FEMALE)  
control is with Commander Task  
Force 51, effective immediately.

CASTELLANO (INTO PHONE)  
On my way, Ma'am.

236

INT. USS BAINBRIDGE - CIC - MOMENTS LATER

236

The COMBAT INFORMATION CENTER. Icy blue lighting, a horseshoe layout of consoles manned by 20 SAILORS - all watching:

Castellano in the Captain's chair, his TACTICAL INFORMATION OFFICER next to him.

CASTELLANO (INTO PHONE)  
Any indications who's behind this?

ADMIRAL HOWARD (THRU PHONE)  
Interagency's working on it, but  
right now we have no indication of  
Shabaab involvement. Looks like  
straight piracy not terrorism..

CASTELLANO (INTO PHONE)  
Do we know which Clan they're from?

ADMIRAL HOWARD (THRU PHONE)  
We're lighting up sources trying to  
find out, but we don't have much  
time. That lifeboat is 30 hours  
from Somali waters and closing.

Castellano looks at the digital displays. Maps.

ADMIRAL HOWARD (CONT'D)  
You gotta get them to surrender,  
Frank. The White House wants it  
handled peacefully if at all  
possible. But whatever happens that  
lifeboat does not reach the Somali  
coast. Is that understood?

CASTELLANO (INTO PHONE)  
Yes, Ma'am.

ADMIRAL (THRU PHONE)  
And Frank - between us?  
(a beat)  
Media's all over this already.  
People are calling for blood. It's  
only gonna get worse if you can't  
talk these guys down.

On Castellano's face, CUT TO:

237 INT. ANDREA'S CAR - MOVING - DAY

237

Andrea drives, trying not to cry. Punching buttons on her CAR RADIO to get news. Finally she hears:

NEWS RADIO VOICE (ON RADIO)  
 "...the first pirate attack on a US-  
 flagged vessel since 1808. We'll  
 bring you more as it becomes  
 available"--

She punches another RADIO BUTTON, in time to hear:

UNNAMED SENATOR (ON RADIO)  
 This is a test of our resolve,  
 where we stand in the world...The  
 United States needs to draw a line.

Petrol on a fire. Andrea pulls into:

238 EXT. PHILLIPS HOME - DRIVEWAY - DAY

238

Oddly, there's a WOMAN waiting here, standing beside a rental car. This is ALLISON McCALL, 30, all-business. Andrea parks, wary - and gets out of the car.

ALLISON  
 Hi, Andrea. I'm Allison McCall. I  
 work for Maersk.

Oh shit. On Andrea's face, instant dread.

ANDREA  
 Oh my God... Is Richard...?

ALLISON  
 Far as we know, he's fine.

It all sounds so dire. Andrea doesn't know what to say.

ALLISON (CONT'D)  
 But there's been a development and  
 we wanted you to hear it from us  
 instead of CNN.  
 (Andrea waiting...)  
 We have the ship back. And the  
 crew. But the pirates got away on  
 the ship's lifeboat, with a single  
 hostage... Your husband.

That hit Andrea like a mallet. She has to steady herself.

ALLISON (CONT'D)  
 I want you to know, the company is  
 doing everything possible to bring  
 your husband home safely.

ANDREA

Have they asked for a ransom?

ALLISON

Not yet.

ANDREA

When they do, will you pay it?

BAM. The starkness of it knocked Allison back a bit.

ALLISON

There aren't... any options we're taking off the table.

That sounded pretty corporate. Allison knows that.

ANDREA

But you got your ship back, right?

ALLISON

Andrea - we're doing everything we can. The Pentagon is mobilized. There are warships en route.

Andrea stiffens. *Warships...* The images feel threatening.

ANDREA

Then what makes you think your company's going to be able to do *anything*?

That caught Allison flush. On her face, we CUT TO:

239 INT. LIFEBOAT - MOVING - NIGHT 239

Phillips sits, staring straight ahead. His POV: tip of a gun barrel. Bilal has him covered. Najee sits in the corner, shoving Khat into his mouth.

240 INT. LIFEBOAT - MOVING - RESUMING 240

Blood seeps from Musi's hand. He moves to Phillips.

MUSI

Relax Irish, we back in Somalia soon. Then insurance guys bring the dollars. Everybody get rich! You go home. Nice and easy.

(a beat)

How much you worth, Irish? One million? Two million?

PHILLIPS

Depends who you're asking.

MUSI

Just taxes, Irish, that's all.  
We're just fishermen! You come and  
fish our waters, dump all your  
toxic waste. Now we can't fish  
anymore. You gotta pay taxes you  
wanna do that, right?

PHILLIPS

We were in international waters.  
And our cargo was food for your  
people. Starving people.

ELMI (O.C.)

Musi!

Elmi sticks his head down from the bridge. He's holding a SAT  
PHONE. Musi takes it.

MUSI (O.C. SOMALI, SUBTITLED)

*Hufan? How long until you're here?*

241 EXT. TRAWLER - NIGHT

241

See Hufan, his greasy hands in the ship's cylinders.

HUFAN (SUBTITLED, ON SAT-PHONE)

*I'm having trouble with the engine.  
Head home. I'll be there as soon as  
I can.*

242 INT. LIFEBOAT - MOVING - RESUMING

242

Musi takes this in- he's on his own. Phillips says nothing -  
just watching as MUSI HANGS UP. A moment between them, then  
they suddenly become aware of a SLOW RUMBLING SOUND...

Musi goes to the aft hatch, dogs it open... and pauses:

HIS POV - The Alabama, bearing in.

Musi dogs the hatch closed, glaring at Phillips.

MUSI

Thought you said ship was broken.

PHILLIPS

I guess they fixed it.

MUSI

Good! They follow us! We take the  
ship again, get the whole CREW this  
time!

PHILLIPS

What, I'm not enough for you?



Musi laughs. They all laugh. But a little shadow in there somewhere - things aren't going as planned.

Phillips leans back in his seat. Sees Bilal sitting there with the gun, looking back at the Alabama. Beside him a sign on the wall: "BEWARE SUDDEN CHANGES IN DIRECTION."

243 EXT. ON THE WATER - SAME 243

BINOCULAR POV OF THE ALABAMA, roughly half a mile away.

244 EXT. ALABAMA - PORT BRIDGE-WING 244

Murphy watches the lifeboat through binoculars. Perry joins him outside.

PERRY

At this speed it's 28 hours to Somalia. What are we gonna do?

MURPHY

I don't know. But we're not leaving him out here alone.

We TIME-CUT TO:

245 EXT. LIFEBOAT- MORNING 245

The morning sun low on the horizon. The lifeboat plodding along, followed by the Alabama...

246 INT. LIFEBOAT - MOVING - MORNING 246

Phillips awakens and sees Musi dividing the \$30,000 into piles, blood dripping onto the cash. Bilal guarding us - his foot a mess. Musi and Najee keeping an eye on the Alabama.

...as Phillips watches - plotting, assessing the dynamics between the pirates. Najee walks over to Bilal:

NAJEE

*Khat.*

Bilal reaches into his pocket - emptying the last few reeds.

BILAL (SOMALI, SUBTITLED)

*This is everything.*

Najee snatches it hungrily.

NAJEE (SOMALI, SUBTITLED)

(to Musi, re: Money)

*You take too much!*

MUSI (SOMALI, SUBTITLED)

*Who went up the ladder first?*

Phillips noted that too. He points to a water jug. Bilal passes it over, nervously.

NAJEE (O.C.)  
This is shit!

MUSI (SOMALI, SUBTITLED)  
*I am Captain. Not you!*

Phillips watching. There's a desperation in this guy Najee - Phillips is factoring that in as well.

Musi, aware that Phillips is watching him, keeps counting - his blood continuing to drip on to the floor.

PHILLIPS  
You want me to look at that?  
(points)  
Your hand.

MUSI  
It's fine.

PHILLIPS  
Yeah, sure... unless it gets infected. Then fever, vomiting, incontinence. Then it gets bad.

MUSI  
I don't need your help.

A beat.

MUSI (CONT'D)  
Why you care anyway?

PHILLIPS  
One, you're bleeding all over my boat.

MUSI  
My boat now.

PHILLIPS  
Two, 'cause I don't want you passing out at the helm.

A beat.

MUSI  
(at his bleeding hand)  
Why they do that anyway?

PHILLIPS  
You were shooting at them.

MUSI  
Yeah. But I always missed.

Phillips has the guy engaged now. It's a start.

PHILLIPS  
You might at least let me fix his  
foot.

Phillips gestures to Bilal. Bilal gets the idea, and he is very much in favor - but:

NAJEE (SOMALI, SUBTITLED)  
(gun up)  
*Don't let him do it.*

Now Musi *can't* say yes. Phillips notes that.

MUSI  
Doctor treat him when we get home.

PHILLIPS  
How're the sandals? They fit okay?

That lands. Musi thinks...

MUSI  
You trouble, Irish. Yeah, you a  
problem.

Musi nods to Bilal: it's okay. Najee not happy about it.

Phillips rises, gets a MED-KIT. Pulls out SALINE WASH, gauze, tape, disinfectant. He pulls the JACK-KNIFE from his back pocket, start to cut a length of tape with it, but:

Najee - can't the believe this guy's had a KNIFE on him all along - snatches it away, his eyes livid.

Phillips shrugs, tears the tape with his hands, keeps his attention on Bilal. Najee pockets the knife, and backs away, his eyes never leaving Phillips.

Phillips begins to clean out Bilal's foot.

PHILLIPS  
How old are you?

BILAL  
...Seventeen.

PHILLIPS  
You're young. To be here.

NAJEE  
(pointing his gun)  
No talk.

Phillips keeps on working on Bilal's foot, easing glass out of the cuts. Eyes the thermometer, now 98 degrees in here...

247 EXT. LIFEBOAT/ALABAMA AERIAL- DAY 247

A CIRCLING POV OF THE LIFEBOAT AND THE ALABAMA. Backed by the blistering sun, Reveal A NAVY SCAN-EAGLE (unmanned surveillance drone) hovering above.

248 INT. LIFEBOAT - DAY 248

Time hangs. 110 on the thermometer now, airless - the floor too hot to rest your feet on.

Phillips looks out at the water thru a tiny window. He used to love waking up at sea. Not today. Then:

NAJEE (O.S.)

Shit!

Phillips turns. Najee is tearing cigarette butts apart to get one last smoke. Elmi struggles to steer, Musi telling him what to do while checking on the position of the Alabama.

Najee's cannibalized cigarette just fell apart. He throws what's left of it on the floor, cursing loudly - at Musi too.

PHILLIPS

Hey, it's goddamn hot. How's if we opened the fore hatch.

NAJEE

You don't give orders here.

Najee turns - and joins the argument on the bridge:

MUSI (SOMALI, SUBTITLED)

*We should be further by now!*

ELMI (SOMALI, SUBTITLED)

*I'm following the compass!*

MUSI (SOMALI, SUBTITLED)

*It's this way!*

ELMI (SOMALI, SUBTITLED)

*If you can do better, you do it!*

Musi storms off the bridge, dials a number on his SAT-PHONE.

PHILLIPS

Having trouble?

MUSI

No trouble, Irish. Just this boat. Slow piece of shit.

PHILLIPS

Yeah, draft's shallow and you're fighting the current. You gotta--

MUSI

--I know what I'm doing.

PHILLIPS

'Course you do; you're the captain.  
(that landed)  
Say, Captain, can we open the hatch  
and get some air in here?

Najee, glaring at Phillips, kicks a seat in front of him.

MUSI (SOMALI, SUBTITLED)

(to Najee)

What's your problem?

Najee grumbles. Musi's SAT-PHONE call fails; it's annoying.

PHILLIPS

Little air might do him some good.

MUSI

Yeah, sure, hatches open so your  
crew can try something. No tricks,  
Irish.

He walks away, leaving this oven airless and closed-in...

249 EXT. LIFEBOAT- DUSK. 249

Still motoring with the Alabama trailing...

250 INT. LIFEBOAT - MOVING - DUSK 250

Phillips chews a protein bar, watching everything:

Musi is trying to get Elmi to go faster. Keeping an eye on the Alabama behind. And trying to wrap a bit of cloth around his hand. It SPASMS again. Bilal sits alone, trying to master a ROPE-KNOT Najee is teaching him. Najee's eyes on Phillips throughout.

THUMP THUMP THUMP. The sound turns our heads. It's Elmi trying to break a WINDOW ON THE BRIDGE with the butt of his AK-47.

PHILLIPS

Ya might ask him to stop that,  
before he takes his head off.

MUSI

He wants more air.

PHILLIPS

But he's still got the clip in.

Musi barks at Elmi in Somali. Elmi grunts, annoyed, then removes the clip from the AK and starts banging again...

Finally, he breaks a pane. A small trickle of air blows in. Elmi inhales it greedily. Najee too, edgy as ever.

PHILLIPS (CONT'D)

You're gonna need more water.

(Musi turns)

Your men are in withdrawal. From the Khat, is that what you call it?. You're gonna need more water.

MUSI

Why you think you know everything?

PHILLIPS

I know what sailors look like when they're coming down.

Musi's hand is getting worse. And he's perspiring.

MUSI

We get home, we get all the water we want. I can buy a million dollars of it.

PHILLIPS

That right?

MUSI

Oh yah. Last year I knock off a Greek ship, make six million dollars.

PHILLIPS

Then what're you doing here?

Musi just got unmasked. He didn't like it.

MUSI

(flaring)

Shut up Irish! Too much talk.

PHILLIPS

(flaring too)

Your problem isn't me talking. Your problem is you not listening.

Najee's had enough. He approaches Phillips, AK-47 poised.

NAJEE (SOMALI, SUBTITLED)

*I'm sick of him! Is he in charge now?*

MUSI (SOMALI, SUBTITLED)

*Najee! Put it down!*

NAJEE (SOMALI, SUBTITLED)

*Sick of this boat.*

MUSI (SOMALI, SUBTITLED)  
*Put it down!*

NAJEE (SOMALI, SUBTITLED)  
 (meaning Musi)  
 This is all messed up!

Najee tosses Phillips' Jack-knife at the floor, an inch from Phillips' feet.

Silence. Bilal wide-eyed. Phillips clocking it all, shifts his weight forward. *Is he about to make a move?*

PHILLIPS  
 Who's the Captain here?

MUSI  
 I am!

And Musi raises his gun at Najee. Phillips anticipating...

NAJEE (SOMALI, SUBTITLED)  
*I say we kill him, take the money  
 and go home!*

MUSI (SOMALI, SUBTITLED)  
*And I say we--*

Just then, everything goes SIDEWAYS.

A MASSIVE WAVE hits us, just about knocking us over.

...as a DEAFENING SIREN crushes our ears (the Bainbridge's LONG-RANGE ACOUSTICAL DEVICE, or "L-Rad.")

And a BLINDING LIGHT suddenly hammers us, like lasers through the windows.

The threefold effect is like having a FREIGHT TRAIN drive through the boat. Everyone covers their ears, shuts their eyes, lowers their heads, grabs on to anything near.

The light is BLINDING - the noise too - but we can't see their source. The Pirates can't either.

MUSI (CONT'D)  
 What is that?! What is that?!

Phillips takes a step towards the bridge and that fast he's got TWO AK-47's an inch from his face. So he freezes, for:

PHILLIPS  
 (has to shout)  
 Put it in reverse!

ELMI  
 I can't see.

PHILLIPS

It's a more powerful gear! Put it  
in reverse!

NAJEE

You sit down!

Najee jabs the AK in his ribs. Phillips sits. The boat rocks, the SOUND deafening us, LIGHT blinding us... As MUSI opens the hatch. His eyes just went wide...

HIS POV: *the Bainbridge, on site circling the lifeboat. We can just see its OUTLINE because of the BLINDING LIGHT hitting us from its bow.*

BACK TO MUSI - as he drops down, closes the hatch, faces his men, and Phillips. That L-RAD still howling.

MUSI

Navy ship! US Navy!

Instant reaction: pirates grabbing guns, battle-stations.

And a reaction from Phillips too: he knows, intuitively, that the game has just changed, utterly.

Then the L-RAD STOPS.

...and a VOICE hits our LIFEBOAT RADIO:

COMMS OFFICER (THRU LIFEBOAT RADIO)

This is the United States Navy. You are directed to throw your weapons over the side and put your hands in the air. You will not be harmed.

Musi eyes his men... then grabs the microphone.

MUSI (INTO LIFEBOAT RADIO)

No Military action! No Military action! We're just fishermen - no Al Qaeda! Just fishermen. We have American Captain right here.

251 INTERCUT WITH/INT. USS BAINBRIDGE - CIC - NIGHT

251

Castellano stands amid the hub that is the CIC.

On Castellano's right is NEMO, a SOMALI-BORN INTERPRETER, now an employee of the Navy. Castellano nods to him - "go ahead." So Nemo begins... *in Somali*:

NEMO (INTO MIC, SOMALI, SUBTITLED)

*Hey brother, lets keep calm. We're just here to get the Captain back.*



252 INT. LIFEBOAT - RESUMING

252

Hold it. That was in *Somali*. Musi pauses, thrown. His men look thrown too.

MUSI (INTO RADIO, SUBTITLED)  
*Who the hell are you?*

Phillips watches as the pirates look through the tiny portholes - trying desperately to see what's going on.

NEMO (INTO RADIO, SUBTITLED)  
*I'm Nemo, born in Somalia. I translate for the US Navy - make sure there's no misunderstanding. What's your name? So I know what to call you.*

MUSI (INTO RADIO, SUBTITLED)  
*Call me Captain.*

NEMO (INTO RADIO, SUBTITLED)  
*Where are you from, Captain? Puntland?*

MUSI (INTO RADIO, SUBTITLED)  
*You talking to insurance man yet?*

NEMO (INTO RADIO, SUBTITLED)  
*We're working on that.*

MUSI (INTO RADIO, SUBTITLED)  
*Tell them we want two million dollars - then you get your Captain back.*

253 INT. USS BAINBRIDGE - CIC - RESUMING

253

Castellano watching... as Nemo stays on script:

NEMO (INTO RADIO, SUBTITLED)  
*Okay, take it easy - we gotta talk this thing out first. You okay on food and water?*

MUSI (INTO RADIO, SUBTITLED)  
*Insurance man. That's who we need to be talking to now.*

NEMO (INTO RADIO, SUBTITLED)  
*Like I say, we'll work on that. Sounds like you need some food and water first, and we need to see our guy, make sure he's okay. So when it gets light, we're gonna send a launch over with some provisions - then you and I can work this out. Okay?*

254 INT. LIFEBOAT - RESUMING 254

Phillips stares at Musi. Musi aware he's watching him.

NEMO (INTO RADIO, SUBTITLED)  
Okay?

MUSI (INTO RADIO, SUBTITLED)  
*No tricks, or your captain is dead.*

Musi disconnects the transmission, and grins at Phillips.

255 INT. USS BAINBRIDGE - CIC - RESUMING 255

Castellano lowers his headset...

CASTELLANO  
Prep the launch. And get the  
Alabama out of here.

256 INT. LIFEBOAT. RESUMING 256

Musi - that sudden gambler's grin, with anxiety behind it:

MUSI  
See, everything working Irish.  
You'll see. It's just business.  
Ship owners always pay.

Musi goes to the window.

PHILLIPS  
You think so, Captain?

MUSI  
(feigned confidence)  
Sure. And now we got a Navy escort!  
Keep other pirates away.

PHILLIPS  
The Navy's not here to escort you.  
They aren't here to negotiate  
either.

MUSI  
They have to. I got you!

That lands. Phillips looks to Bilal, who seems to know that things have just gotten a lot scarier - but can't say so. Their eyes meet, until the kid looks away.

We RETURN TO:

257 INT. ALABAMA - BRIDGE - SAME 257

A team of 18 NAVY SAILORS appear on the Alabama's bridge:

LEAD VBSS OFFICER  
 (to Murphy)  
 Okay, guys. This is a Military  
 exclusion area. We need you to head  
 out. Now.

Murphy looks to Wright who shrugs, *What can we do?* Then,  
 Murphy speaks into a RADIO:

MURPHY (INTO RADIO)  
 Navy's arrived, Chief. They have  
 the bridge.

258 INT. USS BAINBRIDGE - CIC - DAY 258

Castellano watching the lifeboat on a monitor as the RHIB  
 approaches, with Nemo on it. And a map showing their position  
 off the Somali coast.

CIC TACTICAL OFFICER  
 Scan Eagle operational, Sir.  
 Alabama leaving theatre.

CASTELLANO  
 Copy.

259 EXT. NAVY ZODIAC - ON THE WATER - MOVING - DAY 259

The Zodiac approaches the lifeboat. Nemo at the side. SAILOR  
 #1 has a CAMCORDER surreptitiously pointed at it. SAILOR #2  
 has a SMALL BUTTON MICROPHONE on his lapel.

260 INTERCUT WITH/INT. LIFEBOAT - SAME 260

Phillips watches as Musi looks through the side window.

They see the ALABAMA, now sailing away. That makes him smile.  
 He leans back in, for:

MUSI  
 Your crew running away, Irish. They  
leaving you.

PHILLIPS  
 They're sailors. And they see a  
 storm coming. Don't you?

Musi shrugs that off, but it registered - with Bilal too.

Then a SOUND gets Musi's attention: the approach of the NAVY  
 ZODIAC - Nemo, a fellow Somali, standing tall, holding a box.

The Zodiac reaches the lifeboat, and idles...

NEMO (SOMALI, SUBTITLED)  
*Hey brother.*

Phillips watches as: Musi crosses to the AFT HATCH. Najee covering with his AK.

SAILOR #2  
 (quietly, into the mic)  
 We got one at the rear door, one in  
 the hatch...

261 INT. USS BAINBRIDGE - CIC - RESUMING 261

Castellano and the group - watching and listening.

SAILOR #2 (THRU AUDIO FEED)  
 ...armed with AK's.

262 EXT. LIFEBOAT/NAVY ZODIAC - RESUMING 262

Musi exposed out here, eyes Nemo, warily...

MUSI (SOMALI, SUBTITLED)  
 (points to the box)  
*What you got there?*

NEMO (SOMALI, SUBTITLED)  
*Food. Water. But I have to see our  
 guy first, make sure he's still  
 okay.*

Two guys, trying to get a read on one another. Musi barks at Najee, who shouts at Phillips:

NAJEE (O.S.)  
 (to Phillips)  
 Get up. Wave.

263 INT. LIFEBOAT - RESUMING 263

Phillips stands, Bilal covering him with an AK.

PHILLIPS  
 (eases Bilal's gun down)  
 Easy. They just want me to wave.

Bilal lowers the gun - just a little.

264 EXT. LIFEBOAT/EXT. NAVY ZODIAC - RESUMING 264

Phillips appears in the hatch, waves at Nemo and the sailors. He's covered by Najee, now armed with a .45 cal pistol.

NEMO  
 You okay, Cap?

PHILLIPS  
 Yeah. Little hot. But okay. Does my  
 family know I'm in here?

NEMO

Don't worry Captain. We're keeping them updated.

PHILLIPS

So what's the plan?

NEMO

We're handling it. You'll be okay. Just sit tight.

PHILLIPS

Like I got a choice.

SCANEAGLE flies overhead. Musi eyes it. Najee too.

NAJEE

What's that?

NEMO (SOMALI, SUBTITLED)

*We're taking pictures. I told you, my guys need proof our captain is okay. You ready for supplies?*

MUSI (SOMALI, SUBTITLED)

*No tricks!*

NEMO (SOMALI, SUBTITLED)

*No tricks.*

NEMO and SAILOR #2 hand over the box of provisions: batteries, water, Pop-Tarts, a RADIO.

PHILLIPS

We got some injuries here.

NEMO (SOMALI, SUBTITLED)

*We heard that.*

*(to Musi)*

*Your hand there. And the young one, his foot. Glass, right?*

Musi nods warily...

SAILOR #1 pans across the lifeboat, settling on Elmi.

265 INT. USS BAINBRIDGE - CIC - RESUMING

265

Castellano and the group watching the feed...

SAILOR #2 (THRU AUDIO FEED)

There's one more at the helm... I can see what looks like a SAT-PHONE on the bridge.

266 EXT. LIFEBOAT/NAVY ZODIAC - RESUMING

266

Musi takes the last of the boxes from Nemo.

PHILLIPS

You guys got any beer?

Everyone turns - was he kidding? Najee pushes the gun into Phillips' ear.

PHILLIPS (CONT'D)

They ran outta Khat and they're crashing pretty hard. Anything that'll calm them down.

He just sent a message - and Najee didn't like it:

NAJEE

Enough!

NEMO (SOMALI, SUBTITLED)

(to Musi)

*We have doctors on the ship, medicine. They can treat you - and we can talk about all this.*

MUSI (SOMALI, SUBTITLED)

*Got doctors back home, too. And get back! Get the ship back.*

NEMO (SOMALI, SUBTITLED)

(ignoring him)

*That where you're headed?*

MUSI (SOMALI, SUBTITLED)

(off Nemo's discomfort)

*You got the two million dollars yet?*

NEMO (SOMALI, SUBTITLED)

*This is the Navy, brother - not a bank.*

MUSI (SOMALI, SUBTITLED)

*Then I talk to insurance man, not the delivery boy.*

(getting agitated)

*And your ship too close. Get it back, right. Get it back!*

NEMO (SOMALI, SUBTITLED)

Okay. Easy. I'll talk to them.

MUSI

*Better make it fast. Your Captain wanna see his family again.*

Phillips locks with Musi. Then Phillips turns. His POV: SAILOR #2 is craning around to look inside the lifeboat. Phillips notices this, and tries to distract Najee:

PHILLIPS

Hey, could you loosen up just a bit?

NAJEE

No talk!

Sailor 2 leaning forward...

SAILOR #2 (INTO HIDDEN MIC)

Got another inside. AK 47. That's four hostiles.

NEMO (SOMALI, SUBTITLED)

*Brother, it's not that easy. It takes time--*

MUSI

*Don't "Brother" shit me! Fake Somali! You tell insurance we want the dollars!*

*(points to the Bainbridge)  
And I told you - get that ship back!*

NEMO (SOMALI, SUBTITLED)

*I'm trying. I'm talking to them now.*

MUSI (SOMALI, SUBTITLED)

*(agitated, for effect)  
Tell them we need the money! You hear me? Get the mon--*

Then - BANG! And EVERYBODY TURNS AROUND:

...to see Najee, who just FIRED A ROUND RIGHT BY PHILLIPS' HEAD. Phillips is rocked. Truth is, so's Musi.

NAJEE

Enough talk!

267 INT. USS BAINBRIDGE - CIC - RESUMING 267

Everything heightened. VIDEO FEEDS pan the lifeboat. Castellano steps forward.

CASTELLANO (INTO RADIO)

Report! Who fired? What's going on?

268 EXT. LIFEBOAT/NAVY ZODIAC - RESUMING 268

Najee drags Phillips back into the lifeboat, Musi follows.

269 INT. LIFEBOAT/INT. USS BAINBRIDGE - CIC - CONTINUING 269

Phillips' head is ringing as he's tossed into his seat. Musi, livid, screams at Najee:

MUSI (SOMALI, SUBTITLED)  
*What was that?! Nobody shoot unless  
I give the order!*

NAJEE (SOMALI, SUBTITLED)  
*Too much talk! You have to show  
 them we're serious...*

MUSI (SOMALI, SUBTITLED)  
*I'm in charge here!*

NAJEE (SOMALI, SUBTITLED)  
*Are you?*

A beat. Musi on his heels. Then he picks up the handset.

MUSI (INTO LIFEBOAT RADIO)  
 Just an accident.

CASTELLANO (THRU RADIO)  
 Is anyone hurt?

MUSI (INTO LIFEBOAT RADIO)  
 No-one hurt. The American is fine.

CASTELLANO (THRU RADIO)  
 I need to hear it from him.

MUSI (INTO LIFEBOAT RADIO)  
 I said he's okay.

CASTELLANO (THRU RADIO)  
 I need to hear from him. You read?

Musi nods to Phillips. Keys radio. Phillips glares at Musi, then calls out, aloud - as Musi holds the radio out:

PHILLIPS  
 I'm okay. I'm fine.

CASTELLANO (THRU RADIO)  
 No duress?

PHILLIPS  
 I'm fine. But these guys need some  
 sedatives.

CASTELLANO (THRU RADIO)  
 Is the leader there?

PHILLIPS  
 He's listening.

MUSI (INTO LIFEBOAT RADIO)  
 (takes the radio)  
 I right here.

Phillips - watching Musi, watching Najee, watching Bilal...



CASTELLANO (THRU RADIO)  
 This is Captain Frank Castellano.  
 Now I don't know who you are, but I  
 know that as Captain you are  
 responsible for the safety of  
 everyone on board - and right now  
 you are putting your men in  
 jeopardy. Their lives.

Not a threat, just a statement of fact... And Phillips is  
 clocking the reactions: Najee, Elmi, Musi... Bilal.

270 INT. USS BAINBRIDGE CIC - RESUMING. DAY 270

BACK TO CASTELLANO - beside him, a RADAR OFFICER indicates:

BAINBRIDGE RADAR OFFICER  
 (quietly)  
 Sir, they're twelve hours out from  
 Somali waters.

Castellano nods, calmly, then:

CASTELLANO (INTO RADIO)  
 We want to resolve this thing  
 peacefully, but we cannot permit  
 you to continue to Somalia. So  
 let's figure a way out of this,  
 together, without anyone getting  
 hurt. Copy?

Four sets of eyes watching Musi now... What will he do?  
 Musi's hand spasms badly. And this is spat out, at Phillips:

MUSI (INTO LIFEBOAT RADIO)  
 We talk when we get back home.  
 (to Elmi)  
 Let's go!

Elmi guns the engine; the lifeboat takes off again. Najee  
 likes the decision. But Bilal knows better - and Phillips  
 just saw it.

271 EXT. LIFEBOAT/EXT. NAVY ZODIAC - RESUMING - DAY 271

Nemo watches them go. This was a failure; he knows that.

272 INT. USS BAINBRIDGE - CIC - RESUMING - DAY 272

Dead quiet in the CIC. Castellano deflated. And then:

ADMIRAL (THROUGH SPEAKER)  
 Captain?

CASTELLANO  
 Aye, sir.

ADMIRAL (THROUGH SPEAKER)  
We're deploying SEAL Team Six.

Off Castellano, we CUT TO:

273 EXT. DAM NECK, VA. - TARMAC - DAY 273

A fleet of Suburbans scream up to the open rear of a C-17 GLOBEMASTER III. A beast with 40,900 lbs. of thrust.

All around it - huge activity, loading etc. A SEAL COMMANDER - Hard driving, career professional - hops out of the lead Suburban, carrying documents, talking on a cell-phone.

A team of SIXTEEN NAVY SEALS is right behind him.

274 EXT. LIFEBOAT - DAY 274

Passage of time. The sun is high. The tiny lifeboat tracked by the Bainbridge.

275 INT. LIFEBOAT - LATE AFTERNOON 275

Phillips up front in the unbearable heat. The sun is low. He's watching Musi, pacing. Elmi is on the sat phone...

ELMI (INTO LIFEBOAT RADIO, SUBTITLED)  
*Come in Hufan... Come in.*  
(to Musi)  
*There's no answer!*

MUSI (SOMALI, SUBTITLED)  
*Try again!*

ELMI (SOMALI, SUBTITLED)  
*Hufan. Where are you? Do you read?*

NAJEE (SOMALI, SUBTITLED)  
*Where is he?*

MUSI (SOMALI, SUBTITLED)  
*I don't know.*

Musi looks like hell - his hand spasming, eyes bloodshot, wincing as if fighting the need to throw up. He continually moves from the bridge, where he checks a small COMPASS, to the rear, where he checks on the Bainbridge.

PHILLIPS  
Can I talk to you?

Musi, not interested, walks away. Tries that SAT-PHONE again. Pacing.

PHILLIPS (CONT'D)  
Need to talk to you.

Musi ignores him again. Dialing. Pacing. His SAT-PHONE call again fails. That frustrates him.

This time, Phillips stands in his way.

PHILLIPS (CONT'D)  
Captain. It's important.

Ballsy move - and it has gotten everyone's attention.

MUSI  
 So? Talk.

PHILLIPS  
 Alone.

Musi pauses, curious. Phillips isn't retracting it.

Musi nods to Najee and Bilal, "Move." Najee pissed about it.

Then Musi sits - a measure of privacy:

PHILLIPS (CONT'D)  
 I had a crazy Captain once, liked to call himself Polar Bear. Polar Bear had this thing about radar - he didn't believe in it. Didn't put much stock in weather advisories either. Twenty sources could tell him there was a STORM out there, but unless Polar Bear felt it on the ends of his *mustache*, he just wouldn't believe it was true. So we got bulletins about a Nor'Easter, a big one - and Polar Bear sailed right into it.

(Musi, waiting...)

Ship nearly snapped in half. We lost half our cargo containers over the side. And Polar Bear wound up with a broken pelvis after a whole refrigeration unit fell on him.

MUSI  
 Why you telling me this?

PHILLIPS  
 'Cause what's outside this hatch, that's the storm. And all the calls on this Sat-Phone, that's you touching your mustache instead of doing something about it.

Musi didn't appreciate that, but he can't ignore it.

MUSI  
 You don't know shit.

PHILLIPS

I know your man's not coming. And that you know it too. He's not about to take on a Navy destroyer.

MUSI

What? Navy not gonna hurt us, Irish. I work for those guys!

PHILLIPS

Oh yeah?

MUSI

Sure! This is a training mission! Do 'em all the time. We take ships, see how the Navy does. Your company hired us. Navy guys and me, we're friends!

He just sounded crazy - even to him. Phillips waits - then:

PHILLIPS

Let's stop the bullshit, o.k.? I'm speaking to you Captain to Captain--

MUSI

You not Captain of nothing anymore! I'm--

PHILLIPS

You keep thinking this is about us. It's isn't.

(re: Bainbridge)

That's the US Navy. They're not gonna let you win. They *can't*. They'd rather sink this boat and tell the world I died in a firefight than let you take me back to Somalia.

The truth of this registers. But Musi won't acknowledge it. And a wave of sickness hits him - hard. He chokes it back...

PHILLIPS (CONT'D)

And you've got a crew-member...

(he points at Najee)

...who's gonna give them a reason to do it. You don't rein him in, he's gonna get us all killed.

Musi overwhelmed. Suddenly, the wave of sickness hits again. He pitches forward... and vomits on to the floor.

The other three watch in silence as Musi retches - trying to keep a bravado face. But he doesn't look much like a Captain.

Bilal is spinning. Elmi's struggling with the wheel. Najee, gun in hand, glaring at Musi with disdain.

And Phillips now knows: *I have to get out of here. Soon.* He looks to the hatch, which seems a hundred miles away.

PHILLIPS (CONT'D)  
I need to take a leak.

MUSI  
(wiping his mouth)  
Bilal.

Bilal picks up his gun, and escorts Phillips to the back.

276 EXT. LIFEBOAT - AFT DECK - CONTINUING 276

Phillips emerges, flanked by Bilal - their eyes wide--  
...because an ARMADA has arrived.

The Bainbridge is now closely followed by TWO MORE SHIPS. USS Halyburton and the massive USS Boxer.

Quite a sight, registering on his face. On Bilal's too - as:

277 INT. USS BAINBRIDGE - CIC - SAME 277

CIC TACTICAL INFORMATION OFFICER sees Phillips and Bilal emerging.

CIC TACTICAL OFFICER  
We got movement, Cap.

278 EXT. LIFEBOAT - AFT - DECK - RESUMING 278

Bilal is fixed on the Navy ships - their size and power. SAILORS staring at us from their sides.

Phillips, assessing... *How do I get from here to there?* He can't, not with Bilal standing here - so:

PHILLIPS  
You could jump in, ya know.  
(Bilal eyes him)  
Salt water'd be good for your foot.

Bilal, trying to read that. So Phillips makes it clear:

PHILLIPS (CONT'D)  
And your captain is leading you to  
some very bad places...

Bilal is smart enough to know Phillips is right. So he's leaning; we can *feel* it. Phillips can feel it too. He might just have this kid. Bilal, weighing it all... Then:

BILAL  
(calling out)  
Najee! Come quickly!

Phillips pales. That fast, Najee is at the hatch.

BILAL (SOMALI, SUBTITLED) (CONT'D)  
*He's done.*

Najee sees the ships, yanks Phillips back inside, roughly.

279 INT. LIFEBOAT - IDLE - MOMENTS LATER 279

Bilal follows Phillips back in, dogs the hatch closed. Tying it with ropes.

NAJEE (SOMALI, SUBTITLED)  
*What'd he say to you?*

BILAL (SOMALI, SUBTITLED)  
*Nothing.*

Musi still retching. Najee pushes Phillips into a seat, then grabs the COMPASS from Musi's hand.

NAJEE (SOMALI, SUBTITLED)  
 (to Elmi)  
 Keep going.

We CUT TO:

280 INT. LIFEBOAT - NIGHT (2 A.M.) 280

Stillness. Elmi at the controls sleeping. Bilal, and Najee too. So does Phillips. The AFT HATCH is open.

281 EXT. LIFEBOAT - AFT DECK - LATE NIGHT 281

Musi stands out here - just as he did earlier - staring at the vastness of those three ships. Huge.

He sets his AK-47 down, and pees into the water...

282 INT. USS BAINBRIDGE - CASTELLANO'S QUARTERS - NIGHT 282

Castellano tries to sleep. A TV in here gives him a live feed from the lifeboat.

283 INT. LIFEBOAT - RESUMING 283

Phillips' eyes snap open. Turns out, he was awake. He assesses his options:

Three pirates asleep - and Musi out there, his back turned to us; the AK on the deck...

Time to go. Phillips rises, heads for the aft hatch... as:

284 EXT. LIFEBOAT - AFT HATCH/AFT DECK - CONTINUING 284

Musi pees off the aft deck, the AK at his feet. Phillips appears over his back shoulder, unseen.

He can grab that weapon, and fire away. He considers that.  
 But there, lit up like a distant jewel, is the *Bainbridge*.  
 ...and what follows is a blur:

Phillips rushes on to the deck - *just as Musi turns*. Their eyes meet - half a second - then Phillips pushes Musi off the deck and dives in. We FOLLOW:

285 EXT. WATER - CONTINUING - NIGHT 285

His glasses fly off, gone forever in the cool water. He starts swimming madly, moonlight shining through. Behind him, Musi surfaces, howling in Somali.

286 INT. USS BAINBRIDGE - CASTELLANO'S QUARTERS - RESUMING 286

COMMS OFFICER (THROUGH SPEAKER)  
 Captain, captain to the bridge!

Castellano's eyes shoot open. Behind him, his *LIVE FEED from the lifeboat*.

That fast, he is on the move.

287 EXT. WATER - RESUMING - NIGHT 287

Phillips swims away as the engine of the lifeboat roars to life. He kicks harder, gasping... then he looks back:

*The lifeboat is coming at him*, a furious NAJEE scanning the water, rifle in hand.

Najee fires TWO SHOTS into the water.

288 INT. USS BAINBRIDGE - CORRIDOR - NIGHT 288

Castellano RUNS, while shouting into a COMM-UNIT:

CASTELLANO  
 Get some flares up!

289 EXT. WATER - RESUMING - NIGHT 289

Phillips sucks in air, and DIVES down. Even underwater he can hear the pirates shouting.

Swimming, kicking, desperate - up for a stolen breath of air - the sound of the LIFEBOAT BEARING DOWN ON HIM NOW--

Back down again, trying to move faster. Through the water, he see FLARES FROM THE BAINBRIDGE LIGHT UP THE SKY -- Phillips just keeps swimming, his lungs aching for air... Then:

The lifeboat passes over him, and STOPS, idling right atop him. Phillips can touch its hull.

FOOTSTEPS on the deck above him. Pirates howling, enraged.

290 INT. USS BAINBRIDGE - CIC - SAME (NIGHT) 290

Castellano bursts in. Everyone vigilant.

BAINBRIDGE CONNING OFFICER  
Phillips is in the water.

CASTELLANO  
Light them up and man the fifty-cal.

291 EXT. USS BAINBRIDGE - STERN - SAME (NIGHT) 291

SAILORS throw SEARCHLIGHT BEAMS onto the water and the lifeboat as other SAILORS man a FIFTY-CALIBER GUN.

292 EXT. LIFEBOAT - ON THE WATER - MOVING - RESUMING 292

Phillips grabs the ENGINE COOLING PIPES under the keel and guides himself along the starboard side - around the bow...

But waiting there, in the water, is Musi. Oh shit.

Musi lunges for his throat. Phillips tries to swim away. Musi grabs a leg... holding the guy down.

293 EXT. USS BAINBRIDGE - STERN - RESUMING 293

The FIFTY-CAL GUNNER trained on the water. All he can see is the non-descript thrashing of the fight.

294 INT. USS BAINBRIDGE - CIC - RESUMING 294

Castellano, awaiting reports. He gets:

50-CAL GUNNER (THRU RADIO)  
We don't have a clean shot, Cap.  
Repeat, do not have a clean shot.

Tension on every face in here. They're so close...

295 EXT. LIFEBOAT - ON THE WATER - MOVING - RESUMING 295

Phillips flailing, kicking - just wants to get away, to get to the Bainbridge - Musi hanging on, then:

POP POP POP. Three rounds from the AK, whistling past Phillips' ear, into the water.

Musi releases him. They both surface:

Najee, on the aft deck, has Phillips dead to rights.

It's over.



296 INT. USS BAINBRIDGE - CIC - RESUMING 296

Castellano and Nemo watch the screen helplessly as the Pirates drag Phillips back onto the lifeboat.

BAINBRIDGE CONNING OFFICER  
Eleven miles to Somalia, Sir.

CIC TACTICAL OFFICER  
Sir, SEAL team 6 incoming.

Castellano knows two things now: 1) He's about to lose command of this ship. 2) Phillips might be dead by the time that happens. So:

CASTELLANO (INTO RADIO)  
Get the chopper up.

...then he grabs the RADIO, and:

CASTELLANO (INTO RADIO) (CONT'D)  
Alabama Lifeboat, this is  
Bainbridge.

297 INT. LIFEBOAT - RESUMING 297

Castellano's VOICE comes through the RADIO:

CASTELLANO (THRU LIFEBOAT RADIO)  
Do NOT harm your hostage, Captain.  
You are responsible for his safety.

But no one's listening. Phillips is dragged in - as:

298 EXT. USS BAINBRIDGE - FANTAIL - SAME 298

A massive KNIGHTHAWK HELICOPTER takes off...

299 INT. LIFEBOAT. RESUMING 299

Thump. Musi, soaking wet, knocks Phillips to the floor.

Then Najee POUNCES ON PHILLIPS. Shot after shot. Phillips covering up. Musi not sure what to do...

...and all the while, Castellano keeps trying - unanswered - a voice coming thru the RADIO:

CASTELLANO (INTO RADIO)  
(urgently)  
This is going to be out of my hands  
in a minute, Captain. Do you copy?

300 INT. BACK OF A PLANE. NIGHT 300

The BACK OF A PLANE YAWNS OPEN. Wind rushes in.

We're 5,000 feet over the ocean. 16 men stand. NAVY SEAL TEAM SIX. At their feet, gear:

Weapons, comm, nav, scuba - all strapped into a RHIB (rigid-hull-inflatable-boat). The RHIB is secured to the floor by cables, with parachutes attached.

BANG - A GUILLOTINE severs the cables.

...and the RHIB *rockets out of here at 120 mph*, sucked out with awesome force, its chute deploying automatically. Now the SEALS themselves dive out, tumbling toward the ocean.

301 EXT. MID-AIR/EXT. INDIAN OCEAN - CONTINUING - NIGHT 301

We're with the SEALS. Falling, in darkness. Not a photon of light beneath us.

But there's a lit ALTIMETER on our wrist, counting down... 700 feet, 600... Our CHUTE above us. Then the RHIB hits water below us. A huge SPLASH. We keep plummeting, down...

Then... a BIGGER SPLASH. That's us, submerging powerfully, water all around us... then coming up again, to find:

16 men in synchronized action, SEALS leaving their chutes to sink in the water and boarding the RHIB. The C-17 long gone.

And in the distance the Bainbridge, ready to retrieve them.

302 INT. LIFEBOAT - RESUMING 302

Najee continues to hit Phillips.

Musi has to do something. He knows that. THUMP. Elmi and Bilal are looking to him --

At last Musi acts.

MUSI (SOMALI, SUBTITLED)  
*Get off him, Najee.*  
(Najee's not listening)

Musi starts to pull Najee off Phillips.

MUSI (SOMALI, SUBTITLED) (CONT'D)  
*He dies, we got nothing to trade with!*

NAJEE (SOMALI, SUBTITLED)  
(his rage locked onto Musi now)  
They think we won't kill him,  
they'll never give us the money.

And now *they're* about to start trading punches. Bilal and Elmi having NO idea what to do. *Musi shoves Najee* - but:

...OVERHEAD - a SOUND approaches - in a hurry.

It's a CHOPPER, coming at us. Musi moves to a hatch:

MUSI (SOMALI, SUBTITLED)

*What is this?*

But before he can get there, the lifeboat begins to SPIN IN A CIRCLE - as powerful PROP-WASH from above pushes it.

303 EXT. LIFEBOAT - SAME (NIGHT) 303

A Navy Nighthawk helicopter is *hovering right above us* - its rotor's gale force wind spinning the lifeboat.

304 INT. LIFEBOAT - RESUMING 304

Phillips on the floor. Najee knocked sideways, Musi too. Elmi struggles with the wheel in the deafening roar as:

305 INT. USS BAINBRIDGE - CIC - SAME 305

Castellano, radio in hand - still trying:

CASTELLANO (INTO RADIO)

Bainbridge to Lifeboat. You will not be permitted to go further. You must surrender.

306 INT. LIFEBOAT - RESUMING 306

Spinning in circles. Phillips trying to get up off the floor as Musi finally GRABS THE RADIO, and:

MUSI (INTO LIFEBOAT RADIO)

You don't give the orders!

(at Elmi, SUBTITLED)

*Keep going!*

Everything feels crazy now: Elmi trying to gun the boat forward - as Najee, unsolicited, grabs Phillips and starts to pull him toward the hatch. Musi, spinning, calls out:

MUSI (SOMALI, SUBTITLED) (CONT'D)

*What are you doing?*

(Najee doesn't answer)

*Najee! Alive!*

Najee pulls Phillips out:

307 EXT. LIFEBOAT - CONTINUING (NIGHT) 307

Najee emerges with Phillips, gun to his head. They can barely stand under the wash of the chopper.

308 INT./EXT. HELICOPTER GUNSHIP - SAME 308

A helo gunner with his 50 cal. aimed, circling the lifeboat. And not far away, on the ocean: the Boxer and Halyburton, in a pincer blocking their way.

CHOPPER PILOT (THRU RADIO)  
Got one outside - with the hostage.

His POV of Phillips...

309 INT. USS BAINBRIDGE. - CIC - RESUMING 309

Castellano watches the v/t feed from the chopper.

CHOPPER PILOT (INTO RADIO)  
Looks like he's taken a beating.

MUSI (THRU RADIO)  
You want me to send his ears? His fingers?

CASTELLANO  
You must surrender. You will be treated humanely and in accordance with International and US law. But you must surrender.

310 INT. LIFEBOAT - RESUMING 310

Musi screaming into the radio:

MUSI  
Bullshit, American! You move your ships back!

311 INT. USS BAINBRIDGE - CIC - RESUMING 311

CIC Tech 2 monitoring another screen:

CIC TECH 2  
SEALs about to dock, Sir.

CASTELLANO (INTO RADIO)  
You will be given expert medical care, hot food -

312 INT./EXT. LIFEBOAT. RESUMING - NIGHT 312

Musi - and the whole lifeboat - spinning in circles. The whole thing insane...

...as Phillips, on the deck, howls at the chopper:

PHILLIPS  
Why don't you do something!? Take these guys out already! What are you doing!!!

313 EXT. ON THE WATER - RESUMING - NIGHT 313  
The SEALS, on their RHIB, approach the Bainbridge.

314 INT. USS BAINBRIDGE. CIC. NIGHT 314  
CIC Tech 2, monitoring their approach.

CIC TECH 2  
Seals docking now.

CASTELLANO (INTO RADIO)  
You have a choice to make, Captain.  
Surrender, now, and this ends  
peacefully. Beyond that I can't  
help you. Do you copy?

315 INT/EXT. LIFEBOAT. RESUMING - NIGHT 315  
Still that hammering chopper. Musi running out of road.

MUSI (INTO RADIO)  
Okay - you'll see what I do!  
(to Najee, SUBTITLED)  
*Bring him back in!*

Najee drags Phillips back in.

316 INT. USS BAINBRIDGE. CIC - RESUMING - NIGHT 316  
Castellano watches as Phillips is dragged back down.

CASTELLANO  
Damn it!

317 INT. LIFEBOAT - RESUMING - NIGHT 317  
Musi throws Phillips back onto the floor.

MUSI (SOMALI, SUBTITLED)  
(at Elmi)  
*Keep going! We almost there!*  
(to Najee at the hatch)  
*Are they moving back?*

NAJEE (SOMALI, SUBTITLED)  
(egging Musi on)  
*They're not moving.*

Phillips struggling back up. Refusing to stay down.

NAJEE (SOMALI, SUBTITLED) (CONT'D)  
*They don't believe us, Musi! You  
have to show them!*

Musi's POV: Najee looking at him. Phillips back up, defiant.  
Knows he has to do something. Then:

A DULL THUD - as Musi butt-ends Phillips with the AK.

Phillips goes glassy-eyed. Instead of sounds, he just hears a thin ringing...

318 INT. USS BAINBRIDGE. CIC - RESUMING - NIGHT 318

The SEAL Commander steps onto the bridge.

SEAL COMMANDER  
Assuming command, Captain.

Nemo watches as Castellano nods.

319 INT. LIFEBOAT - RESUMING - NIGHT 319

Our narrative catches up to itself now - Phillips barely conscious, as he struggles to see:

Musi picking up the radio. We hear that thin RINGING, over:

MUSI (INTO RADIO)  
Okay. We gonna kill the hostage  
now. Need a bodybag over here.

He barks an order in Somali. Najee and Bilal pull an ORANGE SURVIVAL SUIT from a bin, and spread it on the floor. Musi loads a 9mm gun.

MUSI (INTO LIFEBOAT RADIO) (CONT'D)  
I got the gun. Say goodbye. Out.

He tosses the radio, marches at Phillips, yanks him to his feet, rage in his eyes. Game over. Phillips knows it.

PHILLIPS  
I thought you were all just  
fishermen.

The gun comes up. Musi and Phillips are eye to eye. We tighten on Phillips.

And just then: A new voice cuts through on the radio-

SEAL COMMANDER (THRU LIFEBOAT RADIO)  
Alabama lifeboat, come in. Alabama  
lifeboat.

320 INTERCUT WITH/INT. USS BAINBRIDGE - CIC - RESUMING 320

SEAL Commander, now in command, next to Castellano, watched by Nemo - as lifeboat blueprints scroll onto the screen.

SEAL COMMANDER (INTO RADIO)  
Alabama lifeboat... Respond.

321 INT. LIFEBOAT - RESUMING 321

Musi doesn't recognize the voice:

MUSI (INTO LIFEBOAT RADIO)  
Who are you? You insurance man?

SEAL COMMANDER (INTO RADIO)  
Is this the pirate captain?

MUSI (INTO LIFEBOAT RADIO)  
Yeah. Who the hell're you?

SEAL COMMANDER  
I'm your ticket home.

SEAL Commander looks at intel scrolling on the SCREENS:  
*profiles of the pirates.*

SEAL COMMANDER (INTO RADIO) (CONT'D)  
Now, you are Abduwali Musi, right?

Now Musi freezes - he didn't expect that.

SEAL COMMANDER (INTO RADIO) (CONT'D)  
From Jarriban in Puntland....

322 INT. USS BAINBRIDGE - CIC - RESUMING - NIGHT 322

The SEAL Commander reading from the screen:

SEAL COMMANDER (INTO RADIO)  
....From the clans of the Hawiye  
and the Darod. Your friends are  
Adan Bilal....

323 INT. LIFEBOAT - RESUMING 323

Phillips watching intently as each pirate is identified.

SEAL COMMANDER(THRU LIFEBOAT RADIO)  
...Mowliid Elmi... Nour Najee...  
(at last)  
But you're the leader - right,  
Musi? You're in command.

MUSI (INTO LIFEBOAT RADIO)  
(looking at Phillips)  
Right.

324 INT. USS BAINBRIDGE. CIC - RESUMING - NIGHT 324

SEAL Commander - being watched by Castellano, Nemo...

SEAL COMMANDER (INTO RADIO)  
We've spoken with the elders of  
your tribe.

325 INT. LIFEBOAT - RESUMING - NIGHT 325  
Pirates, eyeing that radio...

SEAL COMMANDER (THRU RADIO)  
They're coming here to negotiate an  
exchange - a deal. We get our man  
back. You get your money...

That is HUGE news. Musi turns to Bilal:

MUSI (SOMALI, SUBTITLED)  
*Call the elders.*

Bilal grabs the sat phone. Begins to dial.

326 INT. USS BAINBRIDGE - CIC - RESUMING - NIGHT 326  
SEAL TECHNICIAN, eyeing a screen:

SEAL TECH 1  
He's making a call.

SEAL Commander nods. Technician enters a computer command...

SEAL COMMANDER (INTO RADIO)  
But this has to be confidential. We  
don't want anyone to see the trade.  
And neither do the elders. Not when  
we're so close to shore.

SEAL TECH 1  
Blocking signal.

327 INT. LIFEBOAT - RESUMING - NIGHT 327  
The Sat-Phone fails again. Bilal eyes it...

SEAL COMMANDER (THRU LIFEBOAT RADIO)  
You're getting low on fuel, right?  
And we've got some weather coming  
in. So I'm suggesting we give you a  
tow out to the exchange point. But  
we need someone to come aboard so  
we can work out the logistics.

BILAL (SOMALI, SUBTITLED)  
*I can't get the phone to work.*

SEAL COMMANDER (THRU LIFEBOAT RADIO)  
Nour Najee. Why don't you bring him  
with you? You can both clean up and  
rest. You'd still have two men to  
guard your prisoner.

NAJEE (SOMALI, SUBTITLED)  
*It's a trick.*



SEAL COMMANDER (THRU LIFEBOAT RADIO)  
We need one of you to come and negotiate.

Musi looks to Phillips. They both know what that means.

328 INT. USS BAINBRIDGE - CIC - RESUMING - NIGHT 328

The SEAL Commander waiting for a response... nothing.

SEAL COMMANDER (INTO RADIO)  
Ok. Here's what we'll do. Give us a couple hours, then we'll send a boat with supplies and a tow. And you can decide what you want to do. You good with that, Captain?  
(a beat...)  
Captain?

329 INT. LIFEBOAT - RESUMING - NIGHT 329

Musi suddenly disconnects the transmission. Knows he has no choice. Phillips watching. He knows it too. Last twenty minutes have been a blur. And Phillips - beaten, overwhelmed - slowly passes out.

SLAM CUT TO BLACK

330 EXT. BAINBRIDGE - LATER NIGHT 330

Montage: the tow line set up on the fantail... SEAL divers jump INTO THE WATER, Seals change into "normal" sailor attire... zodiacs readied... and then:

331 INT. LIFEBOAT - SAME (NIGHT) 331

Phillips stares out a tiny window at the sea.

We can guess what he's thinking: maybe how he got here, how far he is from home, how badly he wants to get back. Then:

He turns. Here's Musi, the only pirate awake. He looks sick, feverish.

It's just the two of them now, their voices low:

MUSI  
Got elders coming in. Money coming in. I gotta go on the Navy boat.

He doesn't look totally convinced.

PHILLIPS  
(interrupting)  
It's a ship.

MUSI  
Huh?

PHILLIPS

The Bainbridge, it's a ship. A boat is something like this, something you can *carry* on a ship. Navy guys hate it when you call their ship a boat.

Musi eyes him - *do you ever stop fighting?* Phillips shrugs.

MUSI

This was all supposed to be easy, you know? Hostage. Ransom. Insurance. Easy. Nobody hurt.

PHILLIPS

You had thirty thousand and a lifeboat. But you wanted more.

MUSI

I got bosses. They got rules.

Phillips gets that, utterly. It hovers, until:

PHILLIPS

(re: Najee)  
You go. That mean he's in charge?

MUSI

Najee.  
(Musi puts finger to his head.)  
Grew up away from the water. Knew guns before he knew sailing. All the inland guys crazy.

PHILLIPS

Then how 'bout you take him with you? 'Cause my wife's expecting me to live through all this. And she'll kill me if I don't.

Musi almost smiles. Almost. Two sailors...

MUSI

I go. He stay.  
(Phillips expected that. He waits. Then at last)  
I was out there, my AK on the deck. How come you don't just pick it up and shoot everybody?

Phillips pauses. Truth is, he's asked himself that...

MUSI (CONT'D)

Gun right there. Why you don't just shoot us?

PHILLIPS

I didn't want to kill anybody. I just wanted to go home.

MUSI

I don't wanna kill nobody either. Just doing my job, same as you.

PHILLIPS

There's gotta be something between fishing and kidnapping people.

MUSI

Maybe in America, Irish.

The others are starting to wake now. Musi rises.

MUSI (CONT'D)

(to Najee)

Watch him.

Musi walks away.

332 INT. LIFEBOAT - NIGHT 332

Musi makes his way to the fore hatch, followed by Najee. Najee glares at Phillips as he passes.

333 EXT./INT. LIFEBOAT/EXT. NAVY ZODIAC - MOMENTS LATER 333

SEALS (dressed as sailors) help Musi into the RHIB. One fixes a TOW-LINE to the front of the lifeboat - as Najee, AK 47 pointed, watches from the open fore hatch.

SEAL #1

(to Najee)

Try to keep the gun down. Okay?

Najee not happy.

MUSI (SOMALI, SUBTITLED)

*Najee.*

Najee lowers his gun. The SEALS start fixing the line - as:

334 EXT. WATER - BENEATH THE LIFEBOAT - SAME 334

*Beneath the lifeboat, SEAL DIVERS are surreptitiously planting listening devices on the bottom of the hull. (The devices are round and black, resembling hockey pucks.)*

335 INT. USS BAINBRIDGE - CIC - RESUMING - NIGHT 335

A SEAL TECHNICIAN with A LAPTOP IN FRONT OF HIM, headphones on, hears comms up.

SEAL TECH 1

We have ears on the boat.

SEAL Commander nods...

336 EXT. LIFEBOAT- RESUMING- NIGHT 336

SEAL #2 addresses Musi.

SEAL #2

Hey. We need to see our guy.

Musi nods to Najee.

MUSI (SOMALI, SUBTITLED)

*Show them.*

337 EXT./INT. LIFEBOAT/EXT. NAVY ZODIAC 337

Najee sticks his head in, yelling at Bilal...

NAJEE

Bilal!

338 INT. USS BAINBRIDGE - CIC - RESUMING - NIGHT 338

The room hears through the speakers:

NAJEE (O.C., SOMALI)

*Bring him!*

339 INT. LIFEBOAT - RESUMING - MOMENTS LATER 339

Bilal motions to Phillips, who stands up and walks towards Najee.

NAJEE

Move!

Najee grabs Phillips and pushes him through the hatch.

340 EXT. LIFEBOAT- NIGHT 340

Phillips appears, gun to his head. He eyes the Sailors:

PHILLIPS

You're taking care of this?

SEAL #1

Nearly over, Cap. You got that?  
This thing is nearly done...

SEAL #2 (O.C.)

Hey. We've got something...

As the pirates turn toward SEAL #2, Phillips sees SEAL #1 point to his ear, and then towards the bottom of the boat.

Phillips nods quickly. He gets it.

SEAL #2 hands Bilal a box. Inside, bright yellow clothes. Bilal gives them to Phillips.

SEAL #2 (CONT'D)  
Clean clothes. You need to wear them - right Captain?

Phillips reacts, thrown - *what does that mean?* Meanwhile, the zodiac is ready to go, with Musi aboard. They eye each other. The Zodiac bears Musi away.

NAJEE  
I give orders now.

Najee pushes Phillips back in.

341 EXT./INT. USS BAINBRIDGE - RESUMING - NIGHT 341

On the Bainbridge, lots of activity.

On the FANTAIL: cameras are positioned. Cases opened, gear removed. Reveal SEAL SNIPER-KILLER TEAMS moving into place.

342 INT. USS BAINBRIDGE - CIC - RESUMING - NIGHT 342

In the CIC, feeds to the SEALs are hooked up - check, check, check...

343 EXT. USS BAINBRIDGE FANTAIL - RESUMING - NIGHT 343

Musi steps on board the fantail and is met by a detail, including a NAVY DOCTOR.

DETAIL MAN  
We'll take you down below. The elders want the meeting in private.

Musi nods. He is floored - the immense space, the activity - and two huge KNIGHTHAWK HELICOPTERS, circling overhead.

MUSI  
I go to shore on one of them! I want that in the deal!

DETAIL MAN  
Let's talk about that.

344 INT. USS BAINBRIDGE - CIC - RESUMING - NIGHT 344

SEAL COMMANDER  
(into RADIO)  
Boxer, commence figure eights. One mile to our port side.

BOXER COMMS OFFICER (O.C.)  
Copy that.

345 AERIAL BOXER- NIGHT 345  
Flying from over the Bainbridge and the lifeboat, reveal the huge Boxer approaching the Bainbridge and the lifeboat from behind.

346 EXT BOXER- NIGHT 346  
TIGHT ON THE WAKE of the Boxer- it's huge, creating formidable swell.

347 INT. USS BAINBRIDGE - CIC - RESUMING - NIGHT 347  
SEAL COMMANDER  
Distance?  
SEAL TECH 2  
Tow line at 235 meters.  
SEAL COMMANDER  
Let's get moving, Captain.  
CASTELLANO  
(nods)  
All ahead full.  
BAINBRIDGE COMMS OFFICER  
Aye, sir.

348 EXT. USS BAINBRIDGE/EXT. LIFEBOAT - RESUMING - NIGHT 348  
The Bainbridge begins to move. The TOW LINE SNAPS TIGHT.

349 INT. LIFEBOAT 349  
Phillips, Bilal, Najee, and Elmi all feel the lifeboat lurch.

350 EXT. BAINBRIDGE FANTAIL- VARIOUS- NIGHT 350  
We see THE 3 SHOOTER TEAMS' SETUPS for the first time. Each with a SNIPER and a SPOTTER. The snipers are on their rifles, the spotters monitor A VIDEO FEED FROM THE SNIPERS' NIGHT VISION SCOPES.  
We see ALL THREE TEAMS' POV's- SNIPER 2 ON THE FORE HATCH, SNIPER 3 ON THE FIRST WINDOW OF THE BRIDGE (empty). The LAST SNIPER'S (SNIPER 1 TEAM) POV: THE SECOND WINDOW OF THE BRIDGE WHERE ELMI IS ONLY FRACTIONALLY VISIBLE.

351 INT. USS BAINBRIDGE - CIC - RESUMING - NIGHT 351  
The SEAL Commander eyes the three video monitors (each monitor with a feed from a sniper team, etc.).  
The SEAL TECH 2 MAN STUDIES HIS LAPTOP with a graphic calibration of the shooters' positions on the fantail and distance to the lifeboat...

SEAL TECH 2  
90 meters from fantail is optimal.

SEAL COMMANDER  
We need all targets green. Copy?

SPOTTERS 1, 2, 3, (THROUGH SPEAKER)  
Alpha Team, copy. Team, copy.  
Charlie Team, copy that.

352 INT. LIFEBOAT - RESUMING - NIGHT 352

The lifeboat bouncing slightly as it moves ahead. Phillips watching Bilal, who is clearly nervous. Phillips looks down at the yellow shirt and realizes: An attack is coming. Phillips starts putting on the shirt...

353 INT. LIFEBOAT BRIDGE- RESUMING - NIGHT 353

Elmi with his hands on the wheel, Najee up front too, looking uneasily through the window.

Najee pokes his head down to see Phillips buttoning up the shirt.

354 INT. LIFEBOAT - RESUMING - NIGHT 354

NAJEE (SOMALI, SUBTITLED)  
(to Bilal)  
*Hey!*

Phillips and Bilal look up.

NAJEE (SOMALI, SUBTITLED) (CONT'D)  
*If he moves again - shoot him.*

355 INT. USS BAINBRIDGE - CIC - RESUMING - NIGHT 355

A SEAL TRANSLATOR monitors the audio feed.

SEAL TRANSLATOR  
(to SEAL Commander)  
"If he moves again, shoot him."

SEAL Commander studies the different angles on the monitors.

SEAL TECH 2  
Boxer swells reaching the lifeboat.

356 AERIAL BOXER/BAINBRIDGE/LIFEBOAT- NIGHT 356

Flying over the Boxer- skimming over the heavier seas generated by the huge ship, toward the tiny lifeboat in the distance.

357 EXT. LIFEBOAT 357

The lifeboat is beginning to pitch in the choppiest waters.

358 INT. LIFEBOAT - RESUMING - NIGHT 358  
 Elmi is struggling for control, Najee up front too, looking uneasily through the window.

NAJEE (SOMALI, SUBTITLED)  
*Hold it steady!*

359 INT. LIFEBOAT - RESUMING - NIGHT 359  
 Phillips clocks the additional movement. Thinking... he eyes a clipboard and pencil on the wall. Bilal watching.

360 INT. USS BAINBRIDGE - CORRIDOR/INT. HOLDING ROOM - NIGHT 360  
 Musi is brought along a corridor - into a bare holding room.

DOCTOR  
 Can I see that hand?

MUSI  
 The elders here yet?

DETAIL MAN  
 Soon.

Just then Nemo walks in.

NEMO (SOMALI, SUBTITLED)  
*How you feeling, brother?*

Musi recognizes the voice. Turns. *What's going on here?*

MUSI (SOMALI, SUBTITLED)  
*You got the money?*

NEMO (SOMALI, SUBTITLED)  
*It's here. We're waiting for the elders.*

361 INT. LIFEBOAT - RESUMING - NIGHT 361  
 Phillips starts to move towards the clipboard surreptitiously.

BILAL  
 (whispering, nervous)  
 What is this? What you doing?

Phillips doesn't answer. Close to the clipboard now.

362 EXT. BOXER- NIGHT 362  
 Huge wash continuing to spew from the Boxer's hull.



363 INT. LIFEBOAT BRIDGE- RESUMING - NIGHT

363

The lifeboat lurches more violently. Najee trying to maintain his balance, Elmi countering with the wheel.

NAJEE (SOMALI, SUBTITLED)  
*Hold it steady!*

ELMI (SOMALI, SUBTITLED)  
*I'm trying!*

NAJEE  
Shit!  
(into RADIO)  
Too much waves!

Najee grabs the radio.

NAJEE (CONT'D)  
U.S. Navy!...

364 EXT. BAINBRIDGE- FANTAIL

364

SNIPER 3 is still and focused...

365 INT. USS BAINBRIDGE - CIC - RESUMING - NIGHT

365

TIGHT ON SNIPER 3 MONITOR. See JUST A BIT OF NAJEE through the window.

SEAL Commander watching...

NAJEE (THROUGH SPEAKER)  
... U.S. Navy! Too much waves!

SEAL COMMANDER (THRU RADIO)  
I told you. We got weather coming in.

366 INT. LIFEBOAT BRIDGE- RESUMING - NIGHT

366

Najee, jostled badly.

NAJEE (INTO LIFEBOAT RADIO)  
You make it worse! Slow down! Slow down!

SEAL COMMANDER (THRU LIFEBOAT RADIO)  
We should bring you in closer so you ride in our wake. It's smoother.

Najee considering...

NAJEE (INTO LIFEBOAT RADIO)  
... Okay.

...as Phillips picks up the clipboard. There's a CHECKLIST on that clipboard. Phillips turns the page over. As the lifeboat heaves, Phillips starts to write hurriedly on the blank backside of the page.

Bilal anxious about it.

BILAL  
Irish! What are you doing?!

PHILLIPS  
(for the Bainbridge)  
I'm writing to my family.

367 INT. USS BAINBRIDGE - CIC - RESUMING - NIGHT 367

Hearing this, the room reacts.

368 EXT. USS BAINBRIDGE - FANTAIL - RESUMING - NIGHT 368

A LARGE WINCH on the fantail of the Bainbridge begins reeling in the lifeboat.

369 EXT. LIFEBOAT- NIGHT 369

Being pulled forward through the heavier seas.

370 INT. LIFEBOAT - RESUMING - NIGHT 370

The boat bouncing more now. Phillips writing. Bilal agitated. Up front, Elmi struggling harder with the wheel.

ELMI  
Shit!

371 EXT. USS BAINBRIDGE FANTAIL/LIFEBOAT - RESUMING - NIGHT 371

SCOPE POV FROM THE FANTAIL LOOKING BACK: Elmi just moving into view through the bridge window.

SNIPER 1  
Got one.

SPOTTER 1 (LOOKING AT MONITOR)  
Alpha is green.

372 INT. USS BAINBRIDGE - CIC - RESUMING - NIGHT 372

SEAL Commander, Castellano and all eyes on the screens...

SEAL TECH 1  
One target green.

SEAL COMMANDER  
Where are we at?

SEAL TECH 2  
210 meters.

373 INT. LIFEBOAT- BRIDGE- NIGHT 373

The boat is really rocking now.

Najee watching Elmi work, getting more agitated...

NAJEE (INTO LIFEBOAT RADIO)  
Where is Musi?

374 INT. LIFEBOAT- RESUMING- NIGHT 374

We find Phillips, writing - trying to keep it concealed, but in a hurry to finish.

Up front, Najee watches Elmi work, getting more agitated...

NAJEE (INTO LIFEBOAT RADIO)  
Where is Musi? I want to speak with him.  
(no reply)  
Where is Musi?!

375 INT. USS BAINBRIDGE - CIC - RESUMING - NIGHT 375

SEAL COMMANDER (INTO RADIO)  
He's in Sick-Bay, getting his hand treated.

376 INT. USS BAINBRIDGE - HOLDING ROOM - RESUMING - NIGHT 376

Musi sits in the holding room with Nemo and TWO MP's.

MUSI (SOMALI, SUBTITLED)  
*Are they here yet?*

NEMO (SOMALI, SUBTITLED)  
*On their way. You want a coke?*

Musi looks around, uneasy. Nemo hands him a Coke.

377 INT. LIFEBOAT BRIDGE- RESUMING - NIGHT 377

Phillips still writing. Bilal freaking now...

BILAL  
Irish! If Najee sees you...

Phillips is oblivious.

378 INT. LIFEBOAT BRIDGE - RESUMING - NIGHT 378

Najee, on the Bridge, wary:

NAJEE (THRU RADIO)  
Where are the elders?

379 INT. USS BAINBRIDGE - FANTAIL 379  
 SNIPER 3 is trained on the window.

380 INT. USS BAINBRIDGE - CIC - RESUMING - NIGHT 380  
 SNIPER 3 TEAM MONITOR has Najee bobbing in and out of view.

NAJEE (THRU RADIO)  
 American ship! Where are they?

SEAL Commander is fixed on the screens. Saying nothing.

381 INT. LIFEBOAT - RESUMING - NIGHT 381  
 The lifeboat rolls, end to end.

NAJEE (INTO LIFEBOAT RADIO)  
 U.S.A., answer me!

No reply. Najee hangs up angry, and leaves.

382 INT. USS BAINBRIDGE - CIC - RESUMING - NIGHT 382  
 The Commander watches a blur of movement on CHARLIE monitor.

SPOTTER 3 (THROUGH SPEAKER)  
 One leaving the bridge.

383 INT. LIFEBOAT - RESUMING - NIGHT 383  
 Najee moving toward Phillips and Bilal.

NAJEE (SOMALI, SUBTITLED)  
*Something's wrong.*

...which is when Najee spots Phillips - writing furiously on that clipboard. And he fumes:

NAJEE (CONT'D)  
 What you doing?

PHILLIPS  
 (keeps writing)  
 Nothing.

NAJEE  
 WHAT YOU DOING?! Some kind of trick there? Something for Navy?

He GRABS THE CLIPBOARD FROM PHILLIPS.

Phillips springs forward - all of his anger suddenly unleashed - and charges into Najee from behind. Tackles him. Bilal paralyzed by the speed of it.

Elmi cranes his head down to see the fight: Phillips clawing at Najee, swinging. Feral and ugly. The lifeboat bucking...

384 INT. USS BAINBRIDGE CIC - RESUMING - NIGHT 384

OVER SPEAKERS, the sound of the struggle. The SEAL Commander watching the monitors...

SEAL TECH 2  
185 meters.

385 INT. LIFEBOAT - RESUMING - NIGHT 385

The fight continues. Elmi shrieks at Bilal:

ELMI (SOMALI, SUBTITLED)  
*Do something! Do something!*

Finally Bilal *acts*, rifle-butting Phillips in the ribs. Phillips folds up in half. Najee charges.

But Phillips gets UP again, pushing Najee away.

NAJEE (SOMALI, SUBTITLED)  
*Help me with him!*

Bilal tackles Phillips from BEHIND - into a wall - Phillips' face pressed against it.

Najee moves in now. Phillips can't turn to fight back.

NAJEE (SOMALI, SUBTITLED) (CONT'D)  
*Get the rope! Tie his hands!*

Najee keeps Phillips pressed against that wall, while Bilal hurries to grab a ROPE.

386 EXT. USS BAINBRIDGE FANTAIL/LIFEBOAT- RESUMING - NIGHT 386

SNIPER 1 perfectly focused...

SCOPE POV of Elmi- Reacting to the fight.

387 INT. USS BAINBRIDGE - CIC - RESUMING - NIGHT 387

Commander watching THE MONITORS. Only Sniper 1 has a target.

SEAL TECH 1  
One target green.

SEAL COMMANDER  
Distance?

SEAL TECH 2  
161 meters.

388 INT. LIFEBOAT - RESUMING - NIGHT 388

Bilal has the rope. Najee turns Phillips around, Phillips' back still pressed against the wall.

NAJEE  
Give me your hands.

PHILLIPS  
No.

Phillips balls his fists and locks them under his chin.

NAJEE  
Give them to me!

PHILLIPS  
No!

Najee grabs at Phillips' hands... Phillips *resists* - tucking his fists under his chin, and keeping them there.

Najee hits Phillips brutally - but Phillips won't relent, just keeps his fists balled under his chin - his last act of defiance. Bilal pulls at them too. They aren't moving.

389 INT. USS BAINBRIDGE - CIC - RESUMING - NIGHT 389

Phillips' cries of pain echo through the CIC. He's getting the shit kicked out of him...

SEAL COMMANDER  
Speed up the tow line.

SEAL TECH 2 (INTO RADIO)  
Speed up the tow.

390 EXT. USS BAINBRIDGE - FANTAIL - RESUMING 390

The tow line kicks into a higher gear.

391 EXT. LIFEBOAT- RESUMING 391

The lifeboat is bucking against the water.

392 INT. LIFEBOAT BRIDGE - RESUMING - NIGHT 392

Elmi struggling with the wheel...

ELMI (SOMALI, SUBTITLED)  
*Najee! I can't hold it -*

393 INT. LIFEBOAT- RESUMING- NIGHT 393

Najee pounds at Phillips' ribs, but Phillips' fists just WILL NOT move from under his chin. Shot after shot - from Bilal too. Phillips' eyes are watering, but he just won't relent.

...until, finally, Najee RAMS HIS AK, butt-first, into Phillips' temple.

TKO. Phillips's arms drop.

NAJEE (SOMALI, SUBTITLED)

*Tie him!*

Bilal jumps to tie up Phillips.

394 INT. USS BAINBRIDGE - CIC - RESUMING - NIGHT 394

SEAL TRANSLATOR

They're tying him up.

SEAL COMMANDER

Distance.

SEAL COMMS MAN

One forty one.

395 EXT. BAINBRIDGE- FANTAIL- NIGHT 395

SPOTTER 2 MONITOR: Scope trained on the window, obscured movements of the pirates lifting Phillips...

SNIPER 2 waiting...

396 INT. LIFEBOAT - RESUMING - NIGHT 396

Bilal holds the half-conscious Phillips while Najee TIES HIM TO A BEAM OVERHEAD.

...just as Phillips begins to regain consciousness - and he sees what's happened. He is... finally... helpless.

PHILLIPS

No...

NAJEE (SOMALI, SUBTITLED)

*Blindfold him.*

BILAL (SOMALI, SUBTITLED)

*What?*

NAJEE (SOMALI, SUBTITLED)

*Cover his eyes!*

Panicked, Bilal looks around for something to blindfold Phillips with.

Najee finishes tying up Phillips, AND GOES TO GET SOMETHING ON A SEAT.

Phillips sees Najee PICK UP A SIDEARM.

PHILLIPS

Oh god. Oh god. Please no.

Oblivious, Najee CHAMBERS A ROUND. Bilal approaches with a rag, and realizes what's about to happen.

BILAL (SOMALI)  
*What are you doing? If you kill  
 him, we die!*

397 INT. USS BAINBRIDGE - CIC - RESUMING - NIGHT 397

SEAL TRANSLATOR  
 If you kill him, we die.

The SEAL Commander watching. Still only SNIPER 1 with a shot on Elmi.

398 INT. LIFEBOAT- RESUMING- NIGHT 398

NAJEE (SOMALI, SUBTITLED)  
*Put it on him!*

BILAL (SOMALI, SUBTITLED)  
*But Najee! The elders are coming!*

NAJEE (SOMALI, SUBTITLED)  
*There are no elders. It's a trick!  
 They're going to kill us all!*

Najee points the pistol at Bilal.

NAJEE (SOMALI, SUBTITLED) (CONT'D)  
*Do it!*

Bilal has only one choice. He moves toward Phillips...

PHILLIPS  
 No...

A last look between them - then Bilal STARTS BLINDFOLDING HIM.

PHILLIPS (CONT'D)  
 Goddamn you!

399 EXT. USS BAINBRIDGE FANTAIL/LIFEBOAT - RESUMING - NIGHT 399

Sniper 3 and his POV: BILAL HAS NOW MOVED INTO VIEW OF THE WINDOW.

SNIPER 3  
 On him.

SPOTTER 3 (LOOKING AT MONITOR)  
 Charlie is green.

400 INT. USS BAINBRIDGE - CIC - RESUMING - NIGHT 400

SEAL TECH 1  
 Two targets green.

SEAL COMMANDER  
 Distance.



SEAL TECH 2  
One twenty two.

SEAL Commander and Castellano watching the BRAVO MONITOR: NO SHOT- ONLY OBSCURED MOVEMENTS...

401 EXT. USS BAINBRIDGE- FANTAIL- NIGHT 401

SNIPER 2 locked in... still waiting...

402 INT. LIFEBOAT - RESUMING - NIGHT 402

Bilal finishes blindfolding Phillips.

NAJEE (SOMALI, SUBTITLED)  
*Get back.*

Bilal steps away.

PHILLIPS  
(aloud)  
Hey! Are you listening?  
Somebody?...

That, we realize, was *intended for the Bainbridge*:

403 INT. USS BAINBRIDGE - CIC RESUMING - NIGHT 403

PHILLIPS (THROUGH SPEAKER)  
... You gotta tell my family  
something for me...

SEAL Commander and Castellano continue watching the BRAVO MONITOR. STILL PHILLIPS IS THE ONLY ONE in view.

404 INT. LIFEBOAT - RESUMING 404

Bilal with a last plea...

BILAL (SOMALI, SUBTITLED)  
*Najee, please...*

NAJEE (SOMALI, SUBTITLED)  
*Shut up!*

PHILLIPS  
...You gotta tell my family I love  
them! Tell 'em I said goodbye!  
And tell 'em I'm sorry--  
--for being here when I shoulda  
been there.

NAJEE  
No more talk! Nobody hears you!

Najee moves forward. Phillips is done. At last, his head drops.

Najee raises his gun...

PHILLIPS  
(sotto)  
I love you, Ange.

405 EXT. BAINBRIDGE- FANTAIL- NIGHT 405

SCOPE POV: The gun going up, but Najee still obscured.

SNIPER 2  
Shit.

406 INT. USS BAINBRIDGE - CIC - RESUMING - NIGHT 406

SEAL TECH 2  
105 meters.

SEAL TECH 1  
Two targets green.

SEAL Commander sees there's no shot on Najee- it's almost over... Then:

SEAL COMMANDER  
Stop the tow.

SEAL TECH 2 (INTO RADIO)  
Stop the tow.

407 EXT. USS BAINBRIDGE - FANTAIL/LIFEBOAT - RESUMING - NIGHT 407

The WINCH stops suddenly.

408 EXT. BAINBRIDGE- FANTAIL- NIGHT 408

The lifeboat lurches.

409 INT. LIFEBOAT. RESUMING - NIGHT 409

Najee is thrown forward as Phillips swings back.

410 EXT. BAINBRIDGE- FANTAIL- NIGHT 410

SCOPE POV: Najee steps into the crosshairs.

SNIPER 2  
Got him.

SPOTTER 2  
Bravo is green.

411 EXT. USS BAINBRIDGE - FANTAIL/LIFEBOAT - RESUMING - NIGHT 411

SEAL TECH 1  
Third target green.

SEAL COMMANDER (INTO RADIO)  
Weapons release.

412 EXT. USS BAINBRIDGE - FANTAIL/LIFEBOAT - RESUMING - NIGHT 412  
The snipers shoot. POP-POP-POP.

413 EXT./INT. LIFEBOAT- NIGHT 413  
In a blur, THREE WINDOWS SHATTER and THREE PIRATES GO DOWN.  
Blood splatters on the walls...

414 INT. LIFEBOAT - RESUMING 414  
Phillips feels and hears the shots. Blood hits him. He hears  
bodies dropping. But he's still in the dark.

PHILLIPS  
What're you guys doing? What're you  
guys doing?!

415 INT. USS BAINBRIDGE - HOLDING ROOM - RESUMING - NIGHT 415  
Musi is grabbed from behind. His can of Coke tumbles and  
falls to the floor. Sees Nemo. They lock, as he's zip-cuffed.

416 INT. USS BAINBRIDGE CIC - RESUMING - NIGHT 416  
Screens whip and zoom.

SPOTTER 1 (THRU RADIO)  
All targets are down. Repeat - all  
targets are down. We're evacuating  
the hostage now...

SEAL COMMANDER (INTO RADIO)  
Copy. Exfil all units.

417 EXT. LIFEBOAT - DAWN 417  
SEALs, rappel down the tow ropes to the lifeboat as RHIB's  
speed across.

418 EXT./INT. LIFEBOAT/EXT. NAVY ZODIAC - DAWN 418  
Phillips takes off his blindfold - to find Bilal inches away,  
headshot, gasping. Najee and Elmi close by, dead.

Suddenly the aft hatch is opened - and SEALs appear:

SEAL #1  
You okay, Cap?

PHILLIPS  
Yeah, yeah I'm okay..

SEAL #1  
Can you walk?

PHILLIPS

I'm okay. I can do it.

He stumbles to the hatch, eyes the bodies on the floor. Steps over an AK47, and climbs unsteadily. There's another RHIB coming... and in the distance: The Bainbridge.

419 INT. USS BAINBRIDGE - HOLDING ROOM/INT. CORRIDOR - DAWN 419  
They finish cuffing Musi.

DETAIL MAN

Get him out of here!

420 INT. USS BAINBRIDGE - CIC - RESUMING 420  
SEAL Commander gathers his papers and blueprints. Turns:

SEAL COMMANDER

Thank you, Captain. You have Command.

...and he leaves as mysteriously as he arrived.

421 EXT. USS BAINBRIDGE - FANTAIL - RESUMING - DAWN 421  
Phillips climbs up the ladder. Sailors applauding on the fantail. On the upper decks. He turns:

PHILLIPS

Thank you. Thank you.

Looking for the snipers. But they've already melted away.

Then, as he's about to go below, he sees Musi in the half distance being taken to a chopper.

They briefly lock. We CUT TO:

422 INT. USS BAINBRIDGE - GUEST QUARTERS - NIGHT 422  
Images:

-A tub of ICE is set down, BEER CANS fill it.

-A pair of CLEAN CLOTHES, laid out on a bed.

-A SAT-PHONE is placed on a desk. We JUMP TO:

423 INT. USS BAINBRIDGE - GUEST QUARTERS - BATHROOM - NIGHT 423  
Phillips showers - exhausted. Then:

424 INT. USS BAINBRIDGE - GUEST QUARTERS - MOMENTS LATER 424  
Phillips sits on his clean bed, in his clean clothes, with an ice cold beer in his hand. In the corner a monitor shows live coverage of his release. It's over.

There's the SAT-PHONE. He reaches for it.

...until, suddenly, his hand stops. Just frozen.

And something hits him like a wave - a sudden surge of grief, terror, pain, frustration, all at once. Everything he *didn't* exhibit for the last five days, now smacking him in the face.

He begins to cry - out of nowhere - a shock to him. He tries to hold it back, but can't. Just too much in there.

We leave him here, sobbing - and DISSOLVE TO:

425 EXT. BURLINGTON AIRPORT - TARMAC - DAY 425

A private plane with Maersk markings lands at an airport.

426 INT. PRIVATE PLANE - CABIN - MOMENTS LATER 426

A CABIN. Oddly, it's EMPTY.

We move down the aisle, seats left and right. Empty. But:

427 INT. PRIVATE PLANE - LAVATORY - SAME 427

Phillips stands here, staring at the mirror, a last moment of isolation - bracing himself for a wave that's coming.

His legs feel unsteady. The day feels unreal - and overwhelming. Finally, he opens the lavatory door.

428 INT. PRIVATE PLANE - CABIN - CONTINUING 428

Before he can take another step, he hears:

ANDREA (O.S.)

Richard?

Phillips looks up... to see Andrea, boarding the plane. Dan and their daughter MARIAH behind her. The hell of THEIR last five days written on their faces.

Phillips freezes. A beat... then:

ANDREA (CONT'D)

What were you thinking getting on that lifeboat?

Phillips doesn't reply - he can't. Just drops his bags and walks down the aisle of the plane, fast as he can, until:

He reaches her, grabs her, pulls her in tight.

The kids join in too. Everybody trying not to cry - just a family hanging on until:

PHILLIPS

Let's go home.

Andrea nods. Dan grabs Phillips' bags. They move to the door.

But Phillips pauses - stops Dan... and pulls him in close.

The kid gives into it, shuts his eyes. Outside, the CHEERS of a HUGE CROWD as Andrea waves to them from the doorway.

But it's just noise. We stay with Phillips, then CUT TO:

429 EXT. UNNAMED AIRPORT - DAY 429

Musi comes off a plane too, cuffed, greeted by Marshals. They read him his rights. The charge is Armed Piracy.

430 EXT. BEACH - SOMALIA - DAY 430

Meanwhile, back on Eyl's beach, pirates load two more skiffs with weapons and ladders, jumping aboard.

As they push out into the waves, see THE SMALL BOY join them.

431 EXT. PHILLIPS HOME - EARLY MORNING 431

Tight on that American flag, the bell, the swing. The same Vermont Farmhouse. We hear a SHOWER in bg.

SUPER: "Three months later."

432 INT. PHILLIPS HOME - BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING 432

Phillips packing up his things: a few paperbacks, passport, papers marked "Maersk Line" showing a large container ship.

Last, a framed photo - of Phillips, Andrea, their two KIDS, taken ten years ago. It's time to ship out again.

Through the window he sees: Andrea getting into the car.

He closes up his bag, as we FADE OUT...

MAERSK ALABAMA

(from the book "A Captain's Duty" by Richard Phillips)

Screenplay by

Billy Ray

Sony Pictures Entertainment  
Scott Rudin Productions  
Michael DeLuca Productions  
Trigger Street Films  
Director - Paul Greengrass

PRODUCTION DRAFT - 15th March 2012  
BLUE REVISION - 25th March 2012

BLACK. The sound of waves. Then a dull THUD. We FADE IN:

...on a floating hell, images bending and flickering. Instead of sounds, we just hear a thin ringing. We are:

1 INT. LIFEBOAT - NIGHT

1

An enclosed, fiberglass LIFEBOAT, 28 feet long, 40 seats, HATCHES fore and aft. It's drifting on the Indian Ocean, 20 miles from Somalia.

RICHARD PHILLIPS lies on the floor, his hands bound. He's 50, a career sailor, now a hostage, *just took a terrible beating*.

His captors are four Somali pirates: BILAL, 16, his left foot wrapped in bloody gauze; NAJEE, 24, pointing his AK-47 at us. ELMI, 25, is up front at the helm.

Their leader is MUSI, around 20, rail-thin, his hand bandaged and bloody. He shouts into the RADIO; but we just hear that thin ringing, until finally his words become clear:

MUSI (INTO LIFEBOAT RADIO)

Okay. We gonna kill the hostage now. Need a bodybag over here.

He barks an order in Somali. Najee and Bilal pull an ORANGE SURVIVAL SUIT from a bin, and spread it on the floor. Musi loads a 9 mm. gun. -

MUSI (CONT'D)

I got the gun...Say goodbye! Out!

He tosses the radio, marches at Phillips, yanks him to his feet, rage in his eyes. Game over. Phillips knows it.

PHILLIPS

I thought you were all just fishermen.

The gun comes up. Musi and Phillips are eye to eye. We TIGHTEN on Phillips, then SMASH TO BLACK, and:

Super: "**Nine days earlier.**"

...when the world was still sane.

CUT TO:

2 OMITTED

2 \*

(CONTINUED)



2 CONTINUED: 2

\*

3 OMITTED 3

\*

CONFIDENTIAL  
SENDER: Shari LaFranchi Blakney  
READER: Andrew Dodge  
**Abe Recio**

3 CONTINUED:

3

\*

4 OMITTED

4

\*

CONFIDENTIAL  
SENDER: Shari LaFranchi Blakney  
READER: Abe Recio  
Andrew Dodge

4 CONTINUED: 4 \*

4A EXT. PHILLIPS HOME. EARLY MORNING 4A \*

Revealing an average Vermont farm house. \*

4B INT. PHILLIPS HOME - BATHROOM SHOWER- EARLY MORNING 4B \*

Angle on the half opened doors. Phillips showering. Radio in the background - the economy. \*

4C INT. BEDROOM. UNDERHILL VERMONT - MORNING 4C \*

His wife ANDREA sleeps (she's lovely, fierce, Italian-American by birth, a nurse by trade.) He studies her for a moment, her face... Then she awakens. \*

ANDREA \*

All packed? \*

PHILLIPS \*

Just about. We should shove off by eight. Want some coffee? \*

She smiles, nods, throws back the covers. He exits. \*

4D INT. PHILLIPS STUDY- LATER 4D \*

Phillips packs - a few paperbacks, passport, papers marked "Maersk Line" showing a large container ship. And a 15lb bag of 8 o'clock coffee beans. Last, a framed photo - of Phillips, Andrea, their two KIDS, DAN AND MARIAH, taken ten years ago. He was younger then... \*

5 EXT. DUNES - EYL, SOMALIA - MORNING 5

A convoy of 4x4s roars across the sand - towards a remote, dilapidated compound by the sea.

6 EXT. PIRATE COMPOUND - DAY 6

At the edge of the compound a young boy sees them coming. Starts running.

7 INT. COMPOUND HUT - EYL, SOMALIA - SAME 7

The young boy opens the door - kicks a sleeping figure on the floor. This is Musi.

YOUNG BOY (SOMALI, SUBTITLED)

*Quick! They're coming!*

Musi's up, that fast - been dreading this moment for days.

8

EXT. COMPOUND STREET- EYL, SOMALIA - VARIOUS - DAY

8

Musi (a pirate, roughly 20) hurrying past hostage pens, a brothel, a man with one hand, a goat sipping at a puddle and young women selling bunches of KHAT LEAVES, the ubiquitous drug chewed by most Somalis.

In the distance a glimpse of the ocean.

He turns a corner to find the 4X4's and a pack of PIRATE BOSSES - all guns and sat phones - tearing into a guy named HUFAN (44) while a CROWD OF YOUNG SOMALI MEN, all aspiring pirates, watch, including one of Musi's age. This is Asad.

PIRATE BOSS #1 (SOMALI, SUBTITLED)

(to Hufan)

What is this bullshit? - you bring me small ships. Now I have to feed these hostages and no-one wants to pay a ransom.

HUFAN (SOMALI, SUBTITLED)

*The big ships sit too high in the water.*

PIRATE BOSS #1 (SOMALI, SUBTITLED)

Then get bigger ladders.

Hufan nods. The group starts to disperse.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

8

HUFAN  
Pick your crews. And do it fast.

ASAD  
(Turns to Musi)  
Stay out of my way today, skinny  
rat.

They move off towards the beach; followed by the young boy.

8A INT. PHILLIPS BEDROOM. MORNING 8A \*

Phillips brings coffee up - sees a glimpse of Andrea dressing  
for work. Just a moment. Then: \*

PHILLIPS \*

Have you seen my dopp-kit? \*

ANDREA \*

Dan's room, I think. \*

9 OMITTED 9 \*

10 OMITTED 10 \*

11 OMITTED 11 \*

12 INT. PHILLIPS HOME - UPSTAIRS - MINUTES LATER 12

Phillips walks down the hall - pauses at a half-opened door.

His daughter MARIAH's room. Every inch of wall space is  
filled with posters, bumper stickers, equestrian ribbons.  
They make him smile.

13 INT. PHILLIPS HOME - DAN'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER 13

Phillips enters his son's room now. Lots of clutter, photos  
of swimsuit models on the walls and one of him and his father  
fishing when he was a boy - and *the kid himself*, just  
awakening: DAN, 19.

DAN  
I was just coming downstairs...

PHILLIPS  
You got that dopp-kit?

(CONTINUED)

DAN

Sure - it's over there.

Phillips picks it up off the dresser.

PHILLIPS

Thought you were driving back to school this morning.

DAN

I decided to leave later.

PHILLIPS

Uh-huh. What time'd you get in last night?

DAN

It wasn't late.

PHILLIPS

Had to be after midnight - 'cause I was still up and you weren't here.

DAN

You really gonna interrogate me, Dad?

PHILLIPS

It's really simple, Dan. You go to school. That's your job. You're either doing it or you're not.

DAN

You wanna boss people around? Do it on the boat, okay? Jesus.

A blow-up, that fast. Silence hangs...

PHILLIPS

I'll see you when I get back and don't forget to check in on your mom while I'm gone.

DAN

I know the drill.

Andrea is getting into the car. Phillips walks past the old NAUTICAL BELL that's been sitting (forever) on a chair by the door. He gets in beside her.

PHILLIPS

I didn't get to hang that bell. \*

ANDREA

I'll put it on the list.

14

CONTINUED:

14

Phillips looks up: there's Dan, glancing down from his bedroom window.

ANDREA (CONT'D)

He stayed in so he could *see you off* this morning.

PHILLIPS

I don't like him to miss class.

A half-wave from Dan in the window. Phillips acknowledges it... Then they drive off.

15

INT/EXT. CAR-UNDERHILL - VARIOUS - MORNING

15

Phillips and Andrea driving through Underhill - white picket fences, the local store, a handmade sign for fresh eggs, St Thomas' Church. No stop-lights.

Phillips watches the Vermont landscape slip by...

\*

ANDREA

I'm thinking I might pick up some double shifts.

\*

\*

\*

PHILLIPS

You don't have to do that.

\*

\*

ANDREA

Might as well. Be nice to have the extra, you know. And with everyone away.

\*

\*

\*

\*

A subject just got broached - but it just hovers there...

\*

PHILLIPS

We should get another dog when I get back. You want another dog?

\*

\*

\*

16

INT. MINIVAN/EXT. BURLINGTON AIRPORT - CURB - MORNING

16

Airport. Phillips pulls up to the curb. He and Andrea get out and meet at the trunk, where he extracts his bags.

\*

\*

ANDREA

Call me when you get to port.

\*

\*

PHILLIPS

You're not coming in?

ANDREA

I can't today. Had a shift change. I'm late already.

PHILLIPS

Oh. Okay.

\*

(CONTINUED)

16

CONTINUED:

16

So this is goodbye. He hands her the car-keys.

\*

ANDREA

\*

Be nice to your crew.

\*

PHILLIPS

\*

I'll do my best.

\*

ANDREA

\*

Love you.

\*

PHILLIPS

\*

See you in July...

\*

A kiss, a hug, then she gets back in the car.

\*

...and she's gone. Phillips watches her go, the first time ever she's not come in with him. He enters the TERMINAL, as:

\*

\*

17

EXT. PIRATE COMPOUND - BEACH - EYL, SOMALIA - DAY

17

\*

Musi and Asad follow Hufan across the beach towards two skiffs down by the ocean.

Young men approach, anxious for work.

(CONTINUED)



236

CONTINUED:

236

ADMIRAL HOWARD (THRU PHONE) (CONT'D)  
time. That lifeboat is 30 hours  
from Somali waters and closing.

Castellano looks at the digital displays. Maps.

ADMIRAL HOWARD (CONT'D)  
You gotta get them to surrender,  
Frank. The White House wants it  
handled peacefully if at all  
possible. But whatever happens that  
lifeboat does not reach the Somali  
coast. Is that understood?

CASTELLANO (INTO PHONE)  
Yes, Ma'am.

ADMIRAL (THRU PHONE)  
And Frank - between us?  
(a beat)  
Media's all over this already.  
People are calling for blood. It's  
only gonna get worse if you can't  
talk these guys down.

On Castellano's face, CUT TO:

237

INT. ANDREA'S CAR - MOVING - DAY

237

Andrea drives, trying not to cry. On the phone. \*

ANDREA (INTO CELL) \*  
Honey, it's all gonna be fine... \*  
it'll all be okay... No, stay at \*  
school, I'm telling Dan the same \*  
thing. Hang on a second. \*

Punching buttons on her CAR RADIO to get news. Finally she \*  
hears: \*

NEWS RADIO VOICE (ON RADIO)  
"...the first pirate attack on a US-  
flagged vessel since 1808. We'll  
bring you more as it becomes  
available"--

She punches another RADIO BUTTON, in time to hear:

UNNAMED SENATOR (ON RADIO)  
This is a test of our resolve,  
where we stand in the world...The  
United States needs to draw a line.

That sounded bad. Andrea pulls into: \*

238 INTERCUT WITH/EXT. PHILLIPS HOME - DRIVEWAY - DAY 238 \*

Oddly, there's a WOMAN waiting here, standing beside a rental car. This is ALLISON McCALL, 30, all-business. \*

Andrea parks, as: \*

ANDREA (INTO CELL) \*  
Honey, I'll call you back - soon as \*  
I know anything. I love you. \*

She ends the call - eyeing Allison, wary - and gets out of the car. \*

ALLISON \*  
Hi, Mrs Phillips. I'm Allison \*  
McCall. I work for Maersk. \*

Oh shit. On Andrea's face, instant dread.

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ANDREA

Oh my God... Is Richard...?

ALLISON

Far as we know, he's fine.

It all sounds so dire. Andrea doesn't know what to say.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

But there's been a development and we wanted you to hear it from us instead of CNN.

(Andrea waiting...)

We have the ship back. And the crew. But the pirates got away on the ship's lifeboat, with a single hostage... Your husband.

That hit Andrea like a mallet. She has to steady herself.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

I want you to know, the company is doing everything possible to bring your husband home safely.

ANDREA

Have they asked for a ransom?

ALLISON

Not yet.

ANDREA

When they do, will you pay it?

BAM. The starkness of it knocked Allison back a bit.

ALLISON

There aren't... any options we're taking off the table.

That sounded pretty corporate. Allison knows that.

ANDREA

I just told my kids all this is gonna be okay. It will be, right?

\*  
\*  
\*

ALLISON

Mrs Phillips - we're doing everything we can. The Pentagon is mobilized. There are warships en route.

\*

Andrea stiffens. *Warships...* The images feel threatening.

ANDREA

Then what makes you think your  
company's going to be able to do  
*anything?*

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421 CONTINUED: 421

They briefly lock. We CUT TO:

422 INT. USS BAINBRIDGE - GUEST QUARTERS - NIGHT 422

Images:

-A tub of ICE is set down, BEER CANS fill it.

-A pair of CLEAN CLOTHES, laid out on a bed.

-A SAT-PHONE is placed on a desk. We JUMP TO:

423 INT. USS BAINBRIDGE - GUEST QUARTERS - BATHROOM - NIGHT 423

Phillips showers - exhausted. Then:

424 INT. USS BAINBRIDGE - GUEST QUARTERS - MOMENTS LATER 424

Phillips sits on his clean bed, in his clean clothes, with an ice cold beer in his hand. In the corner a monitor shows live coverage of his release. It's over.

There's the SAT-PHONE. He reaches for it.

...until, suddenly, his hand stops. Just frozen.

And something hits him like a wave - a sudden surge of grief, terror, pain, frustration, all at once. Everything he *didn't* exhibit for the last five days, now smacking him in the face.

He begins to cry - out of nowhere - a shock to him. He tries to hold it back, but can't. Just too much in there.

We leave him here, sobbing - and DISSOLVE TO:

425 EXT. BURLINGTON AIRPORT - TARMAC - DAY 425

A private plane with Maersk markings lands at an airport.

426 INT. MAERSK PRIVATE PLANE - CABIN - MOMENTS LATER 426 \*

Phillips watches through a window as the plane comes to a halt. Out there, he sees the satellite trucks. The crowd - the cameras. But he doesn't see his family. We CUT TO: \*

426A INT. FBI GULFSTREAM. NIGHT 426A \*

Musi sits on a different jet, his hands cuffed. He looks out the window. \*

Outside - America. Musi's first experience of it. The Teeterboro airport tarmac. \*

An FBI MAN bends down, and unlocks Musi's ANKLES from the rail beneath his seat. \*

426B INT. MAERSK PRIVATE PLANE - CABIN - RESUMING 426B \*

Phillips still can't see his family out there. He rises. His legs feel unsteady. The day feels unreal - and overwhelming. \*

He gets his bag out from behind the seat. Then he hears: \*

ANDREA (O.S.) \*

Richard? \*

Phillips looks up... to see Andrea, boarding the plane. Dan and their daughter MARIAH behind her. The hell of THEIR last five days written on their faces. \*

Phillips doesn't reply - he can't. Just drops his bags and walks down the aisle of the plane, fast as he can, until: \*

He reaches her, grabs her, pulls her in tight. \*

The kids join in too. Everybody trying not to cry - just a family hanging on until: \*

PHILLIPS \*

It's ok. It's gunna be ok. \*

Andrea nods. Outside we can hear the buzz of that WAITING CROWD. She studies him. \*

ANDREA \*

You ready? \*

He nods, he thinks so. They head for the door, Dan lingering a second to grab Phillips' bags. \*

But Phillips pauses - stops Dan... and pulls him in close. \*

The kid gives into it, shuts his eyes. Then... \*

They emerge from the plane. We hear the ROAR of the crowd. \*

426C EXT. TEETERBORO AIRPORT - TARMAC - NIGHT 426C \*

Musi comes off a plane too, cuffed, greeted by Marshals. As they read him his rights - The charge is Armed Piracy. \*

He blinks in the flash lights and bedlam. He has a strange confused smile. \*

426D EXT. MAERSK PRIVATE PLANE- DAY 426D \*

Huge CROWD, huge cheers, lots of press. Phillips and his family wave. \*

But it's just noise. And Phillips looks a bit overwhelmed, almost embarrassed to be the centre of attention. \*

Andrea reaches for his hand. That helps. We CUT TO: \*

426E	EXT. TEETERBORO AIRPORT - NIGHT	426E	*
	Musi is driven away. From here he can see the SKYLINE OF NEW YORK - impossibly close, yet unreachable.		* *
426F	EXT./INT. PHILLIPS' CAR- DAY	426F	*
	Phillips and his family are driven away. We hold on Phillips as it all sinks in....		* *
		FADE OUT.	*
427	OMITTED	427	*
428	OMITTED	428	*

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428	CONTINUED:	428	*
429	OMITTED	429	*
430	OMITTED	430	*
431	OMITTED	431	*
432	OMITTED	432	*

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