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APR - 4 1994

Ans'd.....

CRIMSON TIDE

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AUG - 8 1994

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Screenplay by

Michael Schiffer

Story by

Michael Schiffer and Richard P. Henrick

REVISED 7/26/94

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The Three Most Powerful Men In The World:

The President of the United States...

The President of the Russian Republic...

and...

The Captain of a U.S. Fleet Ballistic Missile Submarine.

TITLE SEQUENCE.

FADE IN:

MUSIC PLAYS / SOUND EFFECTS / CHAOTIC VOICES OF WAR...
SLAMMING SERIES OF RADICAL SHOTS -- FROM VIDEOTAPE AND FILE
FOOTAGE.

SUPER: DAY ONE; 15 OCTOBER; USS KITTY HAWK; ADRIATIC SEA

TOM BROKAW
(reports live)
In response to continuing defiance
of NATO ultimatums...

STEAM BELLOWS from the catapult; Men wave flashlights in the
dark, and ... FIRE SCREAMS from a jet engine, as... A NAVY
F-18 is catapulted into the sky! As a second plane SCREAMS
off -- disappearing into the dark...

SUPER: SERBIAN ARMY GUNPOSTS -- HILLS ABOVE MACEDONIA

TOM BROKAW (V.O.)
Commencing this morning at 4:30
A.M. local time, under orders from
the U.S. Commander-in-Chief...

TEAMS OF NAVY F-18'S SCREAM in from the night;

BOMBS DROP through the sky -- ripping up the ridgelines. As
Serbian Army ARTILLERY UNITS FIRE SALVOES down in the
dark...

A tiny Balkan village is caught in the massacre below.

SUPER: WASHINGTON, D.C.;

(TO BE RECONSTRUCTED AND FILMED)

LIMOUSINES scream away from the White House, bearing the
JOINT CHIEFS OF STAFF;

AT A PENTAGON WAR ROOM: The attack on Serbian forces is
monitored by the NATIONAL MILITARY COMMAND;

As the SECRETARY OF DEFENSE issues a statement at a press
conference, flanked by AMBASSADORS from NATO nations and
JAPAN.

SUPER: 0927 HOURS; MOSCOW

IN THE RUSSIAN PARLIAMENT: A furious VLADIMIR RADCHENKO
addresses the assembly -- shouting and pounding the podium.

TOM BROKAW (V.O.)
Ultra-Nationalist hardline leader
Vladimir Radchenko denounced the
bombing attack on Serbs, calling it
"an act of war against the Russian
people."

(AS WE TRACK IN ON:
Radchenko...)
Branding the Russian President a
U.S. puppet, he called on the
Russian people to join him in
revolt...

Radchenko storms off stage, to wild cheers from his cohorts,
and jeers from the government loyalists. As he and his
leather-coated AIDES brush PAST THE CAMERA...

TOM BROKAW (V.O.)
... declaring: "This brutal act of
American aggression will not go
unanswered."

THE RUSSIAN PRESIDENT plots a response, in his OFFICE with
top advisors.

PARLIAMENT HALL is in utter chaos. There are screaming,
pushing fights between the opposing factions.

OUTSIDE PARLIAMENT BUILDING: Radchenko's TOP AIDES, in long
leather coats, surround him -- forming a phalanx to protect
him, passing guards and police, moving quickly down the
steps, into armored cars to race away.

CLOSEUP: THE RUSSIAN PRESIDENT signs a decree.

TOM BROKAW (V.O.)
At 10:00 A.M. Moscow time, the
Russian Parliament was suspended...
and Martial Law was declared.

OUTSIDE RUSSIAN PARLIAMENT: TANKS crisscross the square;
SOLDIERS hold men back behind cordoned-off lines. A
leather-coated SOVIET SYMPATHIZER gets in a fight with
soldiers and is brutally clubbed to the ground. CLOSEUP:
Gun butts and barrels descend, knocking him cold and leaving
him bloody.

TOM BROKAW (V.O.)
With the Russian government in
crisis... and right-wing
nationalist forces eager to re-take
control... The Russian Republic is
entering... what can only be
described as... a state of Civil
War.

FADE TO:

A TELEPHONE RINGS...

INT. HUNTER'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The usual nightly chaos of a family living room. The TV is ON as ROBIN (3) and baby LUKE (2) squabble over which book they want their Daddy to read. In the kitchen, JULIA HUNTER (early 30's) interrupts her cooking to answer the RINGING PHONE, then holds it up for her husband to see:

JULIA
(re: the caller)
Group. CDO.

She sets down the phone on the counter as JIM HUNTER (in casual clothes), gets up from the sofa...

HUNTER
(to Robin; re: their books)
I'll read his first... then I'll read yours. I'll be right back.

ROBIN
But Daddy...

HUNTER
It's okay... go sit down...

Hunter walks to the kitchen to grab the phone. Then, looking back at his children, who are waiting for him to return -- as Julia looks at him...

HUNTER
(on phone)
Hello...?
(pause; as he listens) -
Yes...?

ON JULIA

SLOWLY ZOOM into a CU, then we hear the T.V. change channels.

HUNTER (O.S.)
Yeah, I'm watching it.

Her face changes for a reason she doesn't even know why.

JULIA
Honey...

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Julia, bowl in hand, walks out of the kitchen into the living room, the kids are oblivious to the change of temperature.

JULIA'S POV

She sees Jim, his back to her, holding the telephone and standing in the middle of the living room, watching the news on T.V.

THE NEWS

News coverage style footage of the attack we saw earlier.

BLITZER

... Radchenko and his rebel army
have taken control of the region by
the Chinese and North Korean
borders...

CU ON JIM'S FACE

Telephone receiver next to his ear.

BLITZER (V.O.)

... including a submarine base at
Vladivostok and a missile base at
Art'om where he is threatening to
launch missiles at the U.S. To
date it is believed he does not
have the launch codes -- but
National Command Center reported
that it's only a matter of time...

HUNTER

(to himself)
Jesus Christ.

TONY SCOTT NOTE: FLESH OUT BLITZER'S SPEECH TO MAKE --
EVERYTHING SEEM MORE IMMEDIATE AND LIFE THREATENING TO THE
U.S.

CU ON JULIA

Just starting to take in the situation.

As the TWO ANCHORS at the desk continue to talk about the war in Russia, the T.V. shuts off.

HUNTER listens to the other end of the phone, then says;

HUNTER

Pick me up in ten minutes.

He hangs up the phone.

Hunter turns around to see his wife and children looking at him.

HUNTER

I gotta go.

Hunter leaves the room, going into his bedroom to pack. WE STAY on the huddle in the dining room. Julia breaks from it, walks to the bedroom and closes the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. HUNTER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The house sits high on a hill overlooking the bay containing Naval shipyards and the Bay Bridge (torrential rain). Hunter runs to a Jeep, seabag in his hand. The Navy DRIVER opens the door of a Navy Jeep, and salutes as Hunter climbs in.

HUNTER

Nice night, Chief.

DRIVER

Roger, sir.

The Jeep pulls away and descends toward the bay.

CUT TO:

INT. JEEP

Driving on the Bay Bridge, mercury vapor lights strobe in the background. Wide shot of the beautiful feline bridge diving down into the dark bay. The Jeep's headlights flare the lens.

CLOSE-UP HUNTER (DEEP IN THOUGHT)

Through the rain lashed windshield.

DRIVER

(breaks the silence)
Kinda scary what's goin' on, huh sir?

HUNTER

Yes, it is.

QUICK CUTS (MUSIC OVER) - NIGHT (IN RAIN)

SUPER: 16 OCTOBER; Naval Submarine Base - BANGOR, WASHINGTON; 2053 LOCAL TIME.

EXT. PASS AND ID GATE

A MARINE illuminated by Jeep headlights in pouring rain - halts Jeep - checks I.D. - Salutes. Jeep drives away from camera. The barricade is raised and the Jeep passes through the heavily guarded gate. "No Civilian Vehicles Beyond This Point"... "Strictly No Admittance"... "U.S. Navy High Security Area."

INT. OFFICE ON WHARF - NIGHT

Captain Ramsey sits behind a desk facing Hunter, reading his record. With them is COB, the Chief of the Boat -- the highest enlisted man on board a sub and the heaviest -- and the Captain's trusted friend and advisor. In the corner, curled up on a tartan blanket is a small dog - a "Jack Russell."

RAMSEY

(reading resume)

... Annapolis... first year at sub school... a year at, excuse me, Harvard...

(looks up)

I talked to your former CO... he tells me he tried to adopt you.

Hunter laughs.

RAMSEY

As you no doubt heard, my XO got appendicitis. I need a good man to fill his spot. You're at the top of the list.

HUNTER

Well, that's nice to know.

RAMSEY

It's a short list.

A long silence. The Jack Russell yawns.

RAMSEY

Your interests, Mr. Hunter. What do you like to do? Do you paint, play ball, play an instrument, ride motorcycles - what?

HUNTER

Horses.

As Ramsey talks, he takes a cigar out of a wooden box.

RAMSEY

Horses. Very interesting. How'd ya get involved with horses?

HUNTER

It was something I'd never really been into. I started horseback riding with my wife and grew quite interested in it.

RAMSEY

Western or English?

HUNTER

English. I started riding Western, but once you learn English, you never go back. It really makes you part of the horse.

RAMSEY

I find 'posting' extremely painful and it seems to defy all the laws of nature.

Ramsey eyeballs Hunter during the pause.

RAMSEY

What's the best horse you ever rode?

HUNTER

I rode an Arabian once.

RAMSEY

Now that's a powerful animal.

HUNTER

Have you ever ridden an Arabian?

RAMSEY

No. Are you kidding, I'm not good enough. I can't handle an Arabian. Just give me an old paint. Horses are fascinating beasts. They're dumb as a post, but they're very intuitive. Which is a very interesting combination. They can tell right off if you're scared or timid or sure. In that way they're not too far different from high school girls. They might not have a brain in their head, but they do know all the boys want to fuck 'em.

Hunter and Cob laugh.

RAMSEY

You don't hafta be able to read "Ulysses" to know where they're comin' from.

The Jack Russell sniffs Hunter's leg. He reaches down and pats him. His tail wags.

RAMSEY

He approves of you. Jack Russells are the smartest dogs alive. His name's "Bear." Goes everywhere with me.

Ramsey stands. Hunter stands.

RAMSEY

(offering his hand)
Welcome aboard the Alabama, son.
Do me proud.

HUNTER

Thank you sir, I will.

COB reaches forward, shakes Hunter's hand.

COB

(smiles)
Congratulations, Hunter.

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP: ON A TV: WE SEE: VLADIMIR RADCHENKO, the Russian rebel leader and fanatic, in a pre-recorded interview with Sara Turkcannon. She repeats a question, shocked.

TURKCANNON

... so what you're saying is; if Russian nationals were harmed...

PULL BACK from the T.V. to reveal we are in...

INT. OFFICE ON EXPLOSIVE HANDLING WHARF - NIGHT

Watching Radchenko on T.V. are all the key officers of the USS ALABAMA: THE ENGINEER OFFICER, LT. PAUL HELLERMAN; THE TACTICAL SYSTEMS OFFICER (TSO), LT. BILLY LINKLETTER, in charge of conventional weapons; the SUPPLY OFFICER, LT. BOBBY DOUGHERTY (pronounced "Dockerty"), 40, Boston Irish, salt of the earth; LT. ROY ZIMMER (COMMUNICATIONS); and the WEAPONS OFFICER (known on board as WEPS) -- LT. PETER INCE, in charge of the Trident Nuclear Missiles. WEPS is a classic American kid -- cocky.

RADCHENKO (ON TV)

(interrupting))

No... if one Russian citizen is killed, and I am President... I will kill 900,000 of those people responsible.

ON TV: The young Aussie reporter shifts... and as she does the boys can't help but notice her chest.

LT. LINKLETTER (TSO)

Oh, my God... play that back.
She's got huge tits buried beneath
her shirt.

Tape rewinds, but their laughter fades as the interview plays on:

TURKCANNON

(on TV)
You do understand that the effect
of such talk --

RADCHENKO

(interrupting again)
-- my dear young lady, I do not
engage in talk. These are
threats. Threats I hope to be in
the position to carry out.

(pause)
I would fix that. I would take
back the Japanese Islands. They
are the property of all the Russian
people. I would sail our Navy
around them. And if anybody would
make a move against us, I would hit
them with nuclear weapons. If the
Russian people are not to have what
is rightfully their's, then no one
will.

As the men hear these threats -- aware that they're heading
off to war...

THE DOOR BURSTS OPEN

And the officers stand as Captain Ramsey, Admiral Mike
Anderson, his CHIEF OF STAFF, then Hunter and COB walk in.
Taking his place at the head of the table (with charts and
maps behind him on the wall), Ramsey TURNS the T.V. OFF.
WEPS gives an imperceptible "V" sign to Hunter accompanied
by a small smile.

RAMSEY

I take it you've seen enough.
(pause)
Gentlemen... after a nice little
vacation it looks like we're back
at it again. So I hope you enjoyed
the peace, because as of now we're
back in business.

(MORE)

RAMSEY (CONT'D)

Now, during the good old days of the Cold War, the Russians could always be counted on doing whatever was in the best interests of the Russians. But this Radchenko's playin' a whole new ball game, with a whole new set of rules. Now I've heard people talk, but I don't think this man's talkin' just to get his picture in the paper. I think he's got a serious weed up his ass, and a legitimate gripe - always a dangerous combination - and I think he's capable of doin' every goddamn thing he said he'll do. That's why we have to go out there, and give the man a moment of pause. So ends theory, thus let us begin the facts.

(pause)

We have been informed by the NSA that an entire rebel corps of the Russian Army is involved. That's four armored divisions, numbering sixty thousand men... and there appear to be massive defections. Vladimir appears to be winning the hearts and minds of many Russian soldiers.

Silence. Pointing out the region on a map.

ADMIRAL WILLIAMS

They have seized an entire region by the Chinese and North Korean borders: including the sub base at Art'om -- housing 25 hardened silos for Russian ICBM's, armed with up to ten warheads apiece.

(pause)

The Russian government assures us that talks are underway. They claim that Radchenko's forces do not possess the launch codes.

RAMSEY

(at map)

But were Vlad to crack them...

(pause; traces route)

They could hit our West Coast direct, or come in over the Pole to take out Washington and New York.

Dead silence.

ADMIRAL WILLIAMS
The Commander-in-Chief, through the
NMCC, has directed U.S. Military
Forces to set DEFCON FOUR.

RAMSEY
We have been ordered to get
underway at 0600 hours -- to assume
alert coverage, mid-Pacific, of the
Far Eastern TVD Target Package.
(pointing out the region
on a map...)
Please see that your men are
informed. Any questions?
(silence; off no
response)
Commander Hunter is your new XO.
Please bring him up to speed on the
ship's personnel and supplies.
(pause; looks around)
Dismissed.

The Captain, COB, the Admiral, and the Admiral's Chief of
Staff exit. The officers stand. When the door SLAMS SHUT
and the men are at ease, WEPS goes to Hunter, throwing an
arm around his shoulder... to escort him outside.

WEPS
Jim... Jim... Jim...

OUTSIDE OFFICE

Weps leads his old buddy, Hunter, along with the other
officers, down a narrow corridor lined with photos and Naval
memorabilia.

WEPS
Get a load of this. We've been
workin' around the clock to get her
ready. Let me introduce you to the
boys.
(introduces as they shake
hands walking)
Jim Hunter... Bobby Dougherty,
supplies; Billy Linkletter, TSO;
Paul Hellerman, Engineer...
(he purposely pronounces
it wrong; en-ga-neer)
... and Roy Zimmer, communications.

LT. ZIMMER
You two serve together?

HUNTER
On the Baton Rouge...

WEPS

So, here's the million dollar question, whadya think of the old man?

HUNTER

I like 'im. I like 'im a lot. He's one of the few captains I've actually been a little intimidated about meeting. You know, not knowing of him, but knowing him.

WEPS

And now you know him?

HUNTER

I don't know him. I haven't made the mistake of thinking I know him. But what I know I like. He manages to intimidate and put me at ease all at the same time. I think his dog gave me the final seal of approval.

WEPS

Sounds like you know the old man pretty good. That about sums it up.

LT. DOUGHERTY

He's pretty weird about his dog. Takes him everywhere. Sees him as a good luck charm. The Navy closes a blind eye... 'cause he's the best.

LT. ZIMMER

- He's a kickass old man. He's actually one of the few sub captains left who's seen himself in some combat.

HUNTER

He took SEALs into Haiphong Harbor in 19?? -- fired Tomahawks in the Gulf in 19??.

LT. DOUGHERTY

Burns down 9 XO's in 1994.

They all laugh.

WEPS

When you get to pull a duty with a legend in his own time -- Skipper like Ramsey -- with all the shit that's goin' down now... it'll make your fuckin' career.

*

They step out onto the dockside in pouring rain and run.

A BAND PLAYS THE ALABAMA FIGHT SONG...

SUPER: 17 OCTOBER, 0600 LOCAL TIME.

CUT TO:

EXT. MAIN GATE PARKING LOT - (DARK DAWN) RAIN

("No Civilian Vehicles Beyond This Point"). Chain link and barbed wire separate the two worlds. The crew is saying goodbye to their loved ones. Lovers kiss, kids cry, husband and wives embrace, and friends hug. In the 181 men serving on the USS ALABAMA, a hundred and eighty-one dramas play themselves out. A blue Naval bus waits on the other side of the chain link to ferry the men to the wharf.

IN ONE LONG SHOT

A STEADICAM glides in and out of the men catching Lt. Zimmer kissing his fiance... Lt. WESTERGAURD posing with his mother and father as a young lady takes a photo...

LT. WESTERGAURD

Okay, everybody, say Pepsi!

... Master Chief Machinist RICK MARICHEK; an overweight old-time Navy salt, bear-hugging his WIFE...

MARICHEK

Keep my side of the bed warm, baby doll.

... A young sailor, MARTY SOTILLIE, is fawned over by his PARENTS... —

SOTILLIE

Don't cry mom, it's gonna be fun.

... WEPS and LT. DOUGHERTY stand sheltered from the rain, waiting for the bus to pull in.

INT. BUS

They climb aboard, deeply involved in conversation.

WEPS

"Up Periscope"?

LT. DOUGHERTY

James Garner and Edmond O'Brien.
"The Enemy Below"?

WEPS

Robert Mitchum and ah... ah...,
some German guy with white hair.

LT. DOUGHERTY

Incomplete answer.

(another voice)

But we do have some lovely parting
gifts and a copy of our home game.

A young sailor named LAWSON follows them aboard with his kit
bag.

WEPS

What was the name of the German
guy?

LT. DOUGHERTY

Curt Jurgens... or it might have
been Hardy Kruger, or even Robert
Shaw during his Nazi period.

Lawson puts his bag in the overhead.

LT. DOUGHERTY

(to sailor)
Stand at attention sailor!

SAILOR

Yes sir!

Lawson stands rigid.

LT. DOUGHERTY

Who played the German submarine
commander in "Enemy Below" with
Robert Mitchum? Was it Curt
Jurgens or Hardy Kruger?

WEPS

Or Robert Shaw during his Nazi
period?

Lawson doesn't even know who Robert Mitchum is.

SAILOR

Sir?

LT. DOUGHERTY

Wrong! Drop down and give me
twenty!

Lawson obliges in the aisle.

CUT TO:

*

EXT. MAIN GATE PARKING LOT - (DARK DAWN) RAIN

... a TAXI pulls up the the gate, SKIDDING to a stop. The doors open and three sailors, three duffel bags and one bottle of tequila fall out (the bottle SHATTERS).

The three party boy sailors are RUSSEL VOSSLER, petty officer third-class, a skinny gawky kid who's a whiz on the radio. A young black man, DUKE MITCHELL, missile technician first class (SS), and chief sonarman SAMMY PIETRLLO, a smart as a whip Mexican-American from Los Angeles. Laughing, they stand up and play "scissors-paper-rock" to see who pays the taxi...

... the camera falls on the blonde Lab, "T", little Robin, and Jim, kneeling at her level.

ROBIN

You comin' back, right?

JIM

I go away all the time, but I always come back kiddo. Now give me a kiss.

She kisses him.

He turns his attention to Luke.

JIM

You be a good little man.

They hug and kiss. "T" tries to get in on the action, too. Jim ruffs his head.

Jim rises up and is face to face with Julia.

They look at each other for a moment. The bus hits its horn three times. Stragglers run to climb aboard.

JIM

I never know what to say.

JULIA

Say goodbye.

JIM

Goodbye.

They kiss very tenderly, then break.

JIM

Uuummm, that's good sugar.

JULIA

Then come back and getcha self some more.

JIM
I'll do just that.
(whispers to her)
See ya in my dreams.

Hunter runs for the bus. The door closes. He gives a last wave through the rain-slicked window. The bus pulls out.

END OF SHOT.

INT. BUS

Second class (SS) William Barnes machinists mate throws his bag in the overhead. Dougherty and Weps are still engaged in film trivia.

LT. DOUGHERTY
Barnes, I'm gonna name you a bunch of actors, you tell me the movies. Clark Gable, Sidney Poitier, Burt Lancaster, Richard Widmark and Richard Widmark.

BARNES
"Run Silent, Run Deep," "The Bedford Incident," and "Hell and Highwater." In which movie did Robert Ryan play Captain Nemo?

This dumbfounds both Lt. Dougherty and WEPS.

LAWSON (O.S.)
(from below frame)
... twenty.

Lt. Dougherty looks down at him.

LT. DOUGHERTY
Forty more.

CUT TO:

ON THE DOCK (HEAVY RAIN)

Under a large corrugated awning, the rain sounds like gunfire. It's what they've been waiting for. The Captain faces his crew, taking his position next to COB... "Bear" on his heel sheltered from the rain.

HUNTER'S POV - PAN ACROSS:

The finest sailors in the world -- young, intelligent and proud. Saluting the Captain is COB, the Chief of the Boat, tough, but beloved by all, a father figure to the young sailors.

COB
Crew is present and accounted for,
sir.

RAMSEY
(returns salute)
Very well.

Cob takes his place behind the Captain.

RAMSEY
(pause; to all)
Little ducks.. There's trouble in
Russia! So, they called us. And
we're going over there and we're
bringing the most lethal killing
machine ever devised by men with
us. We are capable of launching
more fire power than has ever been
released in the history of war...
for one purpose, and one purpose
only. To keep our country safe.
We constitute the front line... and
the last line of defense for a free
world. I expect and demand your
best. Anything less, you should've
joined the Air Force.

The whole crew laughs.

RAMSEY
This might be our
Commander-in-Chief's Navy, but it's
my boat. And you might be your
mothers' sons, but now you're my
little ducklings. I constitute
your front line. And all that I
ask is that you keep up with-me.
If you can't, that strange
sensation you'll be feeling in the
seat of your pants is my boot in
your ass.
(without looking behind
him)
Mr. Cob!

COB
Yes sir!

RAMSEY
You are aware of the name of this
ship, aren't you, Mr. Cob?

COB
Very aware, sir!

RAMSEY
It bears a proud name, doesn't it,
Mr. Cob?

COB
Very proud, sir!

RAMSEY
It represents fine people!

COB
Fine people, sir!

RAMSEY
Who live in a fine, outstanding
state.

COB
Outstanding sir!

RAMSEY
In the greatest country in the
entire world!

COB
In the entire world, sir!

RAMSEY
And what is that name, Mr. Cob?

COB
Alabama, sir!

RAMSEY
And what do we say?!

RAMSEY AND COB
GO BAMA!!!

HIS CREW
(chants back)
ROLL TIDE!!!

Hunter grins, he loves it.

RAMSEY
(turns to COB)
Chief of the Boat... Dismiss the
Crew.

COB
Dismiss the crew. Aye, sir.
(turns to men)
Crew... fall out! Station the
maneuvering watch!

Hunter watches as a solitary trumpet PLAYER plays "Anchors
Away"... and the crew of the ALABAMA scatters.

*

EXT. BRIDGE OF SUBMARINE - APPROACHING HOOD CANAL BRIDGE -
TWILIGHT

Perched on the playpen -- atop the bridge atop the huge SAIL
-- The Captain climbs up to join him, clipping the safety
harness. With them are two LOOKOUTS and LT. MAHONEY, the
OFFICER OF THE DECK (OOD), communicating with CONTROL.

The families stand quietly on the Hood Canal Bridge as the
Alabama slides by. Odd tears trail down cheeks. Julia
wipes one away as she picks up little Robin. Marichuk's
wife gives a pale wave to the retreating Alabama.

The Captain looks forward. Hunter gives a last quiet wave
to his wife. She waves back. THE POWERFUL BOW WAKE
streams over the sub with a DEEP IMPRESSIVE ROAR. Returning
from his thoughts, Captain Ramsey hands Hunter a cigar.

RAMSEY

Here.

(clips it; lights it)

It's part of your qualification for
command.

Hunter puffs and savors the smoke. Even more, he savors the
moment... on the bridge, with a legendary Captain. All
around them, the view is spectacular.

RAMSEY

(puffs cigar)

My last breath of polluted air for
the next sixty-five days.

(beat)

I'm gonna miss it.

(Hunter laughs)

I don't trust air I can't see.

(review from the bridge)

- This is my favorite part, son.
Right here, right now.

Silence. As they stare at the snow-capped mountain...

RAMSEY

Bravo, Hunter.

HUNTER

Sir?

RAMSEY

You knew to shut up and enjoy the
view. Most eggheads want to talk
it away. Your stock just went up a
coupla points.

HUNTER

(smiling)

Sir... I'd just like to take this opportunity to thank you for the chance you're giving me.

RAMSEY

Son, there's an old saying, "People who marry for money, at the end of the day, they earn every goddamn penny." Any benefit you get from this patrol you'll have earned. But allow me to offer a tiny bit of advice. If you want your own boat someday, the very worst thing you can do is worry about yourself or try to impress me. I can't stand save-asses, and I won't abide kiss-asses. You just keep your priorities straight. Your mission and your men. And you know what Ramsey's definition of a captain is? Knowing when you put one in front of the other.

(he looks at Hunter)

How ya like that cigar, son?

HUNTER

It's good, sir.

RAMSEY

Your first?

HUNTER

Yes.

RAMSEY

Don't like 'em too much. They're more expensive than drugs. XO... take her down.

HUNTER

Take her down, aye, sir.

(on phone)

CONTROL/BRIDGE: Sounding.

NAVIGATOR (V.O.)

BRIDGE/CONTROL: Sounding eight-nine fathoms. Checks with the chart, sir.

RAMSEY watches his new XO issue the commands. A slight smile appears around the corner of his mouth.

HUNTER

(on phone)

CONTROL/BRIDGE: Prepare to
submerge the ship.

(he turns)

Lookouts, Clear the Bridge.

(to OOD)

Officer of the Deck, rig the bridge
for dive and get yourself relieved.

His orders are repeated back and obeyed. The Lookouts scramble down. The Autumn shores of Puget Sound are blazing. The mountain peaks are a glacial white. It's a beautiful world they are leaving behind. The Captain climbs down first, tossing his lit cigar to sea...

Then Hunter savors his one last look, tosses his cigar overboard, and scrambles...

DOWN THE LADDER - THROUGH THE SAIL

Heading down through the watertight hatch.

TOPSIDE -- AT THE BRIDGE

The playpen is stripped away, the men disappear below, and the clamshell closings of the SAIL are pinned shut.

TRACK AROUND THE SAIL -- THEN, FACING FORWARD...

As the DIVING ALARM blasts out... "AOOGAH!!! AOOGAH!!!"

WATER RISES OVER HER BOW...

AND THE ALABAMA DESCENDS!

SIDE ANGLE The ship is immense.

AERIAL SHOT -- FROM BEHIND HER -- LOOKING FORWARD

THE USS-ALABAMA slowly sinks into Puget Sound. There's a sub, then a ripple, then nothing. Slow motion sea gulls swirl overhead.

An ominous feeling, just the SOUND OF THE WIND...

OVER BLACK

TITLE CARD: DAY SIX; 21 OCTOBER; PACIFIC OCEAN DEEPS -
LATE AT NIGHT

CUT TO:

IN THE GALLEY

CLOSE-UP: SEARING OIL SIZZLES in the DEEP FAT FRYER! A load of French fries is dumped in. As the BOILING GREASE leaps and splatters...

RACK FOCUS TO: HEAD COOK RONO -- sending men out with more food, fast -- to get into the enlisted men's serving trays:

HEAD COOK RONO

Let's go, let's go, let's go...

THE ENLISTED MEN'S MESS - "THE CRIMSON CAFE"

COB (with three servings of food in front of him) sits at a reserved table with Chief Marichek, WEAPONS CHIEF CIGNETTI, CHIEF HUNSICKER and a sailor named SWEENY. Everybody chows down as Cob tells a joke. In the b.g., men get their food from the serving line. Young sailors play NINTENDO on T.V.s.

COB

... so the Captain's walkin' the bridge. He and the dog come across two sailors on deck fuckin' each other in the ass --

MARICHEK

-- wait a minute. How can they be fuckin' each other in the ass?

COB

One is being fucked-in-the-ass by the other, okay? So he comes across these two guys fuckin' each other in the ass and says, "Whoa, what the fuck is goin' on here?"

(pantomimes fuckin'
somebody in the ass)

"Sorry, sir, Hunsicker here fell overboard. I'm saving his life."

(as Captain)

"Sailor, what you're supposed to do is give him mouth-to-mouth resuscitation."

(pantomimes fucking)

"How'd ya think this got started?"

The chiefs laugh.

CUT TO:

THE OFFICERS' WARDROOM

The decorum is more refined. Around an inexpensive, but formal table setting (on white linen). The ship's officers eat while engaging in a discussion about Radchenko.

A Chinese BUSBOY hovers, replacing and cleaning plates and table settings.

"The Enemy Below" plays silently on a T.V. monitor in the background. Robert Mitchum maneuvers the periscope. A library of military video movies punctuated with occasional soft-porn decorate one wall.

The Captain sits at the head of the table, "Bear" at his feet, with Dougherty to his left and Hunter to his right. As the officers talk, the Captain eats silently offering no opinion, occasionally giving tid bits to "Bear."

While his men debate, the Captain, who has eaten in silence offering no opinion, turns to Hunter on his right and asks him quietly --

WEPS

The man's a
fanatic! A
Russian Hitler.

LT. WESTERGAURD

That may very
well be. But the
military has
always proven to
be a very
comfortable home
for fanatics.
It's fanatics who
make history.
Patton was a
fanatic. It's
what made him
great.

WEPS

This guy is
obviously a
dangerous fucking
lunatic. He's
threatening
nuclear war.

LT. DOUGHERTY

But like the
Captain said, the
old soviet
leaders -- fucked
as they were --
lived in the real
world. At the
end of the day,
they knew neither
side could win a
nuclear war.
Radchenko's so
crazy he actually
believes he can.

RAMSEY

Speaking of
horses, have you
ever seen those
Lippinzer
stallions?

HUNTER

(thrown by
the
Captain's
non
sequitor)

What sir?

RAMSEY

From Spain. The
Lippinzer
stallions. The
most highly
trained horses in
the world.
They're all
white?

HUNTER

Yes.

RAMSEY

Yes, you're aware
they're all
white, or "Yes, I
have seen them?"

HUNTER

Yes, I'm aware
they're all
white, and yes, I
have seen them.

RAMSEY

Actually at birth
they are all
black and over a
three day period
the pigment
changes to white.

RAMSEY
I didn't know
that, sir.

24.

(warming to
the subject)

They're actually
quite amazing.
Some of the
things these
horses can do
defy belief. I
have no idea how
you'd even begin
to train a horse
to do some of the
things they do.

LT. WESTERGAURD
So he says.
(taking a
drink)
You don't judge
politicians by
what they say.
You judge
politicians by
what they do.
Look, all I'm
trying to say, is
to simply vilify
Radchenko as a
Russian Hitler is
stupid, naive and
hypocritical.

WEPS
Are you calling
me stupid?

RAMSEY

It's not so
difficult. You
stick a cattle
prod up their
ass. Simplicity
itself. You can
get a horse to
deal cards, it's
just a simple
matter of
voltage.

WEPS

I'm not calling you stupid, I
said what you said was stupid.
No problem, we all say stupid
things. Everybody here, everyday,
says something stupid --

The Old Man looks up and smiles.

RAMSEY

Easy, WEPS. -

The table laughs.

LT. ZIMMER

Excluding the Captain, of course.
(to WEPS)

You just used your week's quota of
stupid in one go.

The table laughs again. WEPS joins in good naturedly.

LT. LINKLETTER (TSO)

What do you think, Captain?

RAMSEY

I think a few of you here are going
to need to lend Zimmer more stupid
time.

More laughter.

RAMSEY

I'd help ya out Zimmer, but I
intend to use all mine.

More laughter.

LT. LINKLETTER (TSO)

What do think about Radchenko?

The Captain takes his last bite, washes it down with his
beverage, then pushes his plate away from him.

RAMSEY

What do I think of Vlad? Well,
he's gotten the attention of the
United States of America, that's
for damn sure. Aside from the
nuclear weapon sound bites they
play on television, have any of you
ever listened to any of Radchenko's
speeches?

They haven't.

HUNTER

Yes, sir! Some of his ideas make
a lot of sense for Russia. He
might just be the man the Russians
need, obviously a lot of Russians
feel he is.

WEPS

But he wants to bring Russia back
to the old Soviet Union?

RAMSEY

Big deal. Communism is like
feminism, they both sound
terrific.

The men laugh.

RAMSEY

But frankly, some things sound
better at the meetings.

The men laugh.

RAMSEY

If the Russian people want to bring
back communism they will, that's
none of my concern. What is my
concern is Radchenko's coloring
outside the lines. Before, when we
played poker with the Soviets, it
was a bluffer's game. One, we
didn't want to lose.

(MORE)

RAMSEY (CONT'D)

Two, we couldn't win. Three, we could never put an end to the hand. So we did what all bluffers do, we kept anteing up. In effect, what Radchenko's done is call our bluff. Now Radchenko might be playing bluff poker, too. At the end of the day, I suspect he is. But we must assume he's not. And now we have a whole other game. Is he a fanatic? I don't know. Is he a great military mind? I don't know. Is he both? I don't know. What I do know, is Vlad had managed to do something that hasn't happened in a long, long time.

(he pauses for effect)

He's scared us.

THE PHONE RINGS.

HUNTER

(answers phone)

XO...

(pause)

I'll be right there.

IN SONAR

The atmosphere is tense. The SONAR SUPERVISOR, PIETRLLO, sits in a chair behind his three man watch.

SONARMAN #1

(technical drone)

SUP/SONAR: Narrow band tonal bearing zero-5-niner Tracking A one-three-zero Hertz assigning Tracker Echo; in ATF.

The litany is incomprehensible without a trained ear. Pietrllo leans in toward the screen, while...

OUTSIDE UNDERSEA

A mean-looking SUBMARINE is heading in the 'BAMA's' direction, far away and above.

PIETRLLO (V.O.)

CONN/SONAR: Possible submerged threat, bearing zero-5-niner, drawing right. Designate: MASTER 1-4.

(MORE)

PIETRLLO (V.O.) (CONT'D)

IN CONTROL ROOM

A quiet buzz. The nerve center of the ship is alert. WE SEE: The TACTICAL SYSTEMS WATCH and the NAVIGATION WATCH, starboard side; the DIVING OFFICER, behind his PLANESMAN AND HELMSMAN, forward; with the CHIEF OF THE WATCH and his team, portside. LT. MAHONEY (OOD) stands at THE CONN, an elevated platform, center aft, with two periscopes and banks of monitors and phones. Passing through...

HUNTER

I'm in SONAR.

LT. MAHONEY (OOD)

Aye, sir.

IN SONAR

SONAR SCREENS in different MODES render the contact's sound patterns in different configurations.

HUNTER

(enters)

What have you got?

PIETRLLO

(reads monitor; turns)

Sir... we have a signature I.D..
Master 1-4 is classified as an
AKULA CLASS hunter-killer... he's
been hangin' just off our coast.
Approximate range... ten thousand
yards.

- The Captain arrives, saying nothing but watching Hunter like a hawk. -

HUNTER

Determine best depth for evasion.

PIETRLLO

(checking monitor)

Best depth for evasion, sir, is
5-3-zero feet.

HUNTER

Very well.

(on phone)

CONN/SONAR: Make your depth
5-3-zero feet. Sound General
Alarm. All men to Battle Stations
Torpedo. Rig ship for Silent
Running.

Only now does Hunter look back at the Captain -- who nods imperceptibly, then heads back into CONTROL, as...

AROUND THE SHIP - QUICK CUTS - AT DIVING ANGLE

LT. MAHONEY (V.O.)

(on P.A.)

All men to Battle Stations Torpedo.
Rig for Silent Running.

BONGING BEGINS and continues for 19 seconds.

Men race to their stations, tucking their pants legs into their socks and buttoning shirts up to their necks in battle dress (to prevent flash burns in case of fire).

IN BERTHING AREAS: Men dive into racks, to stay quiet.

OUTSIDE UNDER WATER: The 'BAMA' descends -- as the AKULA heads toward her, far above.

When the BONGING ends --

LT. MAHONEY (V.O.)

(on P.A.)

All men to Battle Stations Torpedo.
Rig for Silent Running.

IN CONTROL - AT DIVING ANGLE

COB relieves the Diving Officer. The Captain steps up to the CONN, with Hunter watching from the side.

RAMSEY

(to OOD)

I've got the Conn.

LT. MAHONEY (OOD)

(in b.g.)

Captain has the Conn.

RAMSEY

What's the battle load?

LT. LINKLETTER (TSO)

Battle load is four wire-guided
Mark-48's, sir.

RAMSEY

Very well.

(on phone)

SONAR/CONN: Status.

PIETRLLO (V.O.)

CONN/SONAR: SNR is getting bad, sir. I can't get a fix.

RAMSEY

All stop. Five up.

HELMSMAN

All stop, aye, sir.
(executes order)
Answer's all stopped.

PLANESMAN

5 up, aye.

The ship TILTS upward as it DESCENDS (from the momentum of its speed). GIMBLE

RAMSEY

(to all)
Little ducks... this is not a
peacetime run. We know these
rebels have four AKULA's, but they
could have taken more ships at sea.
This isn't a game of cat and mouse.
This is as real as it gets.

(pause)
We will presume nothing... and
defend ourselves at all costs. If
she so much as comes around... or
opens up a Tube Door...

(pause)
We'll take her out.

Silence. As the men wait, tense...

OUTSIDE - UNDERSEA

The USS ALABAMA silently sinks into the deep, angled up and ready to fire.

AS THE AKULA CLASS SUBMARINE continues, ignorant, on its way...

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

SUPER: DAY THIRTEEN; 28 OCTOBER; 0900 GREENWICH MEAN
(ZULU) TIME.

INT. GALLEY

More French fries unloaded into deep fat fryer. Flames explode.

ON MISSILE PLATFORM -- LEVEL THREE

TRACKING SHOT -- DOWN LOW (FROM BEHIND): A set of running shoes rhythmically slaps the deck...

ANGLE SHOTS: A runner flashes past the spaces between the missile tubes, turning the corner, running on.

DOWN THE LONG CORRIDOR: The runner dodges passerbys. Disgruntled enlisted sailor walking "Bear" -- scoops up a large turd.

TRACKING SHOT: ON HUNTER, running hard in Annapolis sweats... determined to stay fit, despite the long months at sea. As Hunter passes...

THE CAMP STATION: opposite the aft missiles, starboard side, with its Missile Tube Readiness chart, where Chief Cignetti oversees Sweeny and Lawson...

CIGNETTI

Hey, XO... throw in a couple a' laps for me.

Hunter nods, but keeps to his thoughts. He's in rhythm, working hard. As he continues, lost in his silence... Suddenly --

LT. MAHONEY (V.O.)

(over the ship's P.A.)

Fire in the galley! Fire in the galley!

An ALARM SOUNDS - BONG, BONG, BONG...

Men leap into action -- tucking their pants into their socks and buttoning shirts to the neck (in battle dress -- to guard against flash burns) as they race to prearranged stations! Hunter reverses directions, runs to and opens a cabinet, to grab an OBA (Oxygen Breathing Apparatus).

IN GALLEY (ALARM OVER)

FLAMES LEAP FROM THE DEEP FAT FRYER! THICK BLACK SMOKE IS POURING OUT! Men try to reach the manual back-up on the automatic extinguishing system -- but the smoke is too intense! CHIEF MARICHEK doubles up coughing. He is helped out by two men!

IN PASSAGEWAY (ALARM OVER)

Hunter dons his OBA on the fly! BLACK SMOKE POURS as a FIRE TEAM rushes in, and Chief Marichek is half-carried aft, down the hall.

HUNTER.

(to HEAD COOK)

Get a phone talker! Get some A-Triple-F!

A SAILOR enters with a yellow infra-red VIDEO UNIT -- to peer into the smoke.

SAILOR'S POV: THROUGH INFRA-RED DEVICE:

We see an INFRA-RED VIDEO image of the fire-fighters and flames! Men shout instructions -- racing in with hand-held fire extinguishers to spray onto the flames! A large walk-in freezer in the foreground explodes in a ball of flame and glass -- cutting off the firefighters' retreat.

BACK TO SCENE (ALARM ENDS)

LT. MAHONEY (V.O.)
(over the ship's P.A.)
Fire in the galley! Fire in the
galley!

HEAD COOK RONO
(in EAB)
The thermal link didn't activate!

Hunter races into the Galley, finds the manual switch and pulls it!

ABOVE THE FRYER AND GRIDDLE

A horrible mess of violet powder is dumped -- putting the fire out. There will be no cooking there for a while.

HUNTER
(shouts back)
Fire is out. Station the Reflash
Watch! This could still flare
back up.

Fire Control teams with hand-held extinguishers deploy, spraying foam -- making sure that the fire doesn't flare back up.

HEAD COOK RONO
(on phone)
CONTROL/CREW'S MESS: The fire is
out. Reflash Watch is Stationed.
Light smoke, no injuries.

As Hunter supervises the Reflash Watch Operation...

IN THE RADIO ROOM

The Captain enters from Control, leans down and whispers an order to Lt. Zimmer. Zimmer looks up surprised, then nods and types in a code at this console. A dummy encrypted EMERGENCY ACTION MESSAGE APPEARS ON THE RADIO MONITOR:

"ZZZZZZZZ.....EMERGENCY ACTION MESSAGE (000)"

The rest is gibberish. When an E.A.M. is received, an E.A.M. ALARM LIGHT FLASHES AND BEEPS. Seeing this, Radioman RUSSELL VOSSLER reports, as the phone E.A.M. prints out...

VOSSLER

(on phone)

CONN/RADIO: We are receiving Flash
Traffic -- Emergency Action
Message. Recommend Alert One.
Recommend Alert One...

IN GALLEY

As a FLASH OF FIRE gets hit with additional foam:

LT. MAHONEY

(on P.A.)

Alert One! Alert One! Man
Battle Stations Missiles For
Weapons System Readiness Test.
Spin up all Missiles.

The GENERAL ALARM STARTS TO BONG -- repeating for 19
seconds.

HUNTER

(in OBA)

Oh, fuck... a missile drill?
Now?

(to RONO)

You're in charge.

HEAD COOK RONO

Aye, sir.

Hunter exits, racing forward to Control.

QUICK CUTS (BONGING OVER)

Men race to Battle Stations Missile! Cignetti, Mitchell and
- Barnes, wearing EBA's, form up as a support team for the
Strategic Missile Officer (SMO). As reports are called in
from the Missile tubes...

IN MISSILE CONTROL CENTER: WEPS' consoles light up red.
He glances up at a WALL SAFE above his head. This contains
the TACTICAL FIRING KEY needed to send the birds aloft.

IN OPCON

The BONGING finally STOPS.

HUNSICKER (V.O.)

Man Battle Stations Missile for
WSRT. Spin up all Missiles.

A team of junior officers, minus Hunter, surrounds Captain
Ramsey in the tiny passageway, with its steel safes labeled:
"TOP SECRET." Arriving with LT. WESTERGAURD -- the dummy
E.A.M. held in both their hands...

LT. ZIMMER

(to Ramsey)
Sir... we have a properly formatted
Emergency Action Message for
Weapons System Readiness Test.

LT. WESTERGAURD

I concur, sir.

RAMSEY

(looks around)
Where's the XO?

BELOW IN CROWDED PASSAGEWAY

With men moving in all directions, Hunter peels off his OBA
as he climbs up to...

CONTROL

Hunter dumps his OBA and crosses (in a hurry) to...

THE OPCON

Arriving out of breath...

HUNTER

Sir...

With the XO's presence allowing them to proceed...

RAMSEY

Good of you to make it.
(to ZIMMER)
Get the authenticator.

Zimmer and Westergaurd go to the safe. Zimmer dials a
combination to open the outer door... then Westergaurd
does the same to open an inner safe. Both men reach in to
pull out an authenticator packet -- sealed in plastic -- and
a wooden dummy Captain's key. They hold them in both their
hands as they lock the safe behind them.

LT. ZIMMER

Request permission to authenticate,
sir.

RAMSEY

Permission granted. Authenticate.

Zimmer and Westergaurd tear open the plastic packet, to
match the code on the dummy E.A.M. with the authenticator
card.

LT. ZIMMER

Alpha. Alpha. Bravo. Echo.
Charlie. Zulu. Tango.

LT. WESTERGAURD
Alpha. Alpha. Bravo. Echo.
Charlie. Zulu. Tango.

LT. ZIMMER
(looks up)
Message is authentic.

LT. WESTERGAURD
I concur, sir.

HUNTER
I agree.

RAMSEY
The message is authentic.

LT. ZIMMER
Sir, your Captain's Missile Key.

The Captain takes his dummy Missile Key and slings it around his neck as he returns to...

CONTROL -- AT THE CAPTAIN'S INDICATOR PANEL

RAMSEY
(on P.A.)
SET CONDITION 1SQ FOR WSRT. This
is the Captain. This is an
exercise.

Hunter has waited for an opening to approach the subject of the galley fire. But it's one of those situations where there's no right time.

HUNTER
(on phone)
Set condition 1SQ for WSRT. This
is the XO. This is an exercise.

The Captain switches his STOPWATCH ON.

HUNTER
(discreetly)
Sir... that galley fire could still
pass --

RAMSEY
(cutting his legs off)
It's not the time.

Hunter drops the subject immediately. COB gives Hunter a long look.

RAMSEY
(to COB)
Make your Depth -- one-five-zero
feet.

COB
Make your depth -- one-five-zero
feet. Aye, sir.

RAMSEY
(on P.A.)
WEAPONS/CONN: Simulate
pressurizing all tubes.

HUNTER
(on phone; repeats)
WEAPONS/CONN: Simulate
pressurizing all tubes.

WEPS (V.O.)
CONN/WEAPONS: Simulate pressuring
all tubes, aye, sir.

INSERT: The CAPTAIN'S INDICATOR PANEL suddenly LIGHTS UP --
all red. For each of the 24 missiles, WE SEE:

Square buttons marked: 1SQ; DENOTE; PREPARE; and AWAY.

LAUNCH DRILL SEQUENCE -- QUICK CUTS

ON MISSILE PLATFORM - LEVEL TWO: A drone of reports
arises from the three-man teams at the Missile Tubes.

RAMSEY (V.O.)
(on P.A.)
WEAPONS/CAPTAIN: Request
approximate time to Weapons System
1SQ.

IN MISSILE CONTROL CENTER:

WEPS
(on headset)
CAPTAIN/WEAPONS: Approximate time
to Weapons System 1SQ... is
fourteen minutes, sir.

BACK IN CONTROL

CLOSEUP: His stopwatch TICKS. The Captain works with a
TECHNICIAN, marking the plastic pages of the launch manual
with a black felt-tipped pen.

CHIEF HUNSICKER
(in b.g.)
Ship is at launch depth. Ready to
hover, sir.

RAMSEY
Very well. Commence hovering.

COB
Commence hovering. Aye, sir.

But before they can proceed... an EMERGENCY CALL comes over the SHIP'S P.A.:

CORPSMAN
CONTROL/SICK BAY: Chief Petty
Officer Marichuk is undergoing
cardiac arrest. We are beginning
CPR.

LT. MAHONEY (OOD)
(on phone)
Very well.

Then, instantly stopping the drill at this news that one of his men is hurt...

RAMSEY
CHIEF OF THE WATCH: On the 1MC,
set Condition 2SQ. Secure from
Battle Stations Missile.

CHIEF HUNSICKER
Sir. On the 1MC set Condition 2SQ.
Secure from Battle Stations
Missile. Aye, sir.

RAMSEY
(on P.A.)
Gentlemen... may I have your
attention. We have received word
that one of our shipmates is
experiencing a medical problem...
and so we are terminating the
drill.

(to OOD)
I'll be in Sick Bay. XO...

LT. MAHONEY (OOD)
Aye, sir.

The Captain leaves, with Hunter close behind.

LT. MAHONEY (OOD)
I have the Conn.

IN PASSAGEWAY - BELOW (TRACKING SHOT)

HUNSICKER (V.O.)
(on P.A.)
Set conditions 2SQ. Secure from
Battle Stations Missile.

The Captain leads Hunter past the Mess, still mucked-up with water and foam. The men eye Hunter and the Captain, concerned about the man who has been hurt.

ON MISSILE PLATFORM (TRACKING SHOT)

Hunter and the Captain descend a ladder, cross to the SICK BAY, and stop at the door.

IN SICK BAY

Chief Corpsman Kline tries to revive Chief Marichek -- desperately, but futilely, performing CPR -- blowing into Marichek's mouth. Chief Kline stands, talking to Marichek the whole way...

CHIEF KLINE

... c'mon Marichek... you can do it... fight, goddamnit, fight...

Every other measure having failed, the Chief Corpsman pounds on Marichek's chest. The body of the out-of-shape Marichek gets hammered again and again.

CHIEF KLINE

... beat you son-of-a-bitch...
c'mon, goddamnit, beat!

Chief Kline blows in his mouth again... then finally gives up.

Silence.

CHIEF KLINE

Well, I guess that's that.

RAMSEY

(quietly)
Chief Kline...
(pause; then)
Heart attack...?

CHIEF KLINE

Yes, sir... I'm sorry, sir.

The Captain feels the man's loss deeply.

RAMSEY

I met his wife on the day-bob.
(pause)
He was all set to retire.

Silence. Then, turning to leave, passing Hunter at the door:

RAMSEY

XO...

The Captain heads forward, with Hunter at his heels. Again they run the gauntlet... past the crewmen, who are subdued.

HUNTER

Return to your stations.

SAILOR

Aye, sir.

The men resume their duties... but all have been shaken up.

IN PASSAGEWAY ABOVE

The Captain and XO walk forward, to arrive at...

THE CAPTAIN'S STATEROOM

The Captain enters, with Hunter close behind. "Bear" wakes up. When the door is SHUT behind Hunter, Ramsey sits in his desk chair. Hunter stands by the door. "Bear" climbs into Ramsey's lap. He strokes him idly.

RAMSEY

So, Hunter, do you feel I was in the wrong for running that drill?

HUNTER

Not necessarily, sir.

RAMSEY

Do you believe I got that man killed?

HUNTER

No, sir. One thing had nothing to do with the other. This was an accident --

RAMSEY

Would you have run the drill?

HUNTER

No, sir. I would not.

*

RAMSEY

Why not?

HUNTER

Well, sir, the fire in the galley could have flared back up. I'd have taken care of it first.

RAMSEY

I'm sure you would have. Me, on the other hand, I tend to think that's the best time to have a drill. Confusion on the ship is nothing to fear, it should be taken advantage of. Lest you forget, Mister Hunter, we are a ship of war, designed for battle. You don't just fight battles when everything is hunky dory.

(MORE)

RAMSEY (CONT'D)

You fight 'em with your pants down. When that buzzer sounds, whether you got your dick in you hand, or your head up your ass, you got seconds to shake it off and get one hundred percent effective.

(pause)

What did you think, son? I was just some crazy 'ol coot, putting everybody in harms way, as I yelled "yee-haw"?

HUNTER

No, sir, I did not think that.

RAMSEY

Yes you did.

HUNTER

No, sir. I did not think that, nor would I ever assume that any of your commands would not be of a solid nature. At the time, I just didn't agree with your call. I was in the galley, fighting the fire, the drill began, and I thought, "What the hell is he doing?"

RAMSEY

Take a seat.

Hunter sits at the desk opposite him.

RAMSEY

Just so we understand one another, I have no problems with doubts of questions.- I told you before, I'm not seeking the company of kiss-asses. But when you got something to say, you say it in private. And if privacy doesn't permit itself, you bite your fuckin' tongue. When we're at the Conn, you and I are one. We clear about that sailor?

HUNTER

Yes, sir.

RAMSEY

Those sailors out there are just boys. Boys who we are training, to do a terrible and unthinkable thing.

(MORE)

RAMSEY (CONT'D)

And if the unthinkable ever occurs, the only ammunition they'll possess in their fight with conscience, that they're doing the proper thing, is their unqualified belief in the unified chain of command. That means: we do not question each other's motives in front of the crew. It means that we do not undermine each other. It means, in a missile drill, that they hear your voice -- after mine -- without hesitation. Do you agree with that policy, sailor?

HUNTER

Yes, sir, I do.

RAMSEY

(stares)

We are here to preserve democracy.

(pause)

Not to practice it.

(silence; he stares,
then...)

There will be a memorial service... in the enlisted men's mess at eleven hundred, go see to it.

HUNTER

Aye, sir.

RAMSEY

Oh! Hunter. I would like you to talk to COB about his weight. I find it difficult. I've known him for so long.

HUNTER

Sir?

RAMSEY

Soon we'll have to grease him up to get him through the hatch.

HUNTER

Aye, sir.

RAMSEY

By the way, Hunter, it was Marichuk's three hundred pounds that killed him, not the fire. Dismissed.

Hunter gets up to go. Ramsey's voice stops him at the door.

RAMSEY

Short of the outbreak of World War III, the ship sinking, or being attacked by a giant octopus, I'd like to be undisturbed for the next thirty minutes.

HUNTER

I'll see to it, sir.

Hunter exits. The Captain sits alone. "Bear" sleeps in his lap.

CUT TO:

OFFICER'S STUDY

WEPS is drinking coffee, staring out. Hunter enters, pours himself a cup of coffee.

HUNTER

So what's his deal?

WEPS

He's tough.

HUNTER

Feels like there's some hidden agenda.

WEPS

Well, the ex-wife... ran off with the skipper of a frigate.

HUNTER

At least she kept it in the Navy.

WEPS

— You mean the Navy kept it in her.
The word is he put the guy in intensive care for six months.
Nearly cost him a shot at command.
The dog's... wife replacement.

HUNTER

Kids?

WEPS

Not as far as I know.

HUNTER

That figures.

WEPS and Hunter look at each other -- pause -- smile.

WEPS

How's Julia and the kids?

*
*
*

*
*
*

*
*
*
*
*
*

HUNTER

She's great. They're even greater.

Pause. Hunter looks at WEPS.

HUNTER

Does it make any sense to you to initiate a drill in the middle of a fire?

WEPS

The fire was out.

HUNTER

And a man died.

WEPS

Not because of what the Captain did.

HUNTER

A fire is a serious threat to the ship! Was he there? Did he check it out?

WEPS

Look. If you're gonna get along you'd better understand the guy. He's one of the few sub captain's who've seen some action. Two schools of thought here... you're fresh out of Annapolis -- smart, educated, well-versed in world affairs. He's had his head up his ass doing ninety-seven tours up the ying-yang for the past twenty-five years. Maybe feels a little paranoid or inferior on an education level about the smart, well-educated black kid. The horse conversation was a perfect example of an effort to impress.

HUNTER

He did.

WEPS

He views himself as the smart, self-educated Noble Warrior which he is -- but he always needs to be demonstrating it. And on top of it, all this is his last patrol... with all this shit coming down... You're dealing with a very delicate timebomb here... so beware. His favorite occupation is to nail XO's.

Hunter crosses himself. They laugh.

CUT TO:

EXT. A U.S. MILITARY SATELLITE

tracks across the sky.

REVERSE ANGLE TO REVEAL: THE EARTH SEEN FROM OUTER SPACE.

CHANGE FROM NATURAL COLORS and TRACK DOWN through the clouds in A SERIES OF INFRARED SATELLITE SURVEILLANCE PHOTOGRAPHS... descending from orbit...

Down to the PACIFIC OCEAN.

SUPER: DAY TWENTY-ONE; 2 NOVEMBER; 0631 ZULU TIME -- LAUNCH SECTOR 043/7.

ABOVE SURFACE OF PACIFIC OCEAN: waves roll gently. START TRACKING DOWN...

UNDERSEA: CONTINUE TRACKING DOWN: the length of a floating wire (the PIGTAIL ANTENNA) spiralling down to the VLF TOWED BUOY ANTENNA, which is tethered by a long steel cable to the USS ALABAMA, 250 feet below. As we approach the ship, we hear the BEEPING of the E.A.M. ALARM.

AT CONN

CLOSEUP: The E.A.M. ALARM LIGHT FLASHES AND BEEPS.

LT. MAHONEY (OOD)

(on P.A.)

Alert One. Alert One.

IN RADIO ROOM

The E.A.M. ALARM LIGHT FLASHES AND BEEPS as the urgent message prints out. When it's finished, Captain Ramsey tears it off and reads. Hunter stands at the door; he waits. When the Captain is finished reading, he hands the message to Hunter. As Hunter reads it,

INSERT: WE SEE: the long E.A.M. full of information, on a dense Navy-formatted page.

HUNTER (V.O.)

The Captain has asked me to brief you on an E.A.M. that we just received.

(MORE)

HUNTER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

THE OFFICERS' WARDROOM - LATER

Division Heads, other officers, and COB are crowded in for a briefing. Hunter faces the room, referring to maps and charts on the bulkhead, with Captain Ramsey watching from the side.

HUNTER

The Russian Army has moved forces into position, encircling the rebel camps. Radchenko is feeling cornered. He's making extravagant threats, should anyone move on him, to launch his land-based missiles at the U.S. and Japan.

(over a buzz in the room)

We have been ordered to re-target... and U.S. Military Forces have been directed to set DEFCON THREE.

PAN ACROSS THE MEN: silent, stunned.

HUNTER (O.S.)

The only times we have ever been at this state of alert were during the Cuban Missile Crisis... and the Yom Kippur War.

(pause)

This is what we have trained for.

BACK ON HUNTER

HUNTER

It's why this ship was built. It's - what those missiles are for.

Silence. Captain Ramsey moves to the front.

RAMSEY

Gentlemen... the NCA has determined that should our satellites detect that rebel missiles are being fueled -- which means that they can be launched in just over one hour -- we may be compelled to act. We have been ordered to the Emperor Seamounts... to cover the Far Eastern TVD target package.

(points to map; turns back)

It is clear that they are setting us up for a potential pre-emptive strike.

(MORE)

RAMSEY (CONT'D)

It is important to remain in
focus... and to keep your men
informed. Any questions...

(pause)

Dismissed.

Silence. No one moves. The Captain and XO exit.

SUPER: DAY TWENTY-FIVE; 6 NOVEMBER; 1800 ZULU TIME.

ENLISTED MEN'S MESS

Men cross with trays. Hunter holds a stack of paper in his hands as he talks with Head Cook Rono.

A TABLE

Barnes is sitting a cross from Mitchell and Hunsicker. They're good-naturedly giving him a hard time.

MITCHELL

See, problem with you Barnes, is
you're too funny.

BARNES

What'dya mean, too funny?

MITCHELL

When you're around women, you're
too funny. Funny don't get your
dick sucked. Women like funny, but
they don't fuck funny. You get a
bitch to laugh, that's about all
you're gonna get.

BARNES

Difference between me and you,
Mitchell, I don't like to get my
dick sucked.

MITCHELL

Good thing or you'd be a sad, sorry
motherfucker.

BARNES

What does your girlfriend think of
all this?

MITCHELL

Hey, man, it ain't like that.
We're fuckin' in love. But just
'cause you in love, doesn't mean
you don't like gettin' your dick
sucked by a stranger.

HUNSICKER

You know the funny thing about head? I don't even like it that much. But if a girl don't wanna do it, I get mad.

The three sailors laugh.

All of a sudden, at another table, a fight BREAKS OUT between Pietrillo and a sailor named BENNEFIELD. It's quickly broken up and Pietrillo storms out of the mess. Hunter leaves Rono and intercepts Pietrillo in a passageway.

HUNTER

Hey, Pietrillo... what's up?

PIETRLLO

Sorry, sir... It's just a difference of opinion that got out of hand.

HUNTER

What about?

Pietrillo is a little embarrassed.

PIETRLLO

Sir... it was really too silly to talk about... I'd rather just --

HUNTER

I don't care what you'd rather. What were you two fighting about?

PIETRLLO

Well, I said that the Kirby Silver Surfer was the only real Silver Surfer and that the Mobuisus Silver Surfer was shit. And Bennefield is a big Mobuisus fan...

Hunter cuts him off.

HUNTER

Oscar... you're a goddamn supervisor. You could get a commission like that.

PIETRLLO

Sir... you're a hundred percent right, I know it, and I can promise you it'll never happen again.

HUNTER

It better not. If I see this bullshit again, I'll write you up.

PIETRLLO

I know, and you won't.

HUNTER

You have to set an example. Even in the face of stupidity. Any fool knows Kirby's Silver Surfer is the only true Silver Surfer.

They smile at each other.

MISSILE BAY

Ramsey walks "Bear", occasionally throwing his ball for him. Hunter approaches Ramsey.

RAMSEY

How can I help you?

HUNTER

Sir... I have the Missile Drill results.

He hands him the papers. The Captain scans them...

RAMSEY

Is this the best they can do?

Hunter looks over his shoulder, to see which section he's on.

HUNTER

No, sir. But that's what they did.

RAMSEY

I want this down to five minutes.

(hands papers back)

Train on it. And tell your buddy WEPS that we're gonna do it again... and keep on doing it... until he gets it right.

HUNTER

Aye, sir. Will do. By the way, sir. I just witnessed a little fight. It was over bullshit. The men are on edge from what we're going through right now.

(pause)

I was thinking... maybe they could benefit from one of your famous pep talks.

RAMSEY

A pep talk, huh? Well... since you have the pulse of the men...

Ramsey moves into the sick bay, toggles the 1MC to address the ship en masse:

RAMSEY

(on P.A.)

May I have your attention, please?

(pause)

It has been brought to my attention... that morale may be a bit low. That you may be a bit "on edge."

(pause)

So what I suggest is this...

(pause)

Any crew member who feels... that he can't handle this situation... can leave the ship right now. Gentlemen, we are at DEFCON THREE. This is the Captain. That is all.

CLICKING OFF the 1MC, he turns to face Hunter. Silence.

HUNTER

Very inspiring, sir.

Silence. Hunter exits.

TIME CUT TO:

HUNTER'S STATE ROOM

A knock at the door. COB enters.

HUNTER

COB, this is a difficult subject... I gather from your report...

COB

Maybe I can help, sir. I know I'm overweight and have had two official cautionary notes. But this is my last tour -- I retire after this. It's part thyroid and part indulgence. But I'm happy.

Hunter gestures for COB to sit.

HUNTER

You hear the Captain's little speech?

COB

Aye, sir...

HUNTER

What did you think?

COB

I think the Captain just seems to know... what his men seem to need -- a pat on the head, or a kick in the ass.

HUNTER

Yeah, well I just hope he's right. The last thing we need around here is more tension.

COB

I think what we have here is... a difference in "management style."

He gives his words an ironic twist.

HUNTER

He gives me a speech about backing him up... then he blows me out of the water. Is that the way it goes?

COB

Sir... you gotta remember: the Captain doesn't want you to be his friend.

(pause)

He's gonna test you until he trusts you. Then he'll give you some latitude -- he'll let you be your own man. But you've got to earn that.

(pause)

With all due respects, sir...

(pause)

His speech made sense to me.--

HUNTER

So... when you're right, you're right.

COB

That's what my daddy said: "Right's right, and wrong's for nobody."

Cob smiles. Hunter stares.

CUT TO:

A QUIET BEEP-BEEP

ON ALABAMA - IN SONAR

The monitors are normal. Pietrillo and his sonarmen are hunkered down at their screens, when suddenly...

SONARMAN #2

SUP -- c'mere...
(pause; he listens)
You hear that...?

Both men listen, intent. They strain to catch the sound, until...

PIETRLLO

(quietly)
Oh, my God..

SONARMAN #3

I have a narrow band tonal Bearing
zero-4-7 Tracking C 1-9-8 Hertz
assigning Tracker Sierra in ATF and
AFT.

PIETRLLO

(on phone)
CONN/SONAR: Possible submerged
submarine, Bearing zero-4-7.
Designate contact: MASTER 2-8.

AT CONN

LT. MAHONEY (OOD)

(on phone)
SONAR/CONN: Aye...
(on P.A.)
Man Battle Stations Torpedo. Rig
for Ultra Quiet...

Hunter and the Captain walk toward SONAR...

RAMSEY

What's our battle load?

LT. LINKLETTER (TSO)

Battle load is 4 Mark-48's, sir.

RAMSEY

Very well.
(at SONAR DOOR)
What have you got?

PIETRLLO

Sir... we have a possible submerged
submarine. Bearing zero-4-9.
Designate Master 2-8.

RAMSEY

Determine best depth for evasion.

PIETRLLO

Best depth for evasion, sir, is
8-3-1 feet.

HUNTER
(behind Captain)
We'll be out of VLF radio range.

RAMSEY
(turns back; to COB)
All ahead standard. Left ten
degrees rudder. Make your depth
8-3-1 feet, smartly.
(leaving; to Pietrillo)
You find out who that is...

PIETRLLO
Aye, sir.

Hunter follows the Captain out. The SONAR team is sweating
bullets.

OUTSIDE UNDERWATER

AS THE 'BAMA TURNS AND DIVES, below it WE SEE: The MAJESTIC
PEAKS OF THE EMPEROR'S SEAMOUNTS. As the TOWED BUOY is
dragged down...

BEEP-BEEP-BEEP... GIMBLE

AT CONN (DIVING ANGLE)

THE E.A.M. ALARM LIGHT FLASHES AND BEEPS!

VOSSLER (V.O.)
CONN/RADIO: Receiving Flash
Traffic -- Emergency Action
Message. Recommend Alert One...

IN RADIO ROOM (DIVING AT MAXIMUM ANGLE) GIMBLE

VOSSLER
... Recommend Alert One.

The E.A.M. ALARM LIGHT FLASHES AND BEEPS. Vossler types
the top line into the DECRYPTING DEVICE.

LT. MAHONEY (OOD)
(on P.A.)
Alert One. Alert One. The decoded
E.A.M. prints out.

VOSSLER
(reads it; terrified)
Oh, fuck...

LT. ZIMMER
Let's keep it cool now, Vossler.

VOSSLER
Aye, sir.

Ripping out the message... Zimmer hurries to the OPCON with Lt. Westergaurd -- the message held in both their hands.

AT OPCON (DIVING ANGLE) GIMBLE

The Captain, Hunter, and two Lieutenant j.g.'s wait.

LT. ZIMMER
(enters from RADIO)
Sir... we have a properly formatted
Emergency Action Message... from
the National Command Authority...
(pause)
For Strategic Missile Launch.

LT. WESTERGAURD
(face ashen)
I concur, sir.

The men in the tiny room stare at each other, stunned.

RAMSEY
Get the authenticator.

Zimmer opens the outer safe in a sweat, then Westergaurd opens the inner safe, as...

THE CAPTAIN HEADS BACK INTO CONTROL (DIVING ANGLE)
GIMBLE

RAMSEY
Chief of the Watch: Secure from
Battle Stations Torpedo. Man
Battle Stations Missile for
Strategic Launch. Spin up all
Missiles.

AT MISSILE PLATFORM - CAMP STATION - LEVEL TWO (DIVING
ANGLE) GIMBLE

WE SEE: the fear in the eyes of Cignetti, Mitchell and Mahoney with the officer, SMO, behind them as they hear the fateful words:

HUNSICKER (V.O.)
(on P.A.)
Secure from Battle Stations
Torpedo. Man Battle Stations
Missile for Strategic Launch.
Spin up all missiles.

The GENERAL ALARM BONGS EERILY for 19 seconds. The Missile Platform springs to life. Armageddon has come to the ALABAMA.

AT THE CONN -- AT CAPTAIN'S INDICATOR PANEL (DIVING ANGLE)
GIMBLE

THE GENERAL ALARM CONTINUES. The Captain has repositioned his team. Returning with Lt. Westergaurd, the authenticator card and message held in both their hands, along with the Captain's Missile Key...

LT. ZIMMER
Captain... request permission to
Authenticate.

RAMSEY
Permission granted. Authenticate.

Tearing open the plastic packet, Zimmer checks the AUTHENTICATOR CODE against the E.A.M. in his shaking hands...

LT. ZIMMER
BRAVO, ECHO, ECHO, CHARLIE, ALPHA,
TANGO, ALPHA.

LT. WESTERGAURD
(checks CODE next)
BRAVO, ECHO, ECHO, CHARLIE, ALPHA,
TANGO, ALPHA.

THE ALARM STOPS.

HUNSICKER
(on P.A.)
Secure from Battle Stations
Torpedo. Man Battle Stations
Missile for Strategic Launch. Spin
up all the Missiles.

An eerie silence takes hold.

LT. ZIMMER
(looks up; stunned)
Message is authentic.

LT. WESTERGAURD
I concur, sir.

HUNTER
(reads the message)
Sir... I concur.

The Captain checks it for himself, then...

RAMSEY
Gentlemen... This message is
authentic.

LT. ZIMMER
Sir, your Captain's Missile Key.

Taking the Captain's Key and slinging it around his neck, Ramsey CLICKS HIS STOPWATCH ON.

As Westergaurd and Zimmer return to Radio...

RAMSEY

(on P.A.)

WEAPONS/CONN: Set Condition 1SQ
for Strategic Missile Launch. Spin
up Missiles One through Five and
Twenty through Twenty-Four. The
release of Nuclear Weapons has been
authorized. This is the Captain.

HUNTER

(on phone; repeats)

WEAPONS/CONN: Set Condition 1SQ
for Strategic Missile Launch. Spin
up Missiles One through Five and
Twenty through Twenty-Four. The
release of Nuclear Weapons has been
authorized. This is the XO.

Only their training carries them now. As the ship continues
to dive, the Captain heads for his Stateroom.

LT. MAHONEY (OOD)

(in b.g.)

XO has the Conn.

As Hunter reads the E.A.M --

INSERT: CLOSE-UP: WE SEE...

XREEBABA.....EMERGENCY ACTION MESSAGE (300)

FROM: NATIONAL MILITARY COMMAND CENTER

TO: USS ALABAMA (SSBN 731)

SUBJECT: NUCLEAR MISSILE LAUNCH - Single Integrated
Operational Plan (SIOP) Execution.

REMARKS: Rebel-controlled Missiles being fueled.
Launch codes compromised. Dissidents
threaten launch at Continental United
States.

1. RETARGET AND STRIKE.
2. IMMEDIATE LAUNCH TEN (10) TRIDENT MISSILE SORTIES.
3. Target Package SLBM 64741/2.
4. AUTHENTICATION: BRAVO ECHO ECHO CHARLIE ALPHA
TANGO ALPHA.

QUICK CUTS - MUSIC OVER (DIVING ANGLE) GIMBLE

The 'BAMA DIVES. As the TOWED BUOY is pulled in...

The Captain enters his STATEROOM: opens his safe and
removes the 24 FIRING UNIT KEYS. A Runner at the door takes
them. As the Captain exits, to head back to CONTROL.

IN MISSILE CONTROL CENTER:

WEPS

(on phone)
CONN/WEAPONS: Estimated time to
1SQ for Strategic Launch is
fourteen minutes, sir.

IN CONTROL: The Captain re-enters, relieving Hunter at the
Missile Indicator Panel.

LT. MAHONEY (OOD)

(in b.g.)
Captain has the Conn.

COB

(in b.g.)
Passing five-five-zero feet...

IN RADIO ROOM GIMBLE

WE SEE: The VLF radio monitors go dark.

VOSSLER

(on phone)
CONN/RADIO: Sir... we're out of
VLF radio range.

AT CONN GIMBLE

RAMSEY

(on phone)
RADIO/CONN: Extend the Extremely
Low Frequency Antenna.

COB

(in b.g.)
Passing six hundred feet... Coming
to 8-3-1 feet, sir.

UNDERWATER

From the top of the Sail, the long black Floating Wire
Antenna is played out -- to trail behind the diving ship.

IN SONAR (DIVING ANGLE) GIMBLE

AN ALARM BEEPS and A SONAR SCREEN STARTS TO BLINK as it
classifies a hostile sub!

PIETRLLO

Oh, Jesus... Oh, God...

(on phone)
CONN/SONAR: Captain... we've got
his classification.

Pietrillo waits, holding his breath as the Captain storms in,
followed by Hunter.

Well? RAMSEY

Sir... PIETRLLO
 (the I.D. appears on
 SONAR screen)
 Master 2-8 is classified as a
 Russian AKULA class hunter-killer.
 He's coming with us, sir. Bearing
 1-9-6.

How the hell did he pick us up? RAMSEY

He just came out of the baffles,
 sir... PIETRLLO

As the Captain exits...

(reassuring) HUNTER
 Stay on him.

Aye, sir. PIETRLLO

Hunter heads back into...

CONTROL (DIVING ANGLE) GIMBLE

(in b.g.) COB
 Passing 800 feet, sir.

At the Missile Indicator Panel:

— Continue dive, 5 down. RAMSEY
 (on P.A.)
 Gentlemen, this is the Captain.

ON MISSILE PLATFORM -- CAMP STATION (DIVING ANGLE)
GIMBLE

On headsets, men are reporting on the status of their
 Missiles, checking EQ and pressurization in a monotone
 drone. SMO, assisted by Mitchell and Cignetti, marks the
 status of each missile on a chart with a felt-tipped pen.

RAMSEY (V.O.)

(on P.A.)

We have an AKULA out there,
controlled by unknown forces.
Russian rebels have threatened to
launch at our country, and are
fueling up right now. We have
orders to launch our missiles...
which is what we are going to do.

When the P.A. clicks off, standing with their pants tucked
into their socks and shirts buttoned up (in battle dress):

CIGNETTI

Fuckin' hell.

MITCHELL

Hey, Cig -- if I die and you don't?
(beat)

Pull my pants outta my socks. I
don't wanna look fuckin' stupid.

MISSILE BAY

Enlisted men blast along catwalks and down ladder. (Fast
tracking shot)

OUTSIDE UNDERSEA

The 'BAMA continues her dive.

COB (V.O.)

Passing 900 feet... 9-5-zero...
passing one thousand feet...

The uppermost peaks of the Emperor Seamounts form an eerie
seascape, close below.

CLOSE-UP: THE 'BAMA'S HULL PLATES CREAK AND GROAN.

IN CONTROL ROOM GIMBLE

Hunter watches the Captain marking off the stages of the
Launch at his Indicator Panel. COB watches the depth dial,
tense. The sounds of metal stress are scary.

PLANESMAN

(quietly)

How deep is he gonna go...?

COB

(to both)

When he tells you to stop, you
stop.

(reads out)

Passing twelve hundred feet...

OUTSIDE

AS THE 'BAMA DIVES, CLOSEUP: SILENTLY TRACK AFT FROM HER SAIL...

Down the long ELF antenna cable.

IN RADIO (DIVING ANGLE) GIMBLE

They wait in silence. Nothing.

IN SONAR (DIVING ANGLE)

SONARMAN #1

He's gone.

PIETRLLO

Like hell. He's up there...

OUTSIDE UNDERWATER

WEPS (V.O.)

WEAPONS/MISSILE FORWARD: Stand by to pre-pressurize Missile Tubes One through Four.

STILL TRACKING BACK ALONG THE ANTENNA... we see how far away the 'BAMA really is! The ELF antenna cable stretches aft for nearly a mile...

AND A MESSAGE IS COMING IN NOW -- BEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEP...

IN RADIO (DIVING ANGLE)

As a "Z" slowly appears on the ELF CONSOLE SCREEN:

VOSSLER

(on phone)

— CONN/RADIO: Receiving Transmission on Extremely Low Frequency receiver. —

RAMSEY (V.O.)

Very well.

Vossler waits in silence. "BEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEP."

ON RADIO SCREEN: A second letter appears: "ZX."

OUTSIDE UNDERWATER - LOOKING STRAIGHT UP

The ALABAMA descends, above. Her propeller cuts through the sea. The ELF antenna trails out behind -- a silent thin black line, as... BEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEP...

IN RADIO (DIVING ANGLE) GIMBLE

... BEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEP. "ZXD" appears on the monitor.

LT. ZIMMER

Pull up the code.

Vossler types in the call-up command, and gets a readout.

INSERT: ON THE MONITOR WE SEE:

"EXTREMELY LOW FREQUENCY - MESSAGE CODE"

ZXD: Come to Communications Depth to receive Flash Traffic.

LT. ZIMMER

(on phone)

CONN/RADIO: ELF Code: ZXD --
Come to Communications Depth to
receive Flash Traffic.

AT CONN (DIVING ANGLE) GIMBLE

HUNTER

(on phone)

Very well...

(to RAMSEY)

Captain... we have received an ELF
transmission ordering us up to
receive Flash Traffic.

RAMSEY

With that sub still up there?

(to COB)

Zero bubble.

COB

Zero bubble, aye, sir.

(to Helmsman)

Zero bubble, 1-2-7-5 feet. -

AS THEY LEVEL OFF... GIMBLE

RAMSEY

(to Hunter et. al.)

When our Missile System is ready...
my intention is to rise to launch
depth -- launch our birds, then get
the hell out.

(pause)

But I'm not going up until then.
I'm not going to jeopardize the
ship's safety.

HUNTER

We could float the buoy from here,
sir. We've got enough cable.

RAMSEY

(pause; with
reservations)
... very well.

HUNTER

Chief of the Watch; Prepare to
float the buoy.

HUNSICKER

Prepare to float the buoy, aye,
sir.

(he consults his dials,
then)

Sir... we have not met the
parameters to float the buoy.

HUNTER

Float it anyway.

Normal depth and speed constraints for the buoy just don't
apply. The need to know is urgent.

HUNSICKER

Float the buoy. Aye, sir.

UNDERWATER - TOPSIDE OF SHIP

The TOWED BUOY ANTENNA is floated up -- tethered by a steel
cable, just aft of the Missile Tubes.

HUNSICKER (V.O.)

Buoy deploying, sir. Tension 2000
pounds.

HUNTER (V.O.)

Very well.

The buoy floats up rapidly. One can almost feel the intense
sea pressure and tension exerted on its line. As it bobs up
hundreds and hundreds of feet, with its pigtail extension
line bobbing up even higher -- there is a sudden,
horrible...

CREEAAAKKK!!!

IN SONAR

The men freak! A FULL-COLOR SONAR SCREEN -- showing a
schematic of the 'BAMA'S INTERIOR -- STARTS TO BLINK at the
spot where the noise occurred!

SONARMAN #2

The winch!

PIETRLLO

(on phone)

CONN/SONAR: We have a sound short -- at the towed buoy antenna winch.

AT CONN

RAMSEY

Stop the goddamn winch!

TECHNICIAN

Winch is stopped, sir.

Silence. They all know what this means. The Russian sub has probably heard them.

OUTSIDE UNDERWATER -- LOOKING UP

The offending buoy bobs silent -- with its pigtail snaking up. RACK FOCUS: NEARBY: the enemy sub is turning toward the 'BAMA, below.

IN SONAR

SONARMAN #3

I'm getting something...
(pause; then, terrified)
SUP -- he's coming around...

OUTSIDE UNDERWATER

As the enemy sub turns around the buoy...

PIETRLLO (V.O.)

CONN/SONAR: Master 2-8 is turning toward, sir. Bearing 2-4-1...

Suddenly -- FROM THE AKULA CLASS SUBMARINE...

A TORPEDO WHOOSHES OUT!

IN SONAR

SONARMAN #2

Launch transient from master 2-8 -- Bearing 2-4-1.

PIETRLLO

(on phone; terrified)

CONN/SONAR: Torpedo in the water! Bearing 2-4-1!

SONARMAN #2

Second Launch transient. Bearing 2-4-2.

PIETRLLO
CONN/SONAR: Second Torpedo in the
water, sir! Bearing 2-4-2!

UNDERWATER

TWO DEADLY RUSSIAN TORPEDOES POWER down toward the distant
'BAMA.

AT CONN (ALARM OVER)

RAMSEY
All ahead FLANK. Left FULL
Rudder!
(to TSO)
Launch the Five Inch Evasion
Device! Launch Countermeasures!
(on P.A.)
Rig ship for depth charge.

As the orders are REPEATED and EXECUTED in b.g...

OUTSIDE UNDERWATER

A noisy Five Inch Evasion Device is launched from one of the
'BAMA'S portholes. As she turns -- speeding away, A
COUNTERMEASURE SHOOTS OUT -- GRINDING!

FIRE CONTROL TECHNICIAN (V.O.)
Countermeasures away!

ABOVE -- IN SEA

The enemy torpedoes hurtle down! Adjusting their angles
toward the 'BAMA -- they emit a high-pitched repeating
PING...

IN SONAR

PIETRLLO
(on phone; alarmed)
CONN/SONAR: Three thousand yards
and closing, sir...

AT CONN

RAMSEY
MANEUVERING/CONN: Cavitate.

OUTSIDE IN SEA

MANEUVERING (V.O.)
CONN/MANEUVERING: Cavitate, aye.

The 'BAMA speeds through the sea -- in a desperate attempt
to evade...

THE ENEMY TORPEDOES

Whose PINGING ACCELERATES -- picking up in intensity as their HOMING SONAR LOCKS ON!

IN SONAR

PIETRLLO
(on phone; urgent)
CONN/SONAR: They're
range-gaiting, sir -- two
thousand yards and closing
fast...

AT CONN

The Captain waits, with Hunter watching. There is nothing either one can do as Pietrillo tracks the descending torpedoes.

PIETRLLO (V.O.)
One-five-zero-zero... one thousand
yards and closing fast...

RAMSEY
Sound Collision Alarm.

HUNSICKER
(in b.g.)
Sound collision alarm, aye, sir.

A WAVERING COLLISION ALARM is sounded.

CORRIDOR

Fast back track with group of enlisted men racing for safe ground. Down a corridor through a doorway down a stairwell.

OUTSIDE -- THE ENEMY TORPEDOES

Emit the terrifying HIGH-PITCHED REPEATING PING of their range-gaiting active SONAR, adjusting their angles down -- to bracket the 'BAMA, below -- speeding past the TOWED RADIO BUOY. But as the torpedoes approach the ship...

IN RADIO

The E.A.M. ALARM LIGHT BEGINS TO FLASH AND BEEP!

VOSSLER
(on phone)
CONN/RADIO: Receiving Flash
Traffic, VLF, sir!
(scanning the first line
of the incoming message)
Receiving Emergency Action
Message! Recommend Alert One!

AT CONN

RADIOMAN (V.O.)
... Recommend Alert One!

The E.A.M. ALARM LIGHT FLASHES AND BEEPS! But ignoring this report -- trying to save his ship...

RAMSEY
Launch Five Inch Evasion Device!
Launch NAE countermeasures!

OUTSIDE UNDERSEA

A second FIVE INCH EVASION DEVICE and an NAE COUNTERMEASURE get launched...

TECHNICIAN (V.O.)
Countermeasures away!

They draw off TORPEDO #1 -- which misses...

And they divert TORPEDO #2 -- WHICH EXPLODES ABOVE THE 'BAMA'S STARBOARD BOW! The TOWED BUOY CABLE IS OBLITERATED! A huge VACUUM is CREATED! As seawater RUSHING BACK IN ROCKS THE ALABAMA and TORPEDO #1 EXPLODES against the mountain range below...

INT. CONN

The violence of the explosion double rocks the control room. Everybody grabs for something. COB misses and skates across the Conn. Two enlisted men go down.

GALLEY

The whole set-up stand containing crockery, cutlery and juices explodes on the floor.

CAPTAIN'S STATEROOM

"Bēar" braces himself and barks as the lights go out.

CORRIDOR

CO2 and water explode out of an overhead pipe.

THREE-STORY STAIRCASE

A young sailor falls, ricocheting off the ironwork.

IN CONTROL

Shouts and cries! Men are hurt. With the towed radio buoy severed, the E.A.M. ALARM LIGHT GROWS WEAKER -- FADING OUT.

RAMSEY
All Ahead Standard.
(on P.A.)
All stations report damage.

TORPEDO CHIEF (V.O.)
CONN/TORPEDOES: Damage sustained
Torpedo Tubes One and Three.

RAMSEY
(on phone)
Very well. Get 'em back on line!

As the Captain receives damage reports, Hunter leaves the CONN, where the E.A.M. ALARM LIGHT IS DEAD, to hurry...

THROUGH SONAR -- INTO THE RADIO ROOM

Vossler lies on the floor, his face all bloody from a gash above his eye. The shock from the TORPEDO has affected a platform kill (which means that ALL RADIO SYSTEMS ARE OUT).

LT. ZIMMER
(on phone)
CONN/RADIO: We need a Corpsman!
We've got a total platform kill!
All communication systems are
down!
(to Vossler et. al.)
Commence trouble-shooting!

VOSSLER
Aye, sir.

Vossler and the men leap into action! A Corpsman races in to tend to the bloodied Vossler, as Hunter enters...

HUNTER
Where the hell's the E.A.M.?

LT. ZIMMER
(looks up from floor)
On the printer.

Hunter removes the interrupted message from the printer and reads it quickly. INSERT: WE SEE:

XREEBABA.....EMERGENCY ACTION MESSAGE (300)

FROM: NATIONAL MILITARY COMMAND CENTER
TO: USS ALABAMA (SSBN 731)
SUBJECT: Nuclear Missile Launch - Single Integrated...

But the rest of the E.A.M. has been lost in the attack!
Hunter heads back to...

THE CONTROL ROOM

Where the ship has stabilized. Reports are pouring in (V.O.), but the ALABAMA has survived.

RAMSEY

(on phone)

WEAPONS/CONN: Estimated time to 1SQ.

WEPS (V.O.)

Estimated time to 1SQ... eight minutes, thirty seconds, sir.

RAMSEY

(into phone)

Very well. SONAR/CONN: Report.

PIETRLLO (V.O.)

CONN/SONAR: We've lost contact with Master 2-8.

RAMSEY

(on phone)

Keep looking.

(to COB et. al.)

All right, gentlemen... let's get on with it. All ahead 1/3. Steady as you go. Make your depth 1-5-zero feet, up slow and silent to Launch depth.

COB

All ahead 1/3. Steady on 3-4-2, sir. Make my depth 1-5-zero feet, up slow and silent. Aye, sir.

Hunter rushes back on the Conn, the interrupted message in hand.

HUNTER

Captain, I have the EMA.

RAMSEY

Let me see it.

He takes it out of Hunter's hand, reading it.

INSERT: We see the top line:

"XREEBBBBB.....EMERGENCY ACTION MESSAGE (300)"

RAMSEY

(looking up at Hunter)

There's nothing on this.

HUNTER

It got cut off during the attack.

Handing the message back to Hunter.

RAMSEY

Then it's meaningless.

HUNTER

Sir, this is an Emergency Action Message regarding Nuclear Missile Launch --

RAMSEY

No, Mister Hunter, that is a message fragment.

HUNTER

Because we were attacked during transmission! That message could contain any number of a dozen things. Captain, that could be a message to abort the launch!

Hunter and Ramsey eyeball each other.

RAMSEY

(in a soft voice to
Hunter and to all)
Calm down, Mister Hunter.

HUNTER

I am calm, sir.

RAMSEY

You don't appear calm to me.

Hunter pauses. Heads turn. COB shifts his weight. A bead of perspiration traces Hunter's forehead.

HUNTER

(talking clearly and
precisely)
Captain Ramsey, we must take the
time we need to confirm --

RAMSEY

(calmly but stern)
Lieutenant Commander... we have
"orders-in-hand." And those
orders are to make a pre-emptive
launch. Every second we lose
increases the chance that by the
time our missiles arrive -- their
silos could be empty, 'cause
they've flown their birds and
struck us first. You know as well
as I do, you all know as well as I,
"Any Launch Order received --
without authentication -- is no
order at all." That is our number
one rule.

(MORE)

RAMSEY (CONT'D)

That rule is the basis for the scenario that we've trained on -- time and time again. It is a rule we follow without exception. It's not open to interpretation, personal intuition, gut feelings, hairs on the back of necks, or little devils or little angels sitting on your shoulder whispering in your ear.

HUNTER

Sir... we are about to sortie nuclear warheads... under these circumstances --

RAMSEY

It is precisely these circumstances that these rules have been put in place.

(pauses; then says to all)

We are all very aware what our orders are. We are all very aware what these orders mean. And we are all very aware the consequences of those orders. And our conclusion must be... that the consequences will be even more horrible, if we fail to act in time. These orders have come down from our Commander-in-Chief.

(looking at Hunter)

And they contain no ambiguity.

Dead silence.

All eyes in CONTROL are on him. Checking the Technician's Launch Manual, to make sure it's the proper time... the Captain reads the coordinates on the Launch Orders in his hand:

RAMSEY

(on P.A.)

WEAPONS/CONN: Shift targeting to Target Package SLBM 6-4-7-4-1-slash-2. This is the Captain.

He turns. All eyes are on Hunter. The Captain hands him the Launch Orders, so Hunter can repeat the coordinates -- but Hunter doesn't even look.

HUNTER

Captain, sir... I cannot concur.

Dead silence at CONTROL. COB hears this... leaves his post as Diving Officer, and stands to face his Commanding Officers.

RAMSEY
(deadly intent)
Repeat my command.

HUNTER
Sir... we do not know what this said. Our target package could have changed.

RAMSEY
(calmly)
You will repeat this order, or I shall find someone who will.

HUNTER
Sir --

RAMSEY
You are relieved of your position. COB -- remove him from CONTROL. Get Lieutenant Zimmer in here. Now.

HUNTER
Captain, sir... I do not concur. And I do not recognize your authority to relieve me. Under Navy regulations...

RAMSEY
(to COB)
Arrest this man. And get him out!

As COB starts to move...

HUNTER
(quickly)
Captain, under Operating Procedures governing the release of Nuclear Weapons, we can only launch our Missiles if both you and I agree. This is not a formality, sir. This is expressly why your command must be repeated! It requires my assent. And I do not give it, sir.

COB is immobilized -- unsure about what to do.

RAMSEY
(stunned at COBS'
inaction)
Cob, what the fuck are you waiting
for?!

HUNTER
And further, sir... if you continue
upon this course... and insist upon
a Missile Launch -- without
confirming this message first...
(holding up the
interrupted E.A.M.)
I will be forced -- backed by the
Rules of Precedence, Authority and
Command, sections
zero-eight-one-five... and
zero-eight-six-seven... Navy
regulations...
(pause)
To relieve you of command.

Silence in the room.

RAMSEY
(dead calm; under his
breath)
You son-of-a-bitch.
(pause; he turns)
Chief of the Boat... as Captain and
Commanding Officer of the USS
Alabama... I order you to place the
XO under arrest on the charge of
mutiny. Repeat; I order you to
place the XO under arrest on the
charge of mutiny.

Dead silence. COB doesn't move -- torn by his personal
loyalty to the Captain -- and his knowledge of Navy law.

RAMSEY
(appeals to his old
friend)
COB...!

COB
Captain, sir... the XO is right.
We can't launch unless he concurs.

RAMSEY
(Stunned. Looks around
the room.)
Let me read from the emergency
action message that has been
authenticated. "To: USS ALABAMA.
Rebel-controlled missiles being
fueled. Launch codes compromised.
(MORE)

RAMSEY (CONT'D)

Dissidents threaten launch at
Continental United States.
Immediately launch ten trident
missile sorties." Repeat.
Rebel-controlled missiles being
fueled. We don't have time to fuck
around!

HUNTER

Sir, until you have had a chance to
think this over...

(pause)

Perhaps you ought to take a rest.

(to all)

I am relieving Captain Ramsey of
his duties, and assuming command of
this ship.

(turns back)

COB. Escort the Captain to his
stateroom.

The Captain holds contact with Hunter.

RAMSEY

(quietly)

You are not assuming anything.

Hunter is chilled by Ramsey's quietness.

HUNTER

Chief of the boat -- Captain Ramsey
is under arrest! Please lock him
in the officers' study.

COB

(pleading)

Captain, please --

Ramsey says nothing, not breaking eye contact with Hunter. --
Hunter reacts.

HUNTER

NOW COB!

COB

(overwhelmed)

Aye, sir...

(to guards)

Take the Captain below.

Ramsey holds contact with Hunter a moment longer. Then
looks to COB, then to the guards and leaves without saying a
word.

The guards go after him. The Control Team watches,
stunned...

HUNTER

If anyone disagrees with what I have done... feel free to relieve yourself of duty now.

He looks around at the men in CONTROL. The OOD stands still. Chief Hunsicker doesn't budge. Two LIEUTENANT j.g.'s stand firm. The enlisted men are statues. Hunter walks to the CONN. He turns on the 1MC.

HUNTER

(on P.A.; looks at COB)
This is the XO. I have assumed command of this ship. Under authority granted to me by Navy regulations, I've relieved Captain Ramsey of his duties, for acting in contravention of the Rules and Regulations regarding Nuclear Weapons Release.

IN THE PASSAGEWAY, BELOW -- APPROACHING OFFICERS' STUDY

Sailors hear Hunter's message and watch in horror as --
CAPTAIN RAMSEY -- walking four paces ahead of his GUARDS -- appearing totally unparalleled, even as he hears Hunter on the P.A.

HUNTER

(on P.A.)
My intentions are to delay the Missile Launch -- maintaining our current state of readiness -- pending confirmation of an Emergency Action Message cut off in the attack. Remain at Battle Stations Missile. That is all.

They reach his stateroom. The Captain, completely maintaining his dignity, turns and walks in. GUARD #2 removes his phone, and walks out. They shut and lock the door.

GUARD #2

(whispering)
What the hell we doin', Fred?

GUARD

I don't know about you, but I'm pissin' my pants.

CAPTAIN'S STATEROOM

The Captain, now a prisoner of his own stateroom, calmly pulls a file out of a cabinet. He sits down comfortably at his desk, pulls a cigar out of his box, and lights it as he looks through the file. "Bear" climbs into his lap.

INSERT: WE SEE THE FILE:

It's HUNTER'S DOSSIER.

AT CONN

Hunter eye contacts an anguished COB.

HUNTER

(quietly)
Thanks.

COB

(quietly)
Fuck you.

All their dialogue is quiet and just among them. Hunter looks.

COB

Get it fuckin' straight, Hunter,
I'm not on your side. You could be
wrong. But wrong or right, the
Captain can't just replace you at
will. That was completely
improper. That's why I did what I
did. By the book.

HUNTER

I thank you anyway. Your father
would be proud of you.

COB

What the hell does that mean?

HUNTER

Right is right and wrong's for
nobody.

COB breaks the smallest of smiles.

HUNTER

COB -- stay with me. The rest of
you, return to you stations.

(pause)

Bring the ship to periscope
depth... maintaining Ultra Quiet.

(on phone)

RADIO/CONN: Mister Zimmer... we
need COMMS. Now.

IN RADIO

LT. ZIMMER

(on phone)

CONN/RADIO: We're working on it.
Aye, sir...

(MORE)

LT. ZIMMER (CONT'D)

(off phone)

You fucking asshole, what the hell
you think we're doin?

The enlisted men look up, shocked. (Vossler wears a
butterfly bandage on his forehead, closing his cut).

LT. ZIMMER

The whole system is crashed. The
VLF radio buoy is severed... what
the fuck does he want us to do?
Shit electrons?

AT CONN

HUNTER

Prepare for Snap Shot, Two and
Four. All stop. Five up...

UNDERWATER

HELMSMAN (V.O.)

All stop, aye, sir. Answer's all
stop.

PLANESMAN (V.O.)

Five up, aye, sir. Answer's five
up.

Doing what the Captain did before, Hunter kills the engines,
letting the momentum of the sub raise its bow so that it
drops stern first. Portside Torpedo Tubes Two and Four
slide open. The ship is ready to fire at the AKULA up
above.

ON MISSILE PLATFORM - CAMP STATION - LEVEL TWO (ANGLED
UP) GIMBLE

Bennefield wears his webbed belt and baton. He is repeating
what he's heard as the MISSILE TEAMS wait, on hold.

BENNEFIELD

Apparently... he said they were all
dead.

KENNEDY

And what'd the XO say?

BENNEFIELD

He's a pussy. Who gives a fuck?

RACK FOCUS TO: Dougherty -- incensed.

LT. DOUGHERTY

Where's your station?

BENNEFIELD
Here, sir.

LT. DOUGHERTY
Then stand there and shut your
mouth. You think this is gonna
help?

As Dougherty heads forward, furious...

INTERCOM in N.D. passageway. Sailor on phone tells the
party line.

SAILOR
I hate this shit.

IN PASSAGEWAY (ANGLED UP) GIMBLE

Word is passing from man to man. SAILOR #1 leans through a
door...

SAILOR #1
It's a mutiny! The Old Man went
nuts...

OUTSIDE UNDER WATER GIMBLE

As the 'BAMA slowly descends -- angled up toward where they
believe the other sub to be...

The AKULA is above her -- turning around.

IN SONAR GIMBLE

PIETRLLO
(on phone)
CONN/SONAR: Holy shit, sir! He's
got us -- he's turning around!

AT CONN GIMBLE

HUNTER
(on P.A.)
SNAP SHOT! Tubes Two and Four!
(to CONTROL)
Launch Port countermeasures! All
ahead FLANK! Right Full Rudder!
Zero bubble.

LT. LINKLETTER (TSO)
(in b.g.)
Snap shot -- Tubes Two and Four.
Launch Port countermeasures, aye,
sir.

OUTSIDE THE SEA

The 'BAMA'S PORTSIDE TORPEDOES WHOOSH OUT... heading up in the general direction of the AKULA, up above. COUNTERMEASURES SHOOT OUT from the portside as the 'BAMA hits flank speed, levelling off and banking to the right...

The AKULA FIRES TWO TORPEDOES DOWN!

SONARMAN #1 (V.O.)
Launch transient! Bearing
zero-4-8!

PIETRLLO (V.O.)
CONN/SONAR: Torpedo in the water!
Bearing zero-4-8.

The 'BAMA'S TORPEDOES IGNITE THEIR ENGINES to power up toward the Russian sub!

As the RUSSIAN TORPEDOES IGNITE -- heading down toward the Alabama... the 'BAMA leaves countermeasures in her portside wake, to speed away starboard.

AT CONN GIMBLE

Counting off the time elapsed -- then changing directions suddenly...

HUNTER
LEFT FULL RUDDER!
(on P.A.)
Rig ship for depth charge!

COLLISION SIRENS WAIL.

CAPTAIN'S STATEROOM (sirens OVER) DUTCH or GIMBLE

RAMSEY
Fuck.

OUTSIDE UNDER WATER

The 'BAMA's Mark 48's SPEED UPWARDS -- passing...

The TWO TORPEDOES hurtling down!

With the 'BAMA suddenly swerving to portside... GIMBLE

HUNTER (V.O.)
LAUNCH STARBOARD FIVE INCH EVASION
DEVICE! LAUNCH STARBOARD
COUNTERMEASURES!

(NOTE FROM TONY SCOTT: BALANCE EXT. FX SHOTS WITH INT. MOVEMENT (SKOTCH) -- REWRITE THIS SEQUENCE WITH REF. TO THE PYGMY SUB)

WHOOSH -- The starboard countermeasures are LAUNCHED!

As they FIZZ OUT -- GRINDING and GENERATING NOISE to draw off the Russian Torpedoes behind the 'BAMA's zigzagging evasive trail...

The 'BAMA'S MARK 48's range-gait toward the AKULA... speed beneath her keel... then DETONATE!!!!!!!!!!

A HUGE DOUBLE VORTEX FROM THE EXPLODING TORPEDOES creates an undersea vacuum that BREAKS THE AKULA'S KEEL. As the attacking submarine is pulled in and destroyed.

Below -- drawn off by the countermeasures -- but close to the 'BAMA... BOOM! Then -- BOOM!!!!

The RUSSIAN TORPEDOES EXPLODE CLOSE BEHIND THE 'BAMA'S STERN -- and the ALABAMA gets rocked!!!

IN BILGE BAY GIMBLE

PIPES BURST and men go flying!!! A COLLISION ALARM WAILS. POWER CUTS OFF and the ROOM GOES DARK! DIM WHITE BACKUP LIGHTS COME ON. All hell is breaking loose as WATER SHOOT'S OUT -- UNDER IMMENSE SEA PRESSURE!

TORPEDO ROOM

(REVOLVING CAMERA) Water explodes in all directions. Bodies run in all directions. Sparks and lightning flashes of light from the Emergency unit. Screams and yells for help.

CORRIDOR ADJOINING ENGINE ROOM GIMBLE

Three sailors run around the corner past the sealed oval door. A huge explosion. The door detaches itself and cartwheels down the corridor. A 15' tongue of flame extends itself down the hallway enveloping the third sailor. The other two are blown head over heels the length of the hallway.

SECOND CORRIDOR ANGLED AT 45 DEGREES GIMBLE Knee-deep in water. Pipes exploding from above and below. Camera tracks a group of sailors running and sliding to get to safe ground.

IN BILGE BAY GIMBLE

Rushing in to fight the disaster is the young William Barnes! As WATER POURS IN WITH A TERRIFYING ROAR... Barnes fights heroically -- pulling a drowning man from the FLOOD! He hands him to another SAILOR, then races to a phone! FLOOD WATERS hit him as he reports...

BARNES
(shouts over ROAR; on
phone)
MANEUVERING/BILGE BAY: We have
power loss and uncontrolled
seawater leak! Request Damage
Control! Need Bandit
Kits/Wedges/Lead, sir! Get 'em
down here -- quick!

He leaves the phone dangling to race back to fight the
flood!

AT CONTROL (BACKUP LIGHTS - SINKING ANGLE) GIMBLE

ALARMS SOUND!

LT. HELLERMAN (V.O.)
(on P.A.)
CONTROL/MANEUVERING: Damage
control to Engine Room! Flooding
in the Bilge Bay! Loss of both
turbines. Recommend for reduced
electrical power.

As the Diving Officer counts down the depth of the crippled,
sinking ship.

DIVING OFFICER
(in b.g.)
... nine-five-zero... Passing one
thousand feet...

HUNTER
(on phone)
MANEUVERING/CONN: Seal the Aft
Watertight Door! Troubleshoot
Turbine Circuit Boards.

DOWN THE LONG PASSAGEWAY -- BY THE OFFICERS' STUDY
(SINKING ANGLE)

Dougherty approaches the locked door, ignoring the GUARDS to
call in...

LT. DOUGHERTY
Captain...?

GUARD #2
I'm sorry, sir. The XO ordered
us --

GUARD
Fuck the XO. The ship has been hit
and I'm going to talk to my
Captain.

Taking out his own keys, Dougherty unlocks the door -- daring the young guards to say shit. They frisk him, then let him in.

CAPTAIN'S STATEROOM (SINKING ANGLE) DUTCH OR GIMBLE

The Captain, who's studying Hunter's personnel file, looks up at Dougherty and says;

RAMSEY

How bad is it, Mister Dougherty?

LT. DOUGHERTY

Bad, sir. Flooding in the engine room and torpedo room -- we're also experiencing loss of power.

RAMSEY

(looking at the file)

I've been reading Mister Hunter's file. It would appear the closest he's been to combat is a policy seminar.

LT. DOUGHERTY

Give me an order, sir.

Ramsey puts the file down and looks at Dougherty.

RAMSEY

Mister Dougherty... as quietly as you can... get Lieutenants Zimmer and Westergaurd.

LT. DOUGHERTY

What about Linkletter?

RAMSEY

The TSO is at control. You won't be able to talk with him. But you -- can get to WEPS. We gotta have WEPS... he's the key. You get me these men, a small security force, then come and get me... and that's all we need to get the job done.

LT. DOUGHERTY

Aye, sir. Right away.

He turns to leave.

RAMSEY

Now, Dougherty, don't get overzealous and try and recruit the whole ship. We'll lead from the top down.

LT. DOUGHERTY
Understood, sir.
(knocks on door)
It's Dougherty. Let me out.

The door is opened. Dougherty exits. The door is SHUT and LOCKED. The Captain leans back in his chair. Soon the King will be in exile no more.

IN BILGE BAY CORRIDOR -- IN FLOOD (BACKUP LIGHTS - SINKING ANGLE) GIMBLE

ANOTHER SEAWATER PIPE HAS SPRUNG at the end of a corridor. DUTCH Barnes and Lawson rush in, with a third sailor, the young Sotillie. Standing in the KNEE-DEEP-AND-RISING BRINE, shouting beneath the ROAR as the FLOOD ALARM CROAKS its hoarse repeated BEEPS...

BARNES
(shouts; getting soaked)
Open-after-main-drain suction!

LAWSON
(to Sotillie)
Start the drain pump!

As the men dive in to work...

IN OPCON (BACKUP LIGHTS - SINKING ANGLE) GIMBLE

Dougherty is conspiring, behind closed doors, with LT. ZIMMER and LT. WESTERGAURD, who seem reluctant.

LT. DOUGHERTY
You two should know, he asked for both of you specifically.

LT. ZIMMER
(to Westergaurd)
We validated those launch orders ourselves... It's not even a question.

They both stare at Westergaurd...

IN BILGE BAY CORRIDOR -- LOWEST LEVEL BILGE BAY (BACKUP LIGHTS - SINKING LEVEL) GIMBLE

Barnes, Lawson and Sotillie are working furiously to get a pipe repaired as the WATER RISES AROUND THEM. A BOLT BLOWS and shoots across the small compartment. They're slapping on a strongback (a curved cylinder of metal that fits around a damaged pipe). Wrapping steel bands around it... they hammer the dog clips down, with water shooting out in all directions! As WATER RISES TO THEIR WAISTS...

OUTSIDE UNDERSEA

DIVING OFFICER (V.O.)
... one-six-five-zero... Passing
seventeen hundred feet...

The crippled sub is sinking faster -- angled down, stern first, from the weight of water she is taking aboard! It appears that she will HIT THE MOUNTAIN PEAKS, drawing closer and closer, until...

IN CONTROL (SINKING ANGLE) GIMBLE

As the backup lights start to FLUTTER.

LT. HELLERMAN
(on 4MC P.A.)
DAMAGE CONTROL/MANEUVERING: It
appears to be the Non-vital
Switchboard.

Then the men all hold their breath.

Then as the MAIN LIGHTS FLUTTER ON...

LT. HELLERMAN
(on 4MC P.A.)
DAMAGE CONTROL/MANEUVERING:
Turbine power is restored. Ready
to answer bells. Propulsion
limit -- Ahead Full.

The men in CONTROL react with a buzz, relieved as the LIGHTS COME ON.

HUNTER
(on phone)
Very well.
(to Helms)
All Ahead Full. 20 up.

OUTSIDE UNDERSEA —

The 'BAMA'S PROPELLER STARTS TO TURN. The question is: is it too late?

DIVING OFFICER (V.O.)
... one-seven-five-zero...

BACK IN CONTROL (SINKING ANGLE) GIMBLE

DIVING OFFICER
(reading the descending
dial)
Passing eighteen hundred feet...

COB
(aside; to Hunsicker)
If we sink any further... you can
stick a fork in us -- we're done.

They are at the absolute limit. Silence. The hull POPS AND GROANS. The men are terrified. As sweat beads on their faces...

OUTSIDE UNDERSEA

The PROPELLER PICKS UP SPEED...

As the 'BAMA LISTING SIDEWAYS, FINALLY CHECKS HER PLUMMET AND SLOWLY STARTS TO RISE.

BACK IN CONTROL GIMBLE

It seems to take forever. Then, finally...

DIVING OFFICER
One-eight-two-five... and rising.

As the angle of the sub shifts up -- EVERYONE CHEERS -- including Hunter! But meanwhile...

IN THE BILGE BAY CORRIDOR (RISING ANGLE) DUTCH AND GIMBLE

Barnes, Lawson and Sotillie are working on a second ruptured pipe as the ship starts to angle up. When they hear the horrible GROANING SOUND OF 1750 FEET OF PRESSURE pressing against the hull!

They freeze what they're doing, as they listen to the BUCKLING SOUND.

LAWSON
(to himself)
Oh, my God.

SOTILLIE
We gotta get out of here.

LAWSON
Hold tight, son, it'll hold.

BARNES
Didya ever see "Grey Lady Down"?
In "Grey Lady Down," there's a
scene just like this, Charlton
Heston's in the --

The HULL MAKES A HORRIFYING GROAN that shuts Barnes up.

LAWSON
That's it, we're outta here.

As the GROAN CONTINUES TO DEEPEN, they move to leave. Barnes gets to the hatch, when... the GROAN RISES EVEN LOUDER and the HULL RIPS OPEN... EXPLODING water through a HUGE OPENING.

The EXPLODING WATER CATCHES Lawson and Sotillie in its force, THROWING them back into the quickly SUBMERGING bilge bay --

Barnes holding on to the hatch, sees his friends pinned against the back. He DIVES in to save them.

The ENGINEER arrives at the hatch, sees --

Sotillie badly injured and bleeding trapped against pipes. Barnes is trying to move to Lawson.

The BAY QUICKLY FILLING with water.

CORRIDOR ABOVE THE BILGE GIMBLE

Water explodes upwards through the grating.

The Engineer runs to the phone.

LT. HELLERMAN

(into phone)

MANEUVERING/BILGE BAY: Sir, the hull in the bilge bay has been breached, flooding has recommenced and is spreading to the secondary bilge.

AT CONN GIMBLE

LT. HELLERMAN

(on P.A.)

... three men are trapped.

HUNTER

(on phone)

MANEUVERING/CONN: Seal that bay! —

LT. HELLERMAN

(on P.A.)

Sir, there are men down there --

HUNTER

You have your orders. Seal the goddamn bay now!

As the men in CONTROL eye Hunter.

BACK IN BILGE BAY CORRIDOR DUTCH

LT. HELLERMAN

(yelling)

Get the fuck out, I'm sealing it up!

Barnes fights valiantly with Lawson and Sotillie, but to little avail. He can't hear the Engineer.

LT. HELLERMAN

(yelling)
Barnes!

Barnes can't hear anything. The Engineer seals the bay in the floor, saving the ship, but at a sacrifice.

AT CONN GIMBLE

Hunter knows this too... but there's nothing he can do.

LT. HELLERMAN

(on P.A.)
CONN/MANUEVERING: Bilge Bay
seawater hatch is sealed, sir.

HUNTER

(on phone)
Very well.

As he stares out, knowing he's condemned three men to death...

CUT TO:

MISSILE CONTROL CENTER (RISING ANGLE) GIMBLE

WEPS sits at his console, as Lt. Zimmer appears at the door.

WEPS
What are you doing down here?

LT. ZIMMER
We gotta talk.

WEPS looks around. With the MISSILE CONSOLE on hold --
lit RED -- he follows ZIMMER...

INTO THE PASSAGEWAY OUTSIDE MISSILE CONTROL CENTER (RISING ANGLE) GIMBLE

With Zimmer are Lt. Westergaurd and Lt. Dougherty.

WEPS
What's going on?

LT. ZIMMER
I will not let this go down... with
the XO at the helm.

LT. DOUGHERTY
I've sailed with the Captain for
years... and now, because Hunter
says so -- I'm supposed to be
following him??

WEPS

You are not supposed to -- you have been ordered to. That is what this is all about. Proper orders, Mister Dougherty. If they want us to launch -- he'll launch. We'll blow them all to Kingdom Come! But I'd rather go down myself -- than get those orders wrong.

*

LT. WESTERGAURD

Look... our procedures are clear. In the absence of a contravening order -- in a situation like this... you follow the orders in hand.

LT. ZIMMER

You know how many checks we go through to make sure a Launch Order is authentic? The XO agreed himself! And now he wants to throw 'em away!?!

LT. DOUGHERTY

He's lost his nerve...

LT. ZIMMER

That's it.

WEPS

I know this guy. He just wants time to verify the order. This scenario isn't black and white, a variable has happened. And we need to verify this order before we send nuclear missiles to Russia.

LT. DOUGHERTY

But we don't have the fuckin' time. It is not enough to act. We gotta respond.

LT. ZIMMER

WEPS... we have been ordered to launch. Now, why in the world would they do that... if they weren't gonna launch at us?

WEPS

We don't know that for sure... our E.A.M. went down...

LT. ZIMMER

WEPS... Radchenko's threatened to send birds to the United States.

(MORE)

LT. ZIMMER (CONT'D)
 We get the word that he's fueling his birds. Now why the fuck do you think he's doing that -- you don't put on a condom, unless you're gonna fuck. Then we receive authentic orders to launch. Things couldn't be any clearer. It's not enough to act, we gotta respond in time. Seconds fucking count. While Hunter's piss fartin' around debating policy, Radchenko could have his birds in the air on the way to New York.

Silence. Then, outnumbered...

WEPS
 What are you gonna do...?

LT. ZIMMER
 Nothing... without you. You're a senior officer -- a Department Head. The TSO's with Hunter...

LT. DOUGHERTY
 And you have the keys to the small arms locker. We wanna recruit a few more men...
 (pause)
 Then open the arsenal.

WEPS is silent, his mind is whirlwinding.

LT. DOUGHERTY
 I had a meeting with the Captain in his room. He asked for the four of us personally. He specifically requested you, WEPS. Your Captain needs you in a way he's never needed you before.

LT. WESTERGAURD
 Hunter may think he's doing right. But a person can do the wrong thing for all the right reasons.

WEPS sits down and puts his head in his hands.

LT. ZIMMER
 (sitting down next to him)
 We got a mutiny here. There's only two sides to be on in a mutiny. Now your Captain is asking for your help. What do you have to say to him?

Silence. WEPS looks around, then finally caves in:

WEPS

All right.

LT. DOUGHERTY

Get your Security Force.

(to others)

We'll meet in five minutes.

As they exit, in separate directions...

CUT TO:

ON MISSILE DECK -- AT CAMP STATION DUTCH

Cignetti, Mitchell and Sweeny watch as WEPS recruits a security detail, and Zimmer gestures toward the missile officer, SMO, who leaves the Camp Station, to go to Zimmer and talk. In just a few words, Zimmer convinces SMO to join the counter-mutiny. As the officers hurry forward, leaving the Missile Deck...

MITCHELL

I'll be right back.

Mitchell starts to go, but quickly stepping up, in his way...

CIGNETTI

Whoa -- hey -- where you goin'?

MITCHELL

To the XO -- let him know.

CIGNETTI

This has nothin' to do with you.

MITCHELL

Look --- all I wanna do is --

WHAM. Cignetti SLAMS him -- into a Missile Tube -- hurting the young man!

MITCHELL

Hey!!!

CIGNETTI

Listen to me -- you dumb fuck! Did anyone ask you your opinion? You take sides in this -- your ass's dead!

MITCHELL

(serious)

Get your hands off me.

CIGNETTI

You let the officers work this out.
They don't give a shit what you
think.

(pause)

Were you there? Did you see what
happened?

MITCHELL

No, but --

CIGNETTI

Then other than the joy of taking
sides -- which could get you court
marshalled -- what the fuck do you
have to add?

(softly)

Use your goddamn brains, kid. Man
your stations! Let it go! 'Cause
if anyone leaves his post... you
won't have to wait for a trial...
I'll kill ya my goddamn self! Is
that clear?

(shouts)

IS THAT CLEAR????

As the nearby Missile Technicians mutter --

TECHNICIANS

Aye, aye, chief.

Silence. Mitchell returns to his post. Cignetti got
carried away -- but he has protected his men.

CAPTAIN'S STATEROOM (RISING ANGLE) GIMBLE

Aware that the ship has stabilized, Ramsey sits in his
chair, calmly smoking his cigar. Bear is curled up in his
bunk.

IN PASSAGEWAY (RISING ANGLE) DUTCH

The guards stand their post outside when...

CHARGING THROUGH THE AFT HATCH...

WEPS leads his SECURITY FORCE: Swarming the GUARDS, they
SLAM THEM against the bulkhead, slapping them into cuffs!
WEPS grabs the keys and opens the door...

WEPS

Captain -- let's go!

The Captain walks out -- calm and in control.

RAMSEY

Thank you, Mister Ince.

WEPS

Aye, sir.

Walking forward... they arrive at...

THE SMALL ARMS LOCKER (RISING ANGLE) DUTCH

WEPS has the key. He opens it up.

INSIDE: 4 SHOTGUNS -- 4 M-14's and 10 semi-automatic PISTOLS.

BLACK FLAK JACKETS and weapons are distributed to the guards. Checking the action on a handgun.

RAMSEY

If everybody's ready...

VOICE (O.S.)

Sir...?

RAMSEY

(wheeling; gun high)

FREEZE!

ANGLE ON ZIMMER -- TERRIFIED -- HANDS IN THE AIR

Leading Dougherty, Westergaurd, and two recruits!

RAMSEY

Mister Zimmer...

LT. ZIMMER

We're with you, sir!

The Captain looks to WEPS, who nods.

RAMSEY

Very well.

(lowers guns slowly)

Arm them.

WEPS

Aye, sir.

AT CONTROL (RISING ANGLE) GIMBLE

With power finally restored, the flooding stabilized, and the Diving Officer counting their depth, up slow, in b.g.

HUNTER

(to all)

Our plan is to proceed silently to periscope depth -- to repair the radio and to re-establish communications as quickly as we can.

(MORE)

HUNTER (CONT'D)

(on phone)

RADIO/CONN: Mister Zimmer...
report.

IN RADIO (RISING ANGLE) GIMBLE

With no officers in the room...

VOSSLER

CONN/RADIO: All systems are still
down, sir. Lieutenant Zimmer isn't
here.

BACK AT CONN (RISING ANGLE) GIMBLE

Knowing what this means, but masking the threat to his
command...

HUNTER

(on phone)

Very well.

(to COB; aside)

Send a man to find him, and go get
a sidearm.

COB

Aye, sir.

COB sends a man to find Zimmer, then starts for the ladder
to get his handgun, heading past Chief Hunsicker.

CHIEF HUNSICKER

(quietly to COB)

What'd we do? We're in a fuckin'
mutiny here.

COB

(quietly)

We are in a fucking war.

COB exits as Hunter heads forward, into...

SONAR GIMBLE

HUNTER

(leaning in)

Could I speak with you a moment?

PIETRLLO

Yes, sir.

Hunter exits. Exchanging a curious glance with his men,
Pietrillo follows him...

INTO OPCON (RISING ANGLE) GIMBLE

Oscar... HUNTER

What, sir? PIETRLLO

Making sure that no one is watching, Hunter reaches into his pants pocket, to hand Pietrillo a SET OF KEYS.

CUT TO:

BILGE BAY - LOWER LEVEL (RISING ANGLE)

Submarine pumps are pumping the water out, but Barnes, Lawson and Sotillie lie dead. Their bodies are pulled out of the bay...

CUT TO:

THE RADIO ROOM GIMBLE

(entering) HUNTER
Who's in charge here?

From behind a stripped apart console, Russel Vossler appears, with a butterfly bandage on his forehead, from the cut he got in the attack.

Me, sir. VOSSLER

Hunter walks over and kneels beside the console, looking in. There's a complex maze of wires -- halfway torn apart.

How long's it gonna take you? HUNTER

I don't know, sir. VOSSLER

Do you know what's going on here? HUNTER

Yes, sir. VOSSLER

If you don't get this system up... HUNTER
we could screw up so badly... you
cannot imagine.

As the other two men watch in shock...

Yes, sir. I know that, sir. VOSSLER

HUNTER

You don't. It is much worse than that. If we launch and we're not right... what's left of the former Russia is going to launch at us... and we will see a holocaust beyond imagination. There will be nothing to come home to. Do you understand me?

VOSSLER

(shaken)

Aye, sir.

HUNTER

This whole thing is about knowing. We have to know if the order to launch has been recalled or not. And if you can't fix this fuckin' radio, we ain't gonna know shit. You ever watch "Star Trek"?

VOSSLER

Uuuuh, yes, sir.

HUNTER

'Member when the Klingons are gonna blow the shit outta the Enterprise? And Captain Kirk calls down to Scotty, "Get us out of here, Mr. Scott, I need warp speed." And Scotty says, "The engines can't take much more, Captain, she needs a few minutes." And Kirk says, "I haven't got a few minutes! Fix it, Mr. Scott, fix it!"

Vossler laughs.

HUNTER

Well, I'm Kirk and you're Scotty, and I'm tellin' you, Mr. Vossler, fix this fuckin' thing or millions of people are gonna die. And it's not me, it's not the Captain, and it's not Radchenko, it's all on you. That's a shitty deal, but you got it. Do you understand me, Mr. Vossler?

VOSSLER

(gives a nervous laugh)

Aye, sir...

The kid is having an out of body experience.

HUNTER
(to all of them)
Guys...
(pause)
Get this thing to work.

Hunter stands and goes. The poor kid, Vossler is shattered. As he looks at the damaged console, in despair...

IN CONTROL ROOM GIMBLE

Returning from OPCON -- and stepping up...

HUNTER
I have the CONN.

LT. MAHONEY (OOD)
XO has the CONN.

HUNTER
Diving Officer... make your depth
7-5 feet.
(to all)
Coming to periscope depth.

But from behind him?

RAMSEY (O.S.)
Relay that order.

Hunter spins toward...

THE DOOR GIMBLE

Where the Captain and his men walk in -- with COB held at gunpoint. They fan out to cover the room. In black flak jackets, armed to the teeth, the security force is terrifying. They choke the air out of the room.

Hunter stands at the CONN - the OOD beside him.

RAMSEY
If any of you Officers or Chiefs
believe that you've been unjustly
caught up in this...
(pause)
Stand behind me now.

Silence. No one moves at first. Then Lt. Mahoney and one LIEUTENANT j.g. move to the Captain's side. That leaves: Lt. Linkletter (TSO); the NAVIGATOR; a LIEUTENANT j.g. ALLEN from the Tactical systems watch; and CHIEF HUNSICKER standing frozen -- in a display of courage and support. COB and Hunter are not alone.

RAMSEY
Lock them in the Officers' Study.

Bennefield steps up to take Hunter's arm, to lead him away with the others. But Hunter pauses, facing the Captain, to report:

HUNTER

Sir. Propulsion has been restored.
The flooding has been contained.
All Communication Systems are still down.

RAMSEY

(looks at Hunter for a moment, then to COB)
Take them away, and lock 'em up.
(to the officers who are with him)
Please return to your stations and inform your men directly that the Captain is in command.
(to OOD)
I have the Conn.

LT. MAHONEY (OOD)

The Captain has the Conn.

HUNTER

Captain. We are not the only ship at sea.

RAMSEY

Don't give me that bullshit, Hunter. Take him away.

HUNTER

The people who sent that Message -- the NCA -- PACIFIC FLEET... know what sector we're in. They've got satellites looking down here -- to see if our birds are aloft! And if they're not -- but they oughtta be... they'll give our orders to somebody else!

(pause)

I mean, what if we'd been destroyed? That attack could have wiped us out... would they call the whole thing off?

(pause; staring at the COB and the men)

That's why we maintain more than one sub! It's what they call redundancy. It's part of our global strategy. We have backup. That's the whole concept! It's our duty not to launch -- Nobody wants to hear that. So now I'm a fuckin' nut???

RAMSEY

Mr. Hunter. As you and I well know, we are the only ship within a twenty minute striking distance of the target. All other ships are at least forty minutes away. That gives us a twenty minute advantage over all the other vessels.

HUNTER

Captain, you do not know, and I do not know, but I do not believe we don't have backup within the immediate area.

RAMSEY

Mr. Hunter...

(yelling)

... it is a mute point -- I have made the decision. I am the Captain of this boat and I have the Conn and you are my prisoner. So shut the fuck up. Take him out of here.

Hunter is led out, followed by a heart-broken COB. The Captain watches them go, then...

RAMSEY

WEPS, return to Missile Control.
Mister Zimmer -- stay with me.

LT. ZIMMER

Aye, sir.

All eyes are on the Captain as he steps up to the CONN, to turn on the IMC:

RAMSEY

(on P.A.)

May I have your attention,
please... crew of the USS
Alabama...

(pause)

An attempted mutiny has been put down. We shall maintain a security alert. Authorized movement only in two-man teams.

IN PASSAGEWAY -- BELOW DUTCH

Hunter and COB are locked with the four other men (Hunsicker, Linkletter, Lieutenant j.g. Allen, and the Navigator) in the Officers' Study.

RAMSEY (V.O.)

(on P.A.)

In the absence of further radio communications... under orders from the National Command Authority...

ON MISSILE PLATFORM -- LEVEL TWO DUTCH

Enlisted men prepare the missiles.

RAMSEY (V.O.)

(on P.A.)

... we will achieve Launch Depth as quickly as we can... for Strategic Missile Launch.

(pause)

We all know what this means. It is not something one would ever wish. But we have the obligation... under authenticated orders issued by the Commander-in-Chief... to prevent our country from being attacked.

(pause; then)

Set Condition 1SQ. Spin up Missiles One through Five and Twenty through Twenty-four, for Strategic Launch. The use of Nuclear Weapons has been authorized. This is the Captain. Mister Zimmer is the new XO.

He nods to Zimmer, who picks up the voice-powered phone:

LT. ZIMMER

(on phone)

Set Condition 1SQ. Spin up Missiles One through Five and Twenty through Twenty-four, for Strategic Launch. The use of Nuclear Weapons has been authorized. This is the XO.

When the ordered is repeated, the Captain CLICKS his STOPWATCH BACK ON.

IN RADIO GIMBLE

Young Vossler works on the console, panicked.

IN SONAR GIMBLE

Pietrillo sits, staring out -- so tense he can hardly breathe.

OUTSIDE UNDER WATER

The ALABAMA rises to launch depth -- slow.

RAMSEY (V.O.)
WEAPONS/CONN: Confirm Target
Package: SLBM
Zero-four-eight-niner-three
slash-four... for Missiles One
through Five and Twenty through
Twenty-Four. This is the Captain.

LT. ZIMMER (V.O.)
WEAPONS/CONN: Confirm Target
Package: SLBM
Zero-four-eight-niner-three
slash-four... for Missiles One
through Five and Twenty through
Twenty-Four. This is the XO.

AT THE CONN GIMBLE

CLOSEUP: THE CAPTAIN'S STOPWATCH TICKS...

IN MISSILE CONTROL CENTER GIMBLE

The room is throbbing. WEPS sits in the middle of things, speaking softly into his headset -- in the midst of a steady DRONE. He glances nervously up at his safe.

IN PASSAGEWAY -- OUTSIDE OFFICERS' STUDY DUTCH

In a flak jacket, armed with a shotgun, Bennefield stands on duty with GUARD #2, armed with a pistol.

INSIDE THE LOCKED OFFICERS' STUDY DUTCH

The men are having second thoughts. COB, Hunsicker, the TSO, the Navigator, and Young Lieutenant j.g. Allen are all thinking one thought: we're screwed.

COB

(to Hunter)

So what do you figure? Does the
Navy hang people anymore?

HUNTER

Look, it's not a mutiny. I was
doing it by the book.

COB

(frustrated, scared)

It's not about the fucking book!
If those rebels are gonna
launch -- and we sit here and do
nothing... who's gonna stop them?
Huh? Half a' me's glad the
Captain came back! What if he's
wrong... What if he's wrong... What
if he's right?

AT CONTROL GIMBLE

CLOSEUP ON: THE CAPTAIN'S MISSILE INDICATOR PANEL.
ONE-BY-ONE THE BUTTONS LIGHT UP GREEN on the Missiles being
prepped. The only RED BUTTONS remaining on Missiles 1-5 and
20-24 are:

1SQ;
DENOTE;
PREPARE; and.....
AWAY.

IN LOCKED OFFICER'S STUDY DUTCH

With the men talking all at once...

HUNTER

... do you want to hear what I have
to say? No orders are valid if
they're wrong. That's why they had
Nuremberg.

COB

Oh, don't give me that Nuremberg
shit, man... we don't know if
he's wrong!

HUNTER

Nobody knows and that's the
point. Look, despite what the
Captain's said -- we are not the
only ship at sea! How many times
do I have to say it? God help us
if we are wrong. Radchenko will
know immediately our birds are
launched and will counter with his.
We'll get the first hit but what
the fuck... ten minutes later New
York and L.A. will be history.
COB, we gotta do something -- we
have only got minutes.

COB sits. Silence.

COB

What can we do?

HUNTER

I am doing it.

IN SONAR GIMBLE

As his men sit glued to their screens...

PIETRILLO

I gotta take a whiz.

Pietrillo stands and goes. TRACK WITH PIETRILLO...

THROUGH CONTROL GIMBLE

Where the Captain works with his Technician, checking off steps in the manual.

DOWN THE LADDER -- THROUGH A PASSAGEWAY DUTCH

Pietrillo passes armed GUARDS in flak jackets, trying to look calm, and almost succeeding -- until... a GUARD steps in his way.

GUARD

What are you doing down here?

PIETRLLO

I, uh...

GUARD

Oscar -- nobody moves alone.
C'mon... you know the drill...

PIETRLLO

Give me a break... I'll take a shit right here if that's okay with you.

GUARD

Okay. Go!!

PIETRLLO

(continues on his way)
I'm goin' right back!

Dying inside, Pietrillo turns a corner. Reaching into his pants pockets, he sneaks a look at:

INSERT: THE SET OF KEYS -- that Hunter gave him at OPCON. Reassured that the keys are still there, he's approaching the Officers' Study, when...

BENNEFIELD

(steps out; with shotgun)
Stop right there.

PIETRLLO

I'm --

BENNEFIELD

You shut up.
(to Guard)
Keep him here. I'm gonna call
CONTROL.

PIETRLLO

Oh, shit, man -- no, hey, don't!
I'll go back, man... I'll go
back...

(TONY SCOTT NOTE: RETHINK)

Bennefield steps through the adjacent door, leaving Guard #2 with his pistol aimed at Pietrillo's chest. Pulling the keys from his pocket...

PIETRILLO

Y'know, I just found these...?

When the Young Guard glances, distracted -- PIETRILLO KNEES HIM IN THE NUTS! Snapping his elbow up instantly -- he knocks the Guard out and catches him -- taking away his pistol as he lowers him to the floor.

He's sticking the keys into the door, when...

RACK FOCUS TO:

BENNEFIELD

Freeze.

He stares down the length of the shotgun -- but the quarters are so close, Pietrillo SLAPS the barrel up -- sticking his gun into Bennefield's throat -- to pin him against the door!

PIETRILLO

No... you freeze... and drop it.

(pause)

Okay, Mobuisus... open the door.

The pistol jammed into this throat makes Bennefield comply. He turns Hunter's key, then... WHAM! Pietrillo clips him with the pistol and the big kid falls to the floor.

The door opens and Hunter and Hunsicker pull the two Guards in (they're out cold).

IN OFFICERS' STUDY GIMBLE

COB

Nice... now hurry up.

The mutineers strip the Guards of their uniforms and flak jackets. COB holds a roll of duct tape. He gags and hog-ties the Guards, then standing up to face Pietrillo (who holds the pistol)...

COB

I'm impressed.

PIETRILLO

I never liked that guy, anyway.

HUNTER

Good thing.

(peers out the door)

Let's go.

As Hunter, COB, Pietrillo, Linkletter and Hunsicker race out...

IN PASSAGEWAY DUTCH

Hunter, COB, Pietrillo and Hunsicker escape, heading aft. Walking out from the Officers' Study -- in blue jump-suits and black flak jackets, with hats pulled down over their eyes... the TSO and Lieutenant j.g. Allen take up posts beside the locked door -- as if they were the Guards!

ON MISSILE PLATFORM - LEVEL TWO DUTCH

A dozen heavily armed GUARDS secure the Trident Missiles -- like the SWAT TEAM, checking out the berthing areas -- working the entire deck.

IN MISSILE CONTROL CENTER

WEPS

(on phone)
... estimated time to 1SQ... Four
minutes and counting.

AT CONN GIMBLE

The CAPTAIN'S STOPWATCH TICKS. The MISSILE INDICATOR PANEL before him is lit up green for all ten missiles of the launch -- except for their last 4 buttons.

The Captain's Key hangs around the Captain's neck.

AT A PASSAGEWAY -- STARBOARD SIDE

Two ARMED GUARDS in black flak jackets and hats are passing by when -- COB powers out -- driving them back against the bulkhead. Grabbing both kids by the throat...

COB

Quiet...

He walks the boys into...

THE OFFICERS' WARDROOM GIMBLE

Where the young Guards are stripped of their weapons.

UNDERWATER

DIVING OFFICER (V.O.)

Approaching Launch Depth.

RAMSEY (V.O.)

Very well. Zero bubble at 1-5-zero
feet. Commence hovering.

As the ship stabilizes FOUR MISSILE HATCHES start to open in a sequence designed to keep the sub balanced.

The first opens forward, starboard side -- then aft, portside... moving front-to-back and left-to-right in a deadly synchronized dance.

WEPS (V.O.)
CONN/WEAPONS: We have estimated
time to 1SQ... three minutes thirty
seconds.

FADE MUSIC INTO...

DOWN IN THE SICK BAY DUTCH

Chief Hunsicker and Pietrillo hold stolen weapons on Chief Corpsman Kline. COB holds Bennefield's shotgun, blocking three injured men from leaving as Hunter pleads on the phone...

HUNTER
(on phone)
WEPS... it's Hunter. You gotta
listen...

WEPS (O.S.)
Where the hell are you?

HUNTER
(on phone)
You cannot proceed. There are
other ships who can do this! You
can't be influenced here. You have
to make up your own mind.

IN MISSILE CONTROL CENTER GIMBLE

Weps listens on the phone, his mind whirlwinds. He struggles with the decision.

IN SICK BAY DUTCH

HUNTER
(on phone)
Once they're launched, they do not
come back. You know the
repercussions if we're wrong? We
have to have communications. We
are blind and crippled right now.

IN MISSILE CONTROL CENTER GIMBLE

With the other men watching...

WEPS
(on phone)
Where are you?

HUNTER (V.O.)
What does that matter?

BACK IN SICK BAY DUTCH

HUNTER

(on phone)
Look -- do not remove the Firing
Trigger. Don't open up your safe!
You hear me -- this is your duty,
Pete! You have the combination --
it is up to you.

IN MISSILE CONTROL CENTER GIMBLE

WEPS lowers the phone, in shock. The decision is in his hands.

BACK IN SICK BAY DUTCH

Hunter makes one more call...

HUNTER

(on phone)
RADIO/XO: Vossler...?

IN RADIO GIMBLE

In a panic from his inability to get his radios up...
Vossler grabs the phone...

VOSSLER

(on phone)
XO/RADIO: Sir... oh, God...

HUNTER (V.O.)

(calmly)
Vossler... you gotta calm down,
okay? Take a deep breath, calm
down...

BACK IN SICK BAY DUTCH

HUNTER

(on phone)
Then get those radios up! By now
you could'a built one! How much
time do you need???

Hunter clicks off, upset, then rips the phone off the wall.

HUNTER

Chief Kline... would you keep these
men in here?

HURT SAILOR

Sir... we ain't goin' anywhere.

Hunter exits, leading Pietrillo, COB and Hunsicker, dodging
from starboard to portside, crossing a passageway.

IN MISSILE CONTROL CENTER

WEPS sits -- shaken. The LAUNCH is in his hands and he does not know what to do. As another ROW of buttons turns from RED TO GREEN.

LAUNCHER

Missile Tubes One through Five and
Twenty through Twenty-four...

(pause)

At 1SQ.

AT CONN

DIVING OFFICER

(looks back)

Ship is hovering in automatic.
Dive is at 1SQ.

LT. ZIMMER

Weapons System is at 1SQ.

RACK FOCUS TO: THE CAPTAIN AT HIS INDICATOR PANEL.

His jaw flicks. Zimmer is at his side. The 1SQ LIGHTS are GREEN. Fingering the Captain's Key around his neck... as his STOPWATCH KEEPS ON TICKING:

RAMSEY

(grabs phone)

WEAPONS/CONN: Remove the Tactical
Firing Key.

DOWN IN MISSILE CONTROL GIMBLE

All eyes in the room are on WEPS, standing by the safe. He picks up the phone, but stops. --He does not respond or obey the command.

RAMSEY (V.O.)

(on P.A.)

Repeat. Unlock the Tactical Firing
Key.

Still WEPS does not move.

AT CONTROL

Getting no response, the Captain takes the key from around his neck, inserts it into the Indicator Panel, then turns it -- to activate the Launch System. AS MORE BUTTONS LIGHT UP GREEN.

RAMSEY

Mister Zimmer -- no one is to touch
this. I am going down to Missile
Control.

LT. ZIMMER

Aye, sir.

RAMSEY

(to two Guards)

Stay here!

(to the others; racing
out)

All of you -- come with me!

IN MISSILE CONTROL CENTER LEVEL

With WEPS frozen, by the safe...

LAUNCHER

What are you doin', man? We are
at 1SQ!!!

CUT TO:

THE CAPTAIN

Descending the ladder, past stationed Guards, he runs aft down the Passageway. The Captain and his men race past the Officers' Study, where the TSO and Lieutenant j.g. Allen look down -- their hats pulled over their eyes -- pretending to be the Guards.

RAMSEY

(running past; points to
starboard)

Four men -- starboard side!

His GUARD SQUAD splits in half -- to cover the ship from both sides as they race down to Missile Control! When they're past...

LT. LINKLETTER (TSO)

(looks up; quietly)

Shit...

LOW POV -- BEHIND A CONSOLE -- THE CAPTAIN'S FEET

race by, followed by his Guards!

IN MISSILE CONTROL

Entering calmly -- in control --- with his pistol and Guards at his side:

RAMSEY

(dead calm)

Mister Ince...

(pause)

Remove the Tactical Firing Key.

He stares. WEPS doesn't move.

RAMSEY

(on phone)
CONN/CAPTAIN: Mister Zimmer... we
are in MISSILE CONTROL.

LT. ZIMMER (V.O.)

CAPTAIN/CONN: Aye, sir.

WEPS stands in front of his safe. The Captain walks up
beside him.

WEPS

Sir... it is my duty...

RAMSEY

(calmly)
Son, don't talk to me about duty...
(quietly)
Open the safe.

WEPS

Sir, I can't do that.

The Captain calmly FIRES his gun, shooting WEPS in the leg,
SCREAMING.

The LAUNCHER freaks out.

The Captain's own guards are freaked.

The Captain places the barrel of his fire arm next to WEPS
forehead.

RAMSEY

I'm counting to three, Peter, then
I shoot.
(cocking the hammer back)
One... two... three.

WEPS closes his eyes, waiting for his execution. Ramsey
cocks the gun back and disengages the hammer.

RAMSEY

It does me no good to kill you as
you are the only one who knows the
combination to the safe.

He turns to face three, young, fresh-faced enlisted men...
reading their I.D. tags.

RAMSEY

However, Petty Officers Tarantino,
Toumasis and Heiss do not know the
combination. Three or more lives
for twenty million lives.

He presses his gun against Tarantino's temple, cocks the
hammer.

RAMSEY

Peter, this is a dumb decision.
One... two...

WEPS

Okay! Okay! I'll open it.

INTERCUT -- IN A DESPERATE RACE AGAINST TIME:

Hunter and his men race past the Officers' Study, where the TSO and Lieutenant j.g. Allen join them -- racing forward toward CONTROL.

BACK DOWN IN MISSILE CONTROL

When WEPS' safe is finally opened, the Captain shoves WEPS aside -- to reach in himself...

To remove: THE TACTICAL FIRING KEY! It looks like a pistol trigger painted red, with the barrel of the gun removed -- on a long cord plugged into the safe. Turning to his left:

RAMSEY

Fire Control Ready?

FIRE CONTROL TECHNICIAN

Aye, sir.

RAMSEY

(turns to his right)

Launcher ready?

LAUNCHER

Aye, sir...

RAMSEY

(to all in room)

Prepare to Initiate Fire.

Launcher hits his button. As "DENOTE" turns from RED to GREEN...

LAUNCHER

Denote One...

AT BASE OF LADDER TO CONTROL: Seeing six armed men race up... the GUARDS at the base of the ladder surrender!

Desperation in his eyes, Hunter hits the ladder -- scrambling up!

IN MISSILE CONTROL:

As the "PREPARE" LIGHT LIGHTS UP GREEN...

LAUNCHER

Prepare One...

IN CONTROL: On the Captain's Indicator panel: the "PREPARE" button LIGHTS UP GREEN! That leaves only "AWAY" still red as...

HUNTER charges in -- followed by his men!

FLASH CUTS

FROM RAMSEY (IN MISSILE CONTROL):

RAMSEY

Initiate Fire...

TO HUNTER (IN CONTROL):

HUNTER

STOP!!!

Knocking Zimmer away -- he pulls out the CAPTAIN'S KEY!

RAMSEY

...MISSILE NUMBER ONE.

The Captain PULLS THE FIRING KEY TRIGGER -- but instead of launching a Missile -- all the lights on the missile consoles turn from GREEN to a BLINKING RED!

LAUNCHER

Sir -- the Captain's Key has been removed.

RAMSEY

(looks around; then)

Hunter.

He drops the Missile Trigger, which dangles down at the end of its wire... as he heads out with his Guards.

IN CONTROL

Hunter has stationed his Guards, facing the aft ladder, so there will be no crossfire. COB is the Diving Officer. Hunsicker's Chief of the Watch. At the Missile Indicator Panel:

HUNTER

Let's come up to periscope depth.

Dive... make your depth 7-8 feet.

(on phone)

RADIO/CONN: Get that radio back on line!

IN PASSAGEWAY

The Captain heads forward to CONTROL, with eight armed Guards behind him. There is no panic or haste. Just a dead cold look in his eyes.

CUT TO:

THE RADIO ROOM

Down below the torn-apart console, Vossler screws something up. He burns himself with the soldering gun as an electric SPARK ARCS across some wires -- leaving a blue electric HAZE:

VOSSLER

Ow -- fuck! Oh, shit...

RADIOMAN #1

What'd you do...??

VOSSLER

We had some life for a heartbeat.
Re-attach that secondary lead.

OUTSIDE UNDERWATER

The ALABAMA ascends.

IN CONTROL

Hunter's Guards face the ladder, tense -- fingers on their triggers, sweating. Hunter stands at the Indicator Panel -- still blinking red. The Captain's Key is on a string around his neck.

HELMSMAN

Zero bubble. 7-8 feet.

HUNTER

Commence hovering. Raise the VLF mast.

HUNSICKER

Raise the VLF mast, aye, sir.
(to men)
Raise the VLF mast.

SAILOR

(in b.g.)
Raise the VLF mast antenna, aye.

He hits the toggle switch.

OUTSIDE UNDERWATER

TRACK UP as the VLF mast antenna rises above the Sail. It breaks the surface. Waves slap quietly against it.

IN RADIO

Vossler and the men work, frantic.

VOSSLER (V.O.)

Sir, she was breathing again for a millisecond... we are getting close.

IN CONTROL

Hunter waits, eyeing the E.A.M. ALARM LIGHT, which is dead. The tension in the room grows to unbearable heights as...

AT THE LADDER -- THE CAPTAIN

re-enters CONTROL (backed by his armed force) -- with no regard at all for the weapons aimed his way.

RAMSEY

(walking in)

I have the Conn.

PIETRLLO

(gun high)

Halt, sir.

RAMSEY

Shoot me.

The Captain keeps moving forward -- toward Hunter at the Indicator Panel. His Guards pour in behind him, armed with M-14's. As the opposing Guards face off, just waiting for someone to blink...

The Captain stops in front of Hunter at the Indicator Panel. Silence.

RAMSEY

My launch key.

Silence. Hunter doesn't respond. He holds the Missile Key (on its string, around his neck), as...

THE CAPTAIN SLUGS HIM - hard.

Hunter is knocked sideways... but he straightens right back up to look the Captain in the eye.

RAMSEY

My launch key, Mister Hunter.

Again, no response from Hunter... and again the Captain SLUGS HIM.

Dead silence in the room.

As Hunter stands -- his face bloodied -- still clutching that key around his neck...

The Captain SLUGS HIM ONE MORE TIME! Hunter grabs onto the Indicator Panel, to keep from falling to the floor. As he pulls himself back up, battered, but unbowed...

Ramsey looks hard at Hunter -- something seems to imperceptibly switch inside Ramsey. His eyes de-focus -- he rubs his bruised knuckles. It's like a blanket has been dropped to reduce the intensity of the fire. A bead of perspiration makes him blink.

VOSSLER (V.O.)

(on P.A.)

Sir, she's breathing again. We are real close.

Ramsey picks up the phone.

RAMSEY

RADIO/CAPTAIN: Vossler.

IN RADIO

Vossler's really shittin' bricks now the Captain's on the wire.

VOSSLER

CAPTAIN/RADIO: Vossler, sir. We are really, really close.

CONN

He looks dead at Hunter as he says;

RAMSEY

Okay, Vossler, you got three minutes to fix the radio. Three minutes and counting.

IN RADIO

VOSSLER

Yes, sir.

CONN

RAMSEY

Then get to it.

Ramsey, face to face with Hunter, about turns and takes a seat at the Conn. Hits his stopwatch.

RADIO ROOM

Vossler struggles to repair the radio -- totally panicked -- but nearly there.

CONN

BCU - Cutter circumcises a Montecristo no. 2.

Ramsey lights up... plume of smoke. The tension is unbearable. The sound of the electronics in the Conn seems amplified by the absolute silence. Smoke entrails twist and curl between the men. All eyes are on Ramsey. Hunter mops his bloody nose. *

RADIO ROOM

Beads of perspiration drip onto the soldering iron -- hissing!

VOSSLER

Oh, fuck!

CONN

Ramsey checks his stopwatch. 2 minutes, 4 seconds. Eye contact between COB and Ramsey.

Then over the Captain's shoulder, the E.M.A. light starts faintly blinking...

The Captain doesn't notice it at first. But the men in Control do. As they start to look over...

The Captain hears: a very FAINT BEEP... BEEP...

And as Captain Ramsey turns...

CLOSEUP - AT THE CONN: The FLASH TRAFFIC ALARM LIGHT GROWS STRONGER -- FLASHING AND BEEPING.

IN RADIO

Vossler and his friends collapse. Sweating blood... they have gotten the VLF radio up.

Vossler jumps up from the floor, punching buttons to get the computer back on line then, reading the RADIO MONITOR:

VOSSLER

(on P.A.)
CONN/RADIO: Receiving Flash
Traffic... Emergency Action
Message...

BACK AT THE CONN

VOSSLER (V.O.)

(on P.A.)
Recommend Alert One. Recommend
Alert One.

All eyes turn to the Captain.

RAMSEY
(long pause; he turns on
the ship's P.A.)
Alert One. Alert One.

ALL AROUND THE SHIP

The men hear this news, but they don't know what it means.
Some are crossing themselves.

AT THE CONN

All eyes turn to the Captain, looking Hunter in the eyes.

RAMSEY
God help you... if you're wrong.

Silence.

HUNTER
If I'm wrong, sir... we're at war.
(pause)
And God help all of us.

Silence. Keeping his gun on Hunter, but turning on the 1MC.

RAMSEY
(on P.A.)
Alert One. Alert One.

Hunter faces the Captain, his jaw tense. With the world
hanging in the balance.

RAMSEY
Let's see what it says.

= HUNTER
Yes, sir.

The Captain walks him to OPCON...as men report to their
Alert One Stations.

IN RADIO ROOM

The DECRYPTED EMERGENCY ACTION MESSAGE PRINTS OUT. Lt.
Westergaurd and Lieutenant j.g. BROWNING go to the printer
as a team. With Vossler and friends looking on...

Westergaurd and Lieutenant j.g. Browning tear the E.A.M.
off...

To head into OPCON -- the fateful message held in both their
hands.

IN OPCON

The Captain waits with his E.A.M. team, takes a long drag on his cigar. Lt. Zimmer is still the XO. The tension is immense.

LT. WESTERGAURD
Captain... we have a properly
formatted Emergency Action
Message...
(pause)
For Strategic Missile Launch...
Termination.

LT. j.g. BROWNING
I concur.

The Captain's face is stone.

RAMSEY
Get the authenticator.

Westergaurd and his Lieutenant j.g. open the outer, then the inner safe. The Captain waits, as the authenticator packet is removed.

LT. WESTERGAURD
(turns back; quietly)
Captain... request permission to
authenticate.

RAMSEY
Permission granted.

Westergaurd tears the sealed packet. As he reads,

CUT FROM: HUNTER TO: THE CAPTAIN...

LT. WESTERGAURD
Delta. Delta. Sierra. Bravo.
Zulu. Delta. Tango.

LT. j.g. BROWNING
Delta. Delta. Sierra. Bravo.
Zulu. Delta. Tango.

LT. WESTERGAURD
(looks up)
Sir... message is authentic.

LT. j.g. BROWNING
I concur.

Reading the message, slowly:

LT. ZIMMER
I concur.

The Captain takes the message and scans it.

RAMSEY
Message is authentic.

Silence. He hands the message to Hunter. Hunter looks down and reads:

ZZZRBA.....EMERGENCY ACTION MESSAGE (300)

FROM: NATIONAL MILITARY COMMAND CENTER
TO: USS ALABAMA (SSBN 731)
SUBJECT: Nuclear Missile Launch -- Single
Integrated Operational Plan (SIOP)
Termination.

1. TERMINATE LAUNCH. ALL MISSILES.
2. Unconditional surrender -- all Russian rebel military forces. Rebel submarines recalled.
3. AUTHENTICATION: DELTA DELTA SIERRA BRAVO
ZULU DELTA TANGO.

As the message is lowered...

BACK TO SCENE

Looking Ramsey in the eye...

HUNTER
I concur.

RAMSEY
Very well.
(long pause)
XO has the Conn.

Without another word, the Captain brushes past Zimmer and the others, moving past Hunter at the door, to head aft... entrails of cigar smoke drift out behind him.

THROUGH CONTROL

The men part as he passes. There are no sides anymore -- just a crew of young sailors who have witnessed an old warrior's defeat.

CAPTAIN'S POV

He looks neither left nor right, his cigar smoked to a stub. The men part as he passes.

ANGLE ON THE CAPTAIN

His face is a mask as he crosses the room.

He climbs down the ladder, below. No one speaks or moves...

Until the SOUNDS of his FOOTSTEPS are finally gone.
Then all eyes turn to Hunter -- standing at the OPCON DOOR.
Silence.

Hunter walks past the men, who have parted...

To climb up to THE CONN, by COB, who quietly observes:

COB
(aside; re: the Captain)
The Captain was right about
something. He picked you.

Silence.

HUNTER
I have the Conn.

COB
XO has the Conn.

HUNTER
(on P.A.)
Crew of the Alabama: Set condition
2SQ.
(pause)
Terminate Launch -- All Missiles.
(pause)
This is the XO.

A HUGE CHEER BURSTS out. As the men embrace with joy...

CAPTAIN'S STATEROOM

"Bear" takes a huge shit -- tension was too much.

ALL AROUND THE SHIP

An unbelievable release as they realize all is well! The men shake hands and slap each other on the back; many cross themselves again. On the Missile Deck, young men are fighting back tears from the ordeal they have endured. Even those who backed the Captain are thanking God that this is over, while...

DOWN IN THE CAPTAIN'S STATEROOM

Hearing the cheers all around the ship...

Captain Ramsey stubs out the cigar... and with his thoughts a million miles away... gestures for "Bear" to climb onto his lap. "Bear" reaches up onto his chest and licks his face.

BACK AT THE CONN -- HUNTER IS STARING OUT

It is over. He has won. But there is no joy in his heart as we...

SLOWLY FADE TO:

THE ROAR OF A JET PLANE TAKING OFF.

SUPERIMPOSE: 22 OCTOBER; USS NIMITZ; 1829 ZULU TIME.

CLOSEUP: ON A TV: we see VIDEO FILE CLIPS of Russian tanks moving down a road...

TOM BROKAW (V.O.)
... in the early hours of this morning... Russian Army Forces moved in... and met a surprising lack of resistance. There were some sporadic battles... but apparently the spectre of fighting their countrymen proved too much for these rebel troops... who surrendered quickly.

ON TV: ANGLE ON TOM BROKAW - BY DOCKS IN RUSSIA:

TOM BROKAW
The Russian government has issued a statement... that they welcome these rebels back... and a crisis that seemed to be escalating to the point of no return... was ultimately resolved with fewer than a hundred soldiers dead. Rebel submarines were called back... and a dismantled nuclear base -- that was rumored to have been captured -- is back in government hands.

(pause)

We can all go to sleep tonight with a deep sigh of relief -- grateful that the government of Moscow is back in control of their lands for today... From Vladivostok... this is Tom Brokaw... reporting live, for NBC Nightly News.

Turning down the sound:

ADMIRAL ANDERSON
Oh, jeez... well, at least he got some of that right.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL: ADMIRAL ANDERSON, with an aide. AS A CHOPPER DESCENDS outside his window, landing on the deck.. A PIPE WHISTLE SOUNDS.

VOICE

(on P.A.)

Alabama arriving.

As the Admiral heads down to greet them...

ON FLIGHT DECK - AT THE CHOPPER

The doors open. First the Captain carrying a small flight Ops bag, then Hunter climbs out. Leaning against the wind, they move away from the rotors...

To be met on the side of the flight deck by... ADMIRAL BOB ANDERSON, emerging from the ship's island. Hunter and the Captain salute. The Admiral returns their salutes, but his face is grim as he performs the formalities.

ADMIRAL ANDERSON

Captain Ramsey...

RAMSEY

Sir...

ADMIRAL ANDERSON

Captain Phelps is running Flight Ops. He asked me to welcome you aboard.

RAMSEY

Thank you, sir.

It's a stiff, formal exchange. The Admiral looks them over -- standing side-by-side. Then...

ADMIRAL ANDERSON

It seems you boys just pissed in each other's Wheaties. --

(pause; he stares)

Thank God the system worked. But this was much too close. There will be an inquiry. No court martial. The Navy doesn't want to touch this. Gentlemen, this is the biggest can of worms I have encountered in thirty-eight years of Military Service.

(pause)

I'll de-brief you both in the morning... 0700.

Silence. The Admiral turns and goes. Hunter and Captain Ramsey salute. Then both men drop their salutes, their hands returning to their sides.

FINAL ANGLE ON HUNTER AND CAPTAIN RAMSEY

Standing side-by-side -- staring out, dead ahead.

Neither one speaks.

Ramsey unzips his flight Ops bag and "Bear" hops out... All rules and regulations are now broken. No longer any pretense of hiding his friend and companion "Bear" -- it feels like a demonstration to close the records on Captain Ramsey.

Then as Ramsey turns to go --

HUNTER

Captain...

Slowly, Captain Ramsey turns back. When Hunter doesn't quite know what to say...

RAMSEY

(quietly)

Carry on.

Silence. Hunter salutes. The Captain just stares a while...

Then... with an almost imperceptible smile, he returns salute and walks away.

ON THE FLIGHT DECK -- A NAVY F-14

SCREAMS IN for a tailhook landing! Grabbing the cable, it SPARKS to a stop. Flight CREWMEN race to surround it.

Ramsey crosses the flight deck... "Bear" on his heel - an incongruous sight on the deck of a carrier. Huge thunderheads billow on the horizon. An F-14 struggles to gain altitude over the ocean. "Bear" takes a leak. The sound dials away to nothing -- to quiet empty space.

HUNTER AND THE CAPTAIN

Go their separate ways.

HALF-OBSCURED BY CLOUDS OF THICK WHITE STEAM -- blowing back from the catapult. They are mythical figures in a landscape that could be either heaven or hell.

FREEZE FRAME, as...

CREDITS ROLL to...

THE END